

Outdoor America

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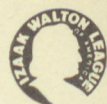
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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

League's Conservation Platform

1. Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.
2. More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.
3. Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.
4. Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.
5. Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.
6. Better protection for wild life and more refuges.
7. More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.
8. More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.
9. Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.
10. Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.
11. Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.
12. Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

1. **Upper Mississippi Refuge:** Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.
2. **Elk Refuge:** Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised \$40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.
3. **Bass Law:** Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.
4. **Superior Forest:** Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.
5. **Pollution Campaign:** In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.
6. **Horicon Marsh:** In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.
7. **Western Ducks:** Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate \$350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.
8. **National Forests:** Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.
9. **Royal Gorge:** Through the efforts of the League, and co-operating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

10. **National Refuge System:** The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of \$8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

1. **International Playground:** Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill pending in Congress.
2. **Albemarle Lock:** Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.
3. **Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge:** Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.
4. **Fisheries Program:** Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.
5. **Forest Protection:** Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.
6. **Bass Law Enforcement:** Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes-Hudson Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.
7. **Scenic Assets:** Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.
8. **Pollution:** Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

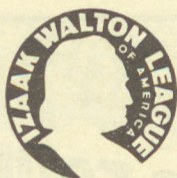
Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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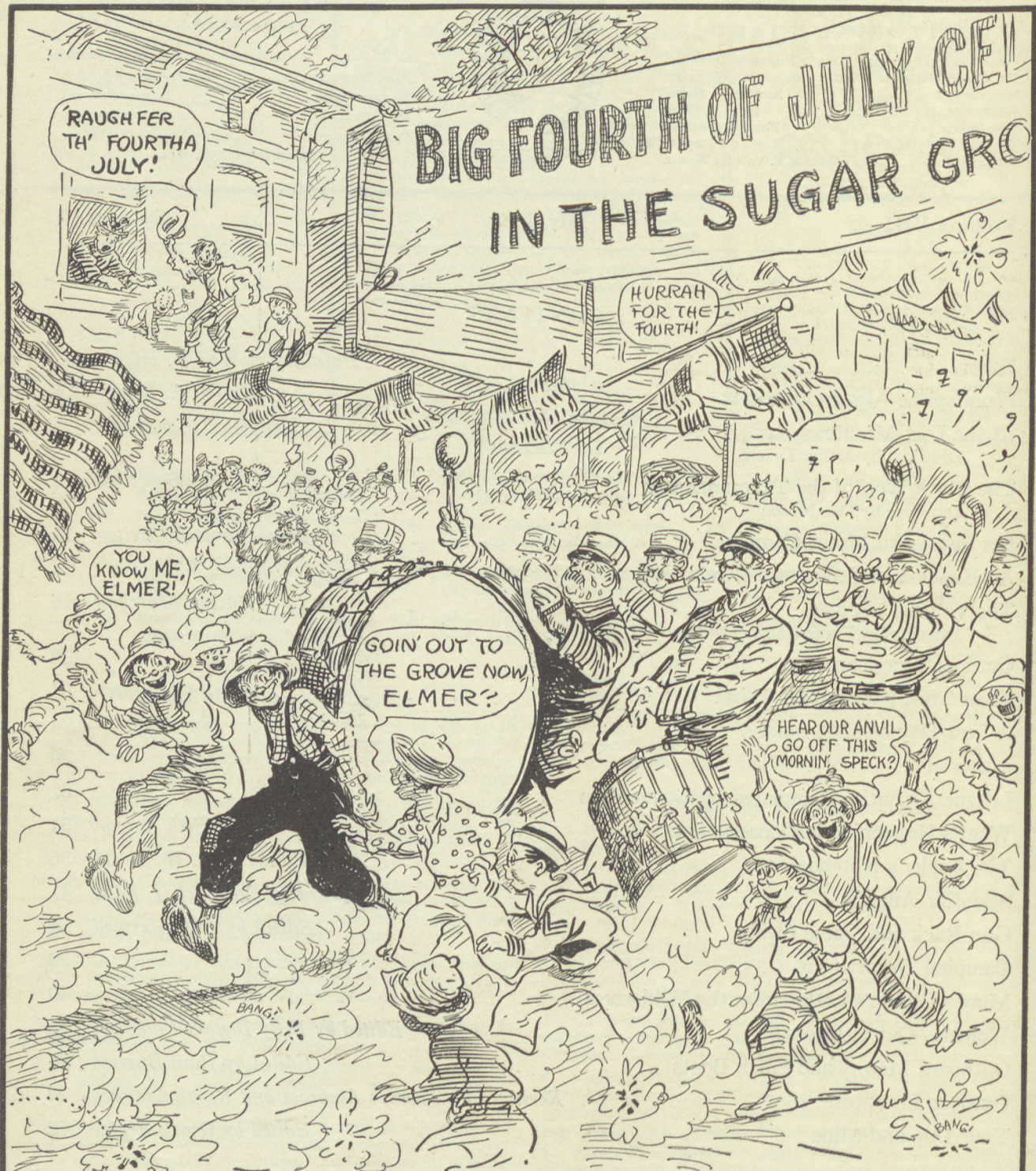
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JUST OUTDOORS

By
Everett E. Lowry



WHAT'S BECOME OF THE OLDFASHIONED FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION OUT IN THE GROVE-AND THE BOY WHO SEEMED ALWAYS TO GET THE SPECTACULAR JOB WHENEVER ANYTHING LIKE THAT WAS GOING ON?

LOWRY

At the LAST Minute

By Kenneth Lockwood

Proving that a bass fisherman should never give up hope

Drawings by
Arthur Lukens

IN the midst of a terrific battle with a small-mouth bass that was six feet long, had teeth like a shark and barked at me like a dog, the alarm clock exploded and startled me into the realization that I was in a hotel room at Callicoon and that Taffy, already half-dressed, was grousing away about "people who could sleep when there was important work of fishing to be done."

Taffy is like that. A mighty good scout and quite sane ordinarily, the thought or the sight of an item of tackle throws him completely off his balance. When there is no fishing in the offing, the crack o' doom wouldn't rouse him from his slumber. When there is, he beats the alarm clock by about eight hours and has little regard for the feelings of anybody who won't keep him company in his misery.

On the Delaware River his angling insomnia is aggravated by a dozen special worries. The truck he has ordered to haul our boat over the mountain may be two minutes late. Something may happen to the army of hellgrammites and infant catfish destined to be bait if artificial lures should fail to do the duty expected of them. A thunder shower may unduly raise and discolor the river. He may leave some important part of his equipment behind. And so on.

Thus all night long he fusses and fumes—which is a lot more endurable, at that, than the sounds that emanate from him when he is slumbering. To the tune of his steady if harmless grumbling, I achieved a miracle in dressing and by 3:30 we were ready for breakfast.

SCARCELY had we finished our far from frugal repast when a thunderous rumbling outside announced the arrival of our chariot, drawn by two powerful drayhorses and bearing in, or on its lumber-box body our craft for the navigation of the mighty Delaware. Subduing our cheers, we hastened out with tackle, bait and luncheon, climbed aboard and went away from there. And how!

Gentlemen—and ladies, if there be any reading this—if you have not ridden over the mountain from Callicoon to Hankins on a truck carrying a Delaware river rowboat you don't know nuthin' and you

ain't never been nowhere. You are as innocent and as ignorant of experience as a baby that hasn't had its first drink. If you want something to think about—and avoid—the remainder of your life, try it.

Lumber-boxes, you will soon discover, are not built to convey rowboats and rowboats are not made to fit lumber-boxes. One has as much use for the other as have members of opposite political parties serving on a Congressional committee investigating campaign contributions. And each is extraordinarily susceptible, in combination, to rough road surfaces, than which there was nothing else in the eight-mile trip over the mountain. The tender memories of that journey are closely related to an anatomical locality which still winces when a rowboat or a lumber-box is mentioned in its presence.

—"many a time I've seen him wade in up to his arms and once I saw him casting away with only his head and one arm out of water"—



GRUNTING, groaning, gnashing our teeth, we made our way up one side of the mountain, and, moaning, weeping, swearing, we descended the other. You see, Taffy and I sat, or tried to sit, on the overturned boat, there being no other place provided for us, and the lashings on it were as useless as the wet vote was to Al Smith. It jumped, it jolted, it bounced, it slid, it rattled, it twisted and it bumped. A dozen times we seemed about to lose it overboard, its occupants along with it. A thousand times we were rocketed skyward, only to drop back with a sickening thud that wasn't loud enough to drown what sounded like snickers from the driver, who doubtless knew just what was happening every time the truck hit a bump.

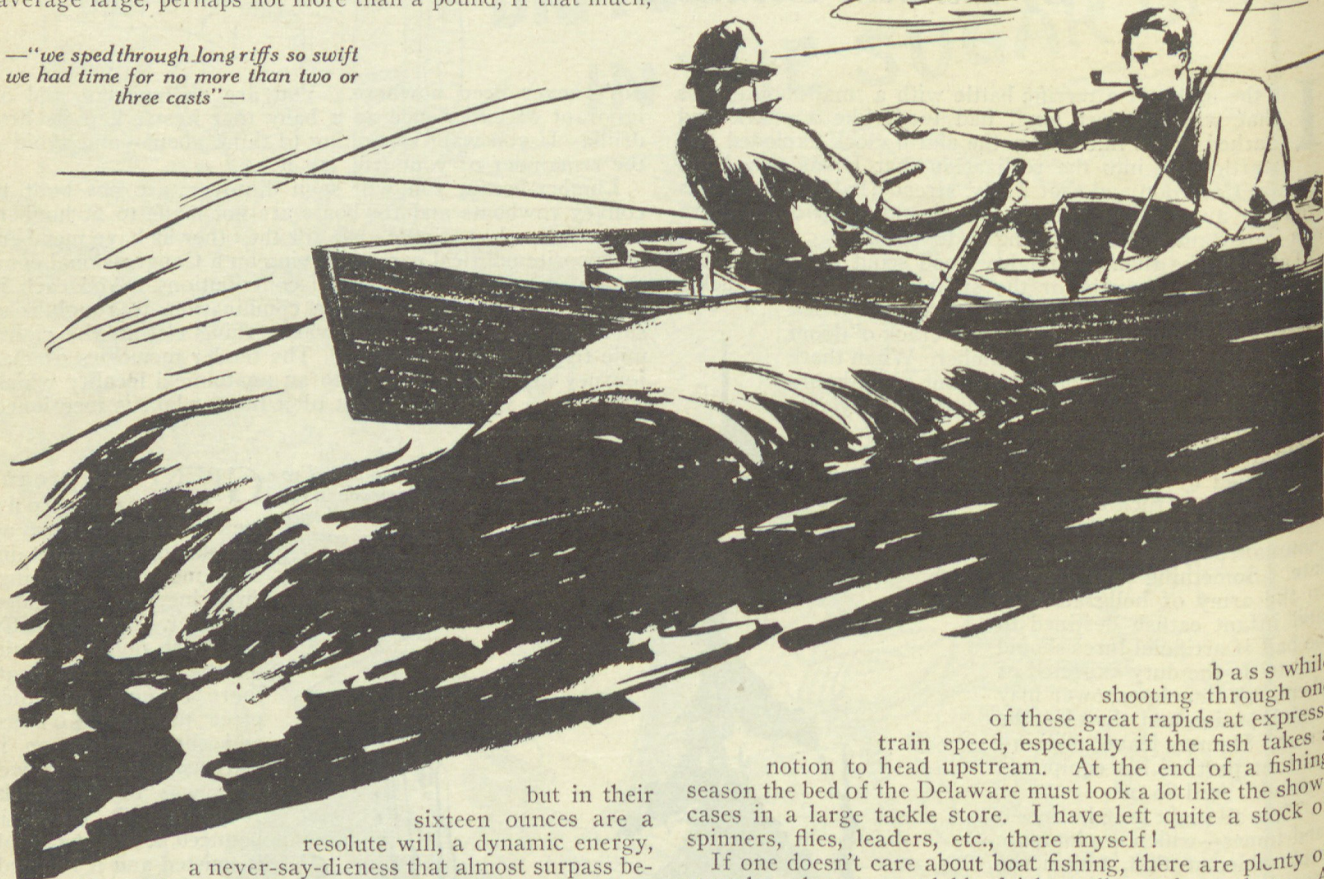
Why we didn't get off and walk I don't know. Possibly we were trying to get away with the Spartan stuff, each reluctant to take the initiative of quitting. Possibly we each determined to see whether it was within human ability to stay on. More likely, however, it was just plain dumbness.

In any event, we got

through with it and eventually the broad band of the river, misty in the early light, stretched before us. The thrill of the spectacle drove from us all thought of recent discomfort, of tender anatomies. In a trice the truck was driven into the water, the boat lowered from the rear end and we were aboard, our rods mounted, our tackle boxes and bait buckets conveniently between us. Taffy—without argument—took the oars and we shoved off, our spirits high in anticipation of the battles about to begin—maybe!

THERE is about the bass of the Upper Delaware a savagery, a strength, a boldness that, if I may voice an opinion, puts them at the top of the list of fighting fish of Eastern waters, if not of the entire Union. The Delaware is a wide stream of great riffes and powerful eddies; battling these their life long, its bass are bound to have a tremendous muscular development. Those that are taken seldom average large, perhaps not more than a pound, if that much,

—“we sped through long riffes so swift
we had time for no more than two or
three casts”—



but in their sixteen ounces are a resolute will, a dynamic energy, a never-say-dieness that almost surpass belief. If you think I'm prejudiced just tackle them yourself.

Conceding it a broad statement, I doubt there is another fish, in fresh-water or salt, that can do to a man's wrist the things that a Delaware small-mouth can do—I mean, of course, on a light rod. I yield to no man in my admiration of and eagerness to take the valiant trout and char of our swift mountain streams, but my experience with the Delaware bass convinces me Dr. Henshall was a competent judge when he gave the verdict to the black bass.

Memories of many battles in which the rod was changed from one wrist-tired hand to the other half a dozen times ere the quarry was netted, stirred within me as Taffy and I drifted along in our sturdy craft, which was built high at both ends to facilitate getting it off rocks upon which we might be grounded.

OUR rods were split bamboo, nine feet long and weighing five and three-quarter ounces, fitted with enameled lines and three-foot leaders of medium-trout weight. Our assortment of artificial lures included bass flies, both eyed and with gut attached, and nicked spinners of various sizes. The eyed flies were made up chiefly of two patterns—the Parmachenee Belle and the Red Ibis—and were, of course, for use with the spinners. This combination of spinner and fly is one of the most effective lures I have used on the Delaware, cast in the riffes or trolled through the eddies.

At times flies alone will do noble duty, but I never have taken a fish on either the Belle or the Ibis used without the spinner. By and large I have had the best luck with the Yellow May, Lord Baltimore and Queen of the Waters. The various bass bugs and other fly rod lures on the market are well worth trying and I have known anglers to have good luck with “plugs” although I have found them of little value in my own hands.

Sizable fish sometimes are taken in a riff at the head of an eddy, but, as a rule, they run small in the swift water. Nevertheless, I know of nothing more thrilling than the fight which ensues when one hooks into a ten-to-twelve inch

bass while shooting through one of these great rapids at express-train speed, especially if the fish takes a notion to head upstream. At the end of a fishing season the bed of the Delaware must look a lot like the show-cases in a large tackle store. I have left quite a stock of spinners, flies, leaders, etc., there myself!

If one doesn't care about boat fishing, there are plenty of stretches that are wadable fairly well out from shore. A friend of mine, who has had a permanent camp on the stream for many years, never uses a boat and is a very successful angler. In mid-summer, when the fishing seems at its best, the water is warm and this chap simply attires himself in old shirt, trousers and shoes, tucks his lures into a box tied around his neck and wades right in. Many a time I've seen him up to his shoulders and once I saw him casting away with only his head and one arm out of water.

THE river is infested with chub that grow to enormous size and fight very creditably. They are a pest when one is using the spinner-and-fly or the hellgrammite and occasionally one will even tackle the catties. Hellgrammites, by the way, are known as Dobsons on the Delaware.

As I have said, mid-summer seems to afford the best fishing. In more than ten years my best catch of large fish was made in the hottest hours of the hottest day of the year. At the time when we are accustomed to think of bass fishing as at its best—after the first couple of heavy frosts—it seems to fall off. About that time residents along the stream pass up the bass and turn their attention to wall-eyed pike, which are plentiful.

Before Taffy and I were a dozen boat lengths from the shore at Hankins that morning, bound back for Callicoon on an all-day drift, the chub were much in evidence. They took our Dobsons as fast as we could bait and toss them

over. When we changed to spinner-and-fly they smashed into them almost before the lines straightened out in the current. The mortality among the chubs was terrific, but still they came on in hordes. But the bass—alas, they did not! Nor even singly.



—“then
we swept
through a
fearful
eddy
cheerfully
labeled
‘Prepare
to Meet
Thy
God’”—

The hours swung onward. We shot through long riffes so swift we had time for no more than two or three casts; we trolled through eddies hundreds of yards long; we anchored here and there and still-fished. Every lure in the boat was tried and found wanting. But for the constantly changing scenery, monotony would surely have claimed us for its own.

NOON came. We anchored at the head of a lovely eddy that simply screamed its advertisement of bass. If they were there they wanted nothing we had to offer them. We let our lines float around idly while we lunched and they were still doing it when we finished. Hellgrammites and catfish died of inertia.

The afternoon waned. The shadows crept up the mountains. The air cooled. Callicoon presently loomed downstream as we swept through a fearful eddy cheerfully labeled “Prepare to Meet Thy God.” And not a bass graced our boat, nor had one been kind enough to even sample our lures.

About third-way down the next to the last eddy above Callicoon Taffy spoke.

“I’m afraid it’s all over,” he said, dolefully, “we might

as well land and walk down to the hotel. I never saw such a day in fifteen years.”

I agreed; I was “regusted.” The sooner we landed the better, for after a day on the uncompromising seat of the boat I was painfully reminded of the morning’s ride.

Taffy reached for the oars; indeed, his hands were on them when, without the slightest warning of its evil intent, the hellgrammite I was negligently and hopelessly trailing overboard stood up on its ten hind legs and tried to take the rod away from me. I tightened up. Instantly the line cleaved through the water, rising, and suddenly swept into an inverted arc as away back yonder a bronze form leaped in a cloud of spray.

“Whoops!” I yelled. “I got one!”

“No!” said Taffy, incredulously, and I sensed by little sounds he was turning to see. As if the motion had pushed a button that loosed an electric current, his own reel screamed and I heard his feet scrape on the bottom of the boat as he swung into position.

“By Heaven!” he shouted. “So have I!”

Our fish seemed to have an affinity one for the other. We had a terrible time keeping them apart and it occurred to me that mine was a “casual” and that Taffy’s, scenting what was wrong with its sweetheart, had determined to join it in death and so deliberately took my companion’s hook.

But I was joyfully wrong. Within five minutes we knew we had arrived on the heels of the adjournment of a convention attended by all the bass of the Delaware and that, having rested all day listening to speech-making, they were crazy to be up and doing. They didn’t stay down below to do it, either. On the contrary, they came right up to the surface to look us over. In fifteen minutes the eddy was literally covered with the rings of rising fish, large ones and little ones. No wonder we hadn’t taken any upstream; they were all down here.

THE fishing became a riot. There wasn’t a moment when one or the other of us didn’t have a fish on and there were many occasions when we were both engaged at the same time. By and by we didn’t even bother to put on fresh hellgrammites, but anything that ever had been a part of one was acceptable to the fish. They weren’t large—an average of a pound or so, I should say, with a sprinkling of heavier ones, but they were numerous and hungry beyond belief and they tore around the eddy like red-eyed demons bent on annihilating the universe.

Within forty-five minutes after the first strike the bow of the boat grounded. Taffy tied her up, stretched luxuriously, took from me the six fine bass we had kept and straightened up for a last look at the eddy, now barren of signs of fish.

“Can you beat that?” he inquired. “We get up hours before daylight, risk our fool necks crossing the mountain, cover about fifteen miles and fish for ten hours without a strike, and then here in sight of the hotel we get our limit of twenty-five—at the last minute! There’s no sense in it at all!”

In which statement I heartily concurred.

—“at the season’s end the river bed must look like the show cases in a tackle store”—



The Black Wolf of the Tahquamenon

By *Ben East*

Drawings by *Don Nelson*

A story of the sagacity, loyalty and self sacrifice of a renegade Timber Wolf.

THE Black Wolf of the Tahquamenon halted abruptly. His muzzle wrinkled, his lips curled back from his long white fangs and a harsh subdued snarl gathered in his throat.

Just before him on the frozen river, parallel to the shore, a strange broad trail broke the white, moon-flooded surface of the snow. A dragging trail, each footprint looking as if a giant beaver tail had been pressed down upon the snow. The drifts along the bank of the river were dry and soft. The wolf plunged into them to his shoulders at each step whether he ran or trotted. Yet these strange broad tracks had sunk no deeper than the length of his muzzle.

A man had passed here on snowshoes since the storm of the previous night. In all the winter wilderness there was no track the old wolf hated as he hated that broad trail of the north country men.

Not before for five winters had he crossed such a trail in all the Tahquamenon country. Before that time snowshoe tracks had laced the forest all one winter. Strange pellets of fat with the man-smell bedded deeply in them had been buried in deer carcasses where such trails led past. Traps had spotted the country. He had found them buried at his feeding places, had scented them beneath the snow at his signal stations. And one by one the wolves of the Tahquamenon pack had disappeared.

THE Black Wolf had seen them lying stiff and cold on the ice near the poisoned deer carcasses, and had sensed that death, the Great Fear of the wilderness was there. He had encountered other members of the pack snarling and fighting in the grip of heavy traps and had swung off the trail and gone around them.

That had been the winter of the deep snow, when food was scarce. The rabbits had died by the thousands in the summer swamps. Bad storms drove the deer south to the very edge of the clearings along the Henry to yard. And the wolves ran gaunt and hungry from January to March.

Lem Pollock had chosen that winter to wipe out the Tahquamenon pack, and the weeks of famine had made it an easy task. Finally, when only the Black Wolf remained of all the pack he too had put a hindfoot between the jaws of a trap.

In his struggles he had freed the chain from the clog, and weeks later the frozen, swollen leg had sloughed away at the knee, bone and all, leaving the red-eyed, hunger-crazed wolf free to hunt again, though a cripple for the remainder of his days.

Toward spring Pollock had died of pneumonia in his cabin above the big falls of the river. His traps still lay scattered through the swamps, rusted and harmless now,

buried beneath tangles of fern and moss, bedded in dry spruce needles.

Since then no snowshoe trail had entered the Tahquamenon country. Time after time the Black Wolf had ranged outside this great tract of swamp and ridge and river, seeking others of his own kind. Especially in late winter, when the mating fever burned high in him, had the desire for companionship lured him into distant country. But each time the presence of trappers in the strange territory had driven him back into his home range.

NOW the detested snowshoe trail had invaded the Tahquamenon country once more. The Black Wolf slouched forward, put his muzzle down to the snow and sniffed deeply at the broad tracks. The man had passed in late afternoon, probably shortly before dark. In all likelihood he was camped for the night in Pollock's old cabin above the falls.

The Black Wolf turned away from the trail, swung back into the timber. A quarter mile down the river he found a well beaten deer runway crossing on the ice. Stepping in the deep tracks of the deer he trotted out to the snowshoe trail, took scent of it again, snarling harshly, and went on across the river without stepping off the runway. He was beginning to conceal his tracks.

Shortly past midnight, in a small deer yard on Linton Creek a mile back from the river, he pulled down a fawn and fed. When he had finished the meal he dragged the fawn to the side of a tangled windfall, buried it deeply in the snow.

Then he turned aside, halted in a little open spot among the spruce trees, stood staring off in the direction of Pollock's old cabin on the river.

The full January moon was high overhead. The still, snow-hung forest was almost as light as full day.

Of a sudden the Black Wolf put his lean muzzle up toward the brilliant cold stars, and the long drawn, cadenced howl of the timber wolf rent the deep silence of the winter night.

The echoes died away, the wolf stood like a black, moon-carved shadow on the snow, his breath drifting above his shoulders in a silvery fog of frost.

When no answer came, when the stillness was unbroken over all the lonely country of the Tahquamenon, save for the sharp pop of a hemlock trunk contracting in the bitter cold, the Black Wolf howled again, turned abruptly and trotted away to the west.

In Lem Pollock's ancient, snow-buried cabin above the big falls Joe Kitchi had stirred out of his bunk to re-





plenish his dying fire against the bitter cold of early morning that was biting through the log walls. On his knees before the stove, hewing shavings from a section of seasoned spruce, the first cadenced wolf howl reached him, faint with distance but clear in the frosty stillness.

Unmindful of the cold, the trapper went to the door of the cabin, flung it open and stood listening.

After a minute he heard, with a thrill of exultation, the second howl, rolling weirdly up from the swamp to the southwest.

Kitchi had come into the Tahquamenon country for the express purpose of trapping out this single survivor of the old pack.

Tales of the crippled black wolf had filtered south, stories of his single-handed raids on the deer in their winter yards, tales carried out by wandering timber cruisers and beaver poachers from the southern edge of the Tahquamenon country, until the lone wolf's fame had become almost legendary.

Joe Kitchi was a seasoned wolfer and discounted the tales accordingly. He doubted that the wolf was even a cripple. That he was dark beyond the color of the average timber wolf Kitchi did not credit at all. That he was slaughtering deer on the winter snows the trapper had no cause to doubt. As for the story that he ranged alone, never hunting with another, the only wolf in all the Tahquamenon country, Kitchi hoped skeptically this might prove true.

At daybreak he found the single wolf trail, leading westward out of the Linton Creek swamp, and learned that at least one of the stories was not false. The wolf ran on three legs.

THREE dawns later the Black Wolf lay down for the day on top of a tangle of wind-fallen timber on the headwaters of the Two-Heart, fifty miles west as a raven flies from the trapper's cabin on the Tahquamenon.

He had traveled steadily those three nights, crossing over from the upper Tahquamenon to the south branch of the Two-Heart through the Marten swamp, turning aside only for such hunting as came his way.

It was here in the upper Two-Heart country that the pack had found temporary refuge from men and traps in that winter of famine. For the last fifteen miles of his journey the Black Wolf had had neither sight nor scent of man or his trail.

While the pale crescent of the waning moon climbed above the eastern spruce tops late that night the Black Wolf halted on a timbered ridge at the edge of the big Two-Heart swamp and pealed forth his quavering, blood-thinning howl.

A minute of silence, and then, like an echo, across miles of swamp and ridge and river an answer came, wailing, ringing faintly in the cold stillness of the winter night.

For an awed minute the Black Wolf stood quiet, strain-

ing ears and muzzle toward that distant call. Then he howled long and eloquently in return, lean muzzle uplifted, breath floating frostily in the pale moonlight. When the answer was given again he melted into the dense timber of the swamp like a dark specter.

They met in the thickets of tag alder that fringed a beaver pond on the headwaters of the Two-Heart, the Black Wolf and Gray Lady, the young she wolf who was to be his mate.

A shy meeting, standing apart at first while they scanned and scented each other with aloof yet friendly dignity. Finally a fleet light touching of muzzles—and in the pallid radiance of the quarter moon they pledged a troth and a comradeship that only death could break. After that they frolicked together on the ice of the beaver pond, the first playtime the Black Wolf had known for five lonely years.

TWO nights later, crossing the Two-Heart some miles below the beaver pond, on a warm deer track with the Black Wolf leading, they came upon a snowshoe trail.

They halted sharply in their running, the Black Wolf crept down to the broad tracks and took scent of them deeply, while Gray Lady lay down in the snow behind him, her red tongue lolling out from the effort of the chase.

The trail was that of the man who had passed up the Tahquamenon six nights before. Instinct warned the Black Wolf that the trapper had followed him into the Two-Heart country.

The pair resumed their running and made their kill, timber wolf fashion, the Black Wolf lying in ambush behind a fallen log while Gray Lady drove the panting, plunging doe downwind along the runway to him.

When they were full fed the Black Wolf swung away to the northeast with Gray Lady trotting unquestioningly at his heels. They traveled steadily until daybreak. Then they lay down together for the day on the upturned roots of a fallen hemlock, where the wind would carry them scent and sound of any intruder who followed along their trail. At dusk they moved out again, still heading northeast.

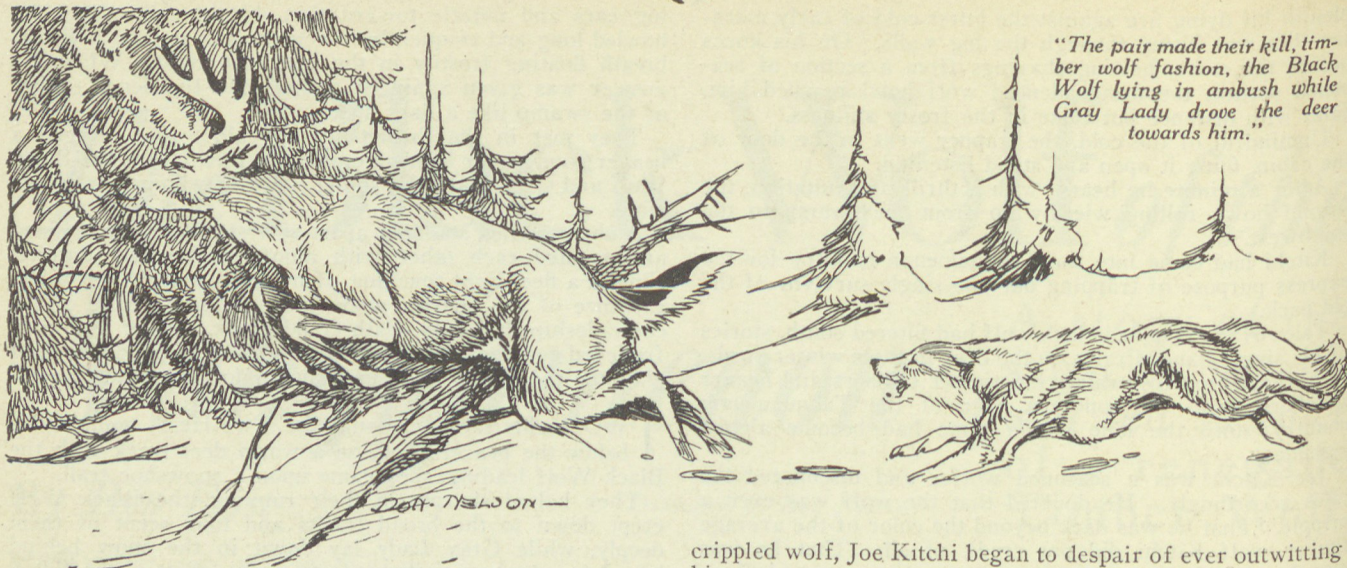
The fourth night they reached the headwaters of the Shelldrake, twenty-five miles north of the big falls of the Tahquamenon. They lingered on the Shelldrake for a week, then swung southward into the Black Wolf's home range.

This was the old game of hide and seek that he knew so well how to play. As long as Joe Kitchi stayed upon his trail the wolf would never remain for longer than a few days at a time in any district. Back and forth between the three rivers he would make his great hundred-mile circles, never on any regular schedule. So, finally, he would wear down the trapper's persistence. And wherever he went, Gray Lady would travel willingly at his side. That was the nature of their pact.

As they came into the Tahquamenon country the Black Wolf began to display an unwonted alertness. Old in-



"The Black Wolf held his ground above the buried carcass giving back snarl for snarl to his outraged mate."



"The pair made their kill, timber wolf fashion, the Black Wolf lying in ambush while Gray Lady drove the deer towards him."

instincts of craft and wariness awoke in him, to the bewilderment of his young mate.

He no longer followed the hard packed deer runways. Instead he broke his own trail, plunging shoulder deep into the dry snow. When Gray Lady would have turned aside and sought easier running on an old deer trail, he persuaded her to run at his heels again. He had learned in the winter of famine that men could walk in deer runways, planting traps in the deep hoofprints, and leave no sign.

ONCE Gray Lady broke ahead of her mate, sniffed hungrily at the mound of snow that covered a deer carcass and began digging.

Twice the Black Wolf touched her lightly on the shoulder with his muzzle, plainly pleading that she desist. Then when the she wolf continued to tear at the snow crust, he leaped at her suddenly, struck her shoulder to shoulder, knocking her away.

Amazed and enraged, she regained her feet, stood snarling shrilly at him. The Black Wolf held his ground above the buried deer carcass, however, giving back snarl for snarl to his outraged mate. There was a savage insistence in his manner that could not be ignored, and at length, half understanding, Gray Lady yielded and followed him reluctantly away.

The end of the month saw the two wolves swinging north toward the Shelldrake again. In that time Kitchi had not come up with them, and they had seen no fresh snowshoe trails.

They stayed in the Shelldrake country for three days and then began the long trek back to the she wolf's home swamp at the headwaters of the Two-Heart.

They loitered there until Kitchi came over his scattered line of traps and poison stations in mid-February, driving them east to the Tahquamenon once more. Before they left the Two-Heart country, however, they began an orgy of killing that would mark their trails for the balance of the winter, against the great event that spring would bring to them.

Following the trail of the pair, Kitchi found two of their kills and swore savagely beneath his breath.

"Gettin' ready to den," he told himself. "They'll do some real killin' from now till spring."

By the middle of March more than a score of deer carcasses lay scattered over the wolves' range on the three rivers. Wherever they denned, there would be no dearth of food in their lair in the days when Gray Lady could not hunt.

As the weeks passed and each day brought fresh evidence of the uncanny cunning of the

crippled wolf, Joe Kitchi began to despair of ever outwitting him.

"I'll never get him with traps or pills," Kitchi told himself moodily one night as he sat smoking before his fire in Lem Pollock's old cabin on the Tahquamenon. "Nor her either, as long as they run together!"

Finally at the end of February the trapper went down to the clearings on the Henry and was gone for ten days. When he returned three gaunt, mongrel hounds trailed at his heels, and Kitchi prayed for one final fall of deep light snow before the end of winter.

The last of March saw his hopes fulfilled, with the Black Wolf and Gray Lady trailing into the Tahquamenon country from the Shelldrake in the face of a late winter blizzard.

THE she wolf was growing heavy now, ranging little. She followed her mate reluctantly on his long runs, preferred to spend her time nosing about windfalls, looking for snug caves, exploring hollow fallen logs.

Instinct and experience from the old days of the pack warned the Black Wolf that their days of running were nearly at an end for that winter.

For three days, while the dry snow eddied down endlessly between the tree trunks, blown in gusty blasts by the wind, the two wolves lay in a snug shelter beneath a windfall, in a dense cedar swamp a mile back from the big falls.

The storm blew itself out on the third afternoon and at dusk that night, ravenously hungry, they moved out from their shelter. Gray Lady ran reluctantly, and when the Black Wolf surprised and pounced upon a snowshoe rabbit, in its form beneath a low balsam tree, shortly after they left the windfall, he stood quietly aside while his mate devoured the morsel. The she wolf ate greedily, repaying his chivalry with suspicious, churlish snarls.

Shortly past midnight they crossed a fresh deer trail, floundering in the deep new snow. When the Black Wolf swung into the trail, running silently, ears laid back, Gray Lady failed to come into stride at his heels. Instead she followed the trail slothfully, falling steadily behind, and from his experience in the pack days the Black Wolf knew he would have no help with the kill that night.

Within an hour, unaided, he drove the doe out of the swamp into a belt of hardwood and then, when the quarry began to show signs of tiring in the soft snow, the Black Wolf gave tongue as he ran, guiding Gray Lady cross-country to the chase.

He overtook and pulled down the deer within a mile, and the she wolf joined him a half hour later, vixenish and tired, snarling fretfully as she fed beside him.

The going was hard and they traveled less than a mile after they left the kill, lying down for the day on a snow-buried fallen spruce tree.

In his cabin (Con't on p. 61)



For Successful Motor Camping

With valuable details of how, when and where it can be done

By Judge Harve L. Melton

IN the ten year drama (or tragedy) outlined below, the writer has approximated the total number of beginners in motor camping at 1,000,000, or 100,000 each year. They all started out with high hopes, prating of "the great outdoors," "back to nature," etc, etc. The first venture in each case was to be only the beginning of many years of happy, care-free vacations in a newly discovered realm. Yet at the end of the ten year period 990,000 have lost their enthusiasm and fallen by the wayside and only 10,000 have become real seasoned motor campers.

Ask any of the 990,000 why they did not return to the road for a second trip and most of them avoid the real reason. On the contrary, they assume a forced air of enthusiasm about their experiences.

A few are more honest in their expressions. They frankly tell you of the discomforts experienced, of the laborious task of unpacking and pitching camp, of the hours spent in breaking camp, repacking and loading and tying on their multifarious equipment which they had purchased with such hope of comfort and ease; they tell you of mental and nervous depletion at the end of the trip—in short, a heartbreaking tale of tragic disappointment.

ASK any of the 10,000 why they return to the gipsy life year after year and their stories are much the same as at the start, except that their enthusiasm is greater, their zest for new adventures is sharper and their expectations for the coming year more extravagant.

Why this sharp and irreconcilable conflict of opinion about the same thing between the 990,000 and the 10,000? They apparently had the same tastes, ideals and ambitions at the beginning. They traversed largely the same territory and had the same opportunities for those delightful experiences which they so fondly and hopefully sought.

An easy answer would be that the 10,000 are real outdoor folks and the former are not. I am thoroughly convinced of the fallacy of this possible explanation from the very fact that I, after my first trip, came very nearly classing myself with the 990,000. Had it not been for a few hints and ideas that I received from some experienced veterans, coming more as a matter of accident than from design on my part, I would probably today belong to that large disappointed class who mourn a stillborn ambition of an outdoor paradise. I shudder at my narrow escape when I think of the marvelous experiences I would have missed.

HAPPILY, though accidentally, we (my wife and I) got into the 10,000 class and we have never once faltered in our loyalty to this great and growing fraternity of the cream of the universe. Our journeys under this plan, if placed end to end, would twice encircle the globe, yet, aside from my first year's apprenticeship before I had learned some of the technique of motor camping, we have traveled in comfort and ease. We have also tried the pullman, hotel and bus mode of travel, but somehow these things do not fit into the scheme of things. The confusion, hustle and bustle take away the charm of nature's scenic masterpieces. They disturb and annoy when one expects rest and quietude. They hurry you away when you most desire to remain and view in silent reverence the beauties of the handiwork of the Almighty. You fail altogether to see unnumbered hidden gems because they are not included in the hasty itinerary.

Not so with us. We are our own engineer, conductor, porter, chauffeur, chef and guide. We have our own private diner on our own "bus." We make our own itinerary. We go where we desire and tarry when we choose. We have climbed the dizzy Continental Divide in seventeen places. We have topped the Sierras, Cascades, Tetons, Wasatches, Saw Tooth, Bitter Root and other ranges too numerous to recall. We have camped in every state west of Missouri and Arkansas from Canada to Mexico and have even crossed the borders. We have explored the "scenic west" year after year assiduously and persistently and yet there are countless new wonders that we are longing to explore.

AS the evening shadows fall, our humble canvas home is erected in some select space that nature seems to have specially prepared for us. How peaceful to be lulled to sleep by the rippling voices of the mountain stream on whose hospitable banks you have raised your temporary lodge. We have camped on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for days at a time, where we could view by daylight and by moonlight that grandest of earthly spectacles. On the north rim of this same mighty chasm, amid the solitude and silence of the virgin Kaibab Forest, we have slept alone many miles from another human being.

Many times "Old Faithful" has acted as our night sentry, hourly sending forth, in geyser language, his reassuring "All is well." The flaming gorgeous desert sunsets are beautiful from whatever viewpoint, but somehow a camp setting far

A PERPETUAL DRAMA

One Act Each Year

ACT I—SCENE I

Time—1920 A. D.

Place—Every public highway in the United States.

Cast—100,000 motor campers starting on their first annual (to be) tour.

SCENE 2

Time—Same.

Place—The average American home.

Cast—1,000,000 campers-to-be, just waiting the opportunity to make their initial venture.

ACT II—SCENE I

Time—1921.

Place—Same highways, slightly improved.

Cast—100,000 motor campers starting on their first annual (to be) tour. (Same as in Act I.)

Also 1,000 motor campers starting on their second annual tour.

SCENE 2

Time—Same.

Place—Same.

Cast—1,000,000 campers-to-be, on the waiting list.

(ACTS III to X Omitted)

ACT XI—SCENE I

Time—1930.

Place—Same highways, greatly improved.

Cast—100,000 motor campers starting on their first annual (to be) tour. (Same as Acts I and II.)

Also 10,000 motor campers starting on their second to eleventh annual tour.

SCENE 2

Time—Same.

Place—Same.

Cast—1,000,000 reserves as before.

from man's defacing handiwork has always cast a special glamour over this glorious spectacle. At the foot of "The Great White Throne" in Zion National Park, our camp site seemed indeed like holy ground. On the crest of the cold bleak Continental Divide, the sun seemed to grant special favors by extending to us in the morning his first hospitable warming rays.

We have pitched our canvas home at the foot of the impressive, inspiring, towering glacier-streaked Rockies, Cascades, Sierras and Tetons, and as a result, have felt an enlarged conception of the works of the Almighty. On the shores of Tahoe, Two-Medicine, Many Glacier and Louise lakes, we have enjoyed all the thrills of a Swiss traveler. From the front door of our humble abode, we have by the light of the moon looked out, awed but unafraid, across that weird graveyard of all the ghosts and goblins of the past—Bryce's Canyon. Most impressive perhaps of all, we have sojourned at the foot of the Giant Sequoias whose very branches may have sheltered the contemporaries of Abraham.

I AM certain that a very large percentage of the 990,000 would have delighted in these wonders if they had experienced them as we have in comfort and peace of mind.



"—kindling providently provided the night before soon rewards us with a quick fire."

The trouble is that they started on their journey with a mistaken, idealistic, impractical conception of auto-camping and its problems. Like the over-credulous man who approaches a mule from the wrong angle, the person who imagines that nature is a tender ministering angel, that will care for, pamper, pet and cradle him, is likely to wake up to the fact that nature, too, has a "business end" that must be guarded against.

The popular conception of the uninitiated is that, although unaccustomed to hardships and privations, he can emerge from his luxurious home where comfort and convenience are automatically administered by the simple turning of a switch, a faucet or a gas valve, and, by some hokus pokus, be suddenly transformed into a Robinson Crusoe and enjoy a romantic, primitive, pre-civilized existence just as our ancestors did before houses were invented. He has become imbued with the fanciful idea that nature has a way of "caring for her own" and that no particular thought or preparation is necessary before starting on a camping trip.

Defoe might have had Crusoe cast upon his island naked and without a single implement to aid him in his struggle with nature, leaving him to his own devices for existence. Instead, he felt the necessity of clothing him and of equipping him with the most modern firearm then invented, with plenty of ammunition, a carpenter's chest and a number of other necessary articles. Nature may care for her other creatures, but not in her wild state does she take care of man. Put him in the wilderness, absolutely unequipped, and nature will not only cruelly subject him to inconvenience, discomfort and suffering but she will destroy him. Of all creatures, the unprepared traveler is exposed to the cruelest and most relentless punishment at the hands of nature. He is assailed by heat and cold, the tempest, the blizzard, rain, dust and grime.

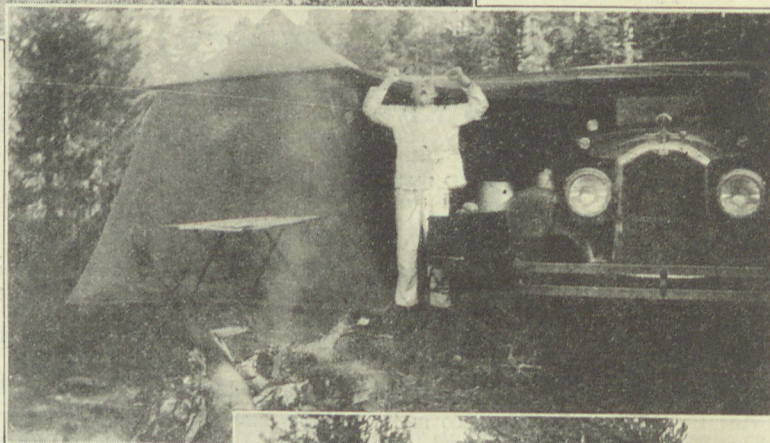
AS a result of man's intelligence and ingenuity, however, and the resultant cumulative inventions of the ages, he has surrounded himself with instruments and equipment that have turned the tables and overcome nature and subjected her to his will as his willing faithful servant, ever ministering to his comfort, happiness, health and general well being. But beware of unpreparedness for her whims.

The problem of the motor camper is therefore similar to his problems at home. Taking a hint from the mule driver, he must avoid approaching nature from the "business end." He must curb her and harness her and she becomes a thing of transcendent beauty and perpetual delight in her happier moods.

A typical example of a disappointed party attracted our attention last year. Near us in a Salt Lake tourist park was a party of young people from the East. They had a big fine car, a splendid tent and a large collection of hastily acquired equipment. Yet, all was disorder. A very unhappy young lady, sitting on a bed roll—the very image of abject dejection—first attracted my attention. She came to my wife and proceeded to pour out her heart to a very sympathetic, understanding listener. She

recited the story of a trip long planned with her husband. Their manifold equipment had been selected in accordance with their immature conception of the problems to be encountered. They had started out light heartedly on a great outdoor adventure.

Then followed days of hard driving, frantic and la-



"—after a good night's sleep on an air mattress."



"—our canvas home is erected in some place nature seems especially to have prepared for us."

borious and tired efforts at night to untangle the necessary equipment for shelter, bedding and cooking, and a hurried reversal of this procedure each morning. A daily repetition of this strenuous program for many days produced the inevitable result. This girl, accustomed to neatness and order at home, now soiled and disheveled, surrounded by piles of tangled camp equipment scattered about on the dusty ground, had surrendered and wanted to quit it all. Is it any wonder that she wept on my wife's bosom? It was not so much her hardship that broke her heart as it was the destruction of her long cherished dream.

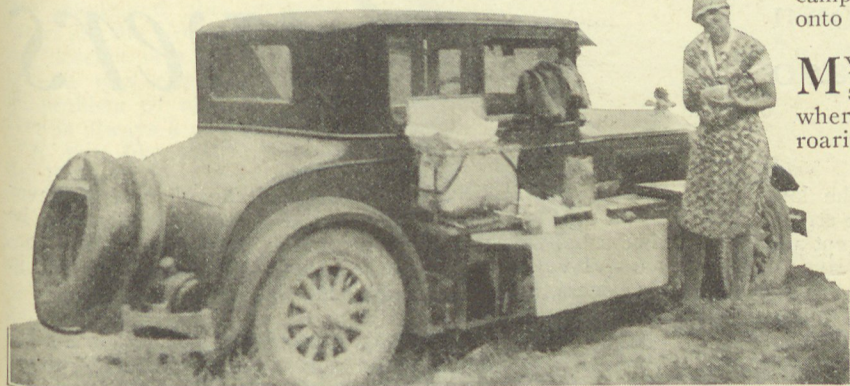
NOW what was responsible for this and many other similar tragedies of the road? In the first place, while they had plenty of equipment—too much in fact—it was illy selected and they had no system of packing and carrying it. It required precious hours of backbreaking toil to unload, assort, use and reload it. The experienced camper is never content until he has selected and arranged his

had a fifteen day vacation and decided to take it at a point a week's journey from home. He made his itinerary (seven days each way) on schedule time but when asked how he enjoyed it he replied that his vacation was completely spoiled as it had rained all day!

The veteran camper starts his vacation when he steps on the gas at home and it continues until he pulls up in front of the old home on his return. If a day passes during that time that does not bring some thrill, he considers it a day lost. Too many, like the young man, consider only the brief stay at the far end of the journey as their vacation.

Finally, these people hadn't the slightest conception of where to camp. Every night had been spent in a tourist camp. The seasoned camper never stops in one except through necessity such as at cities or in thickly settled farming communities where there are no open spaces. Tourist camps are usually dusty, crowded and noisy. He prefers an isolated grassy plot away from the turmoil. His equipment does away with the necessity of a community kitchen and other park conveniences. When in a real camping country, he gets off the main highways onto the byways where camping is camping.

MY favorite camp spots are along the trout streams in the high altitudes of the Rockies, where, at sunset, there is a chill that demands a roaring campfire. There we may stay for days at a time. Our evenings may be spent in reading, writing, pinocle, popping corn or some other diversion conducive to mental relaxation from a tired business life. Many pleasant evenings have been spent with neighboring campers from Michylvania or some other distant land.



—lunch at lower timberline 6000 ft. near Rifle, Colorado.

—"my favorite camping spots are along the trout streams in the high altitudes of the Rockies."



—"my wife gets our supper."

equipment so that it becomes a source of convenience and comfort rather than a burden.

In the next place, instead of camping, these parties were all "doing a marathon." Their goal was some distant rainbow-end which they must reach within a given time at all odds. This reminds me of the story of the young man who

After this, tucked in our blankets and wool comforters, we sleep the sleep of the just until wakened in the morning by the chattering chipmunks or mountain jays. It is then only a moment's discomfort to run shivering to the pile of pitch-pine kindling providently prepared the night before, to be rewarded by a quick roaring fire. There we can dress in comfort in the privacy of the wilderness without embarrassment even from the denizens of the forest.

These, no doubt, are the very things of which many others had dreamed at home, yet in their cross country race, these choice spaces were passed by and never seen. No wonder so many return home disappointed and disgusted with the whole thing and even embittered against camp life.

In the article to follow, I will attempt to give some practical hints as to the proper equipment conducive to convenience and comfort, the places to go and how to find them, as well as to recite some of the many interesting incidents that we have enjoyed on our gipsy vacations.

(To be continued next month)

An Explorer of Dangerous Rivers

By Margaret Whittemore

Concerning Clyde Eddy and his gallant expedition down the rapids of the Colorado

"**A**WAY at last! With the aid of the long stern sweep I pushed the boat out into the stream. The current caught us and we were swept under the two bridges, around a bend in the river and out of sight of the people on the shore."

So begins the story of the only expedition through the rapids of the Colorado River, successfully undertaken at high water.

In the business world Clyde Eddy is known as the manager of the retail research department of E. R. Squibb and Sons in New York, but his hobby is exploring dangerous rivers. In 1912 he graduated from the University of California's College of Pharmacy with a degree in chemistry, and later completed two years of extension work in geology at Columbia University.

The war brought new adventures into his life. He enlisted in the army and was assigned to the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps, which was attached to the Air Service. In this capacity he was sent to France and made thousands of still and motion pictures from airplanes and observation balloons for the files of the War College. Obviously he was no stranger to dangerous missions when he undertook the Colorado expedition.

EVER since he can remember he has had an ambition to navigate a rough stream. Swift streams fascinated him, and "white water" rivers swept gloriously through his childhood dreams.

When he left the army in 1919 he stopped over at the Grand Canyon with his wife on the way to their California home. As they gazed at the raging stream below, he turned to her and said, "There is my river."

It was, however, months before he realized that dreams were giving way to plans and that his heart was set on making the river trip. Eight years passed while he dreamed

his dreams and made his plans. Although he had never been on the river with a boat, he believed, finally, that he had a list which included everything needed to make a successful voyage through the canyons. So, with all else in readiness, he began to assemble his crew.

MR. EDDY has a theory concerning men. It is his belief that a man need not be tough-whiskered to be brave, and that a "pink wristed" college boy will stand up as well in the face of long continued danger as the average "hard-boiled" army sergeant. He had seen his theory proved in France during the war, when men of great apparent physical strength exhibited less endurance than softer looking men whose minds were trained and tough if their bodies were not.

"Social experience," he says, "tends to toughen our minds. Knowing that the river trip would finally become a test of sheer endurance, where courage would count for more than brawn, I determined if possible, to enlist a crew of young men who were still attending or had recently been graduated from college."

Therefore he began advertising for college men early in the spring. Eager requests to be included in the party came from all over the United States, and after carefully studying their qualifications, Mr. Eddy sent letters to forty of the applicants, telling them where he proposed to go and describing to them as well as he could the dangers of a journey through the Grand Canyon

and the other wild and desolate gorges of the Colorado River.

Many of the volunteers then withdrew, and from the remaining applicants he selected three men from Harvard, two from Coe College, two from Notre Dame, and one from Northwestern University. To these were added an applicant from Louisiana.



Parley M. Galloway shows Clyde Eddy how cactus juice may be used to settle the river water.

"These nine young men," says Mr. Eddy, "were the pink wristed members of my expedition, but wrists can tan and toughen in the hot Arizona sunshine, as events were soon to show."

To this group were added Parley Galloway, an expert riverman; a news-reel camera man, and at the last minute, a wandering soldier of fortune, who professed to know all about boats and rapids. In addition to these there were a cub bear, named Cataract, and "Rags," an airedale, who served as mascots.

ONLY a handful of men in all the world's history have ever navigated the turbulent waters of the Colorado. Each new descent is a fresh adventure—a new exploration—for the problem of navigating the river is always a changing one.

"A trip like this," declares Mr. Eddy, "differs from almost any other kind. Here the danger is constant, the strain never lets up, and time is a factor. Five or six weeks is a long time to battle with a river of this kind, and there are few rest periods, because time again enters in. You must get through on schedule or run the risk of starving to death. It is a grand adventure—a voyage into storyland, where dreams are real and the constant presence of danger gives richness to life—where the daily threat of death makes clear how good it is to live."

He had reached the conclusion that the reason other expeditions had failed was because they had not been adequately equipped, and he was determined to avoid that mistake. When he started for Greenriver, Utah, in 1927, he had two 22-foot boats built of half-inch mahogany with heavy oak keels and ribs. They were the best designed boats money could buy for the purpose. He had also a 16-foot scout boat of the same quality, and, of course, life preservers and life-lines. Each boat was fully equipped with its own set of supplies, including tools and materials for repairs.

There was something sinister in the way the high water, swollen from late spring floods, rushed down toward the deep canyons, where turning back is impossible and escape is cut off by high walls rising sheer from the water's edge. Mr. Eddy reasoned that the high water might possibly be a help rather than a hindrance, by allowing a passage over the rocks. The current was flowing from six to eight miles an hour, and from the first, the men had to be constantly on the alert to avoid being upset.



Lining one of the 1200 lb. boats around the dangerous rapids in Cataract Canyon. After trying for three days to dislodge it this craft had to be abandoned.

As they proceeded down the river the men learned to handle their boats very skillfully, and as far as possible, without spoken orders; because later on, when running rapids, it would be impossible for the leader to make his voice heard above the roar of the river.

THE water in the Colorado carries six-tenths per cent of sand and silt in addition to the sediment it bears along in suspension. Parley Galloway showed the party how to settle the muddy water by adding to a bucketful of it a few drops of evaporated milk and stirring it vigorously. He also showed how the same result could be achieved by stringing a few broad, flat cactus leaves on a stick, cutting them open so that the juice would exude, and whirling them around in the water. The Colorado is said to be one river upon which a traveler can almost perish from thirst.

It is the huge amount of mud in suspension that bestows on this river additional power, for the great weight combined with terrific speed in rapids gives the big waves the force of trip hammers. It is, (Continued on page 43)



The Vanished People

Drawings by Frank Hoban

Those among our readers who have not made a study of anthropology will be interested to know that the tribes of men and animals appearing in this serial truly existed at one time upon the earth. Many facts are known about them; the author's imagination has supplied the unknown.

—EDITOR.

By

Edison Marshall

IN the meantime Belgrade had run up, his fallow face flushed, his pince-nez flopping on the cord. "What is it, Weismann?"

"I can make a guess at it, but that's all. The man has been stoned, I think, or clubbed, and he says 'Og-Ree quimo.' Og Ree is the tribe word for a race of people supposed to live beyond the river: Dian told me so."

"I know that," Belgrade snapped impatiently. "But what does quimo mean?"

"I think it means 'come.' At least, *vo quimo* means 'we come'—the words were in the men's home-coming song after the mammoth hunt."

"In other words, the Og-Ree are coming. Is that it?"

"Yes, but you don't believe it, do you? Surely that's just a legend—about the Og-Ree."

"It may not be a legend. It may be true. I suspected from the first that two races of people live in this Moss Country. I didn't say much about it, because—"

"I know why. We weren't as good friends then as we are now."

"I did tell you, however, the first night we met, that I expected to discover at least one race, and perhaps two. Hull had heard rumors of the Og-Ree, and I saw no reason for disbelieving them. The Cro-Magnon and the Og-Ree were contemporaries in Europe—they fought long wars for mastery—and climatal conditions preserving one would naturally preserve the other. My present theory is that they had spread well over the world by Mausterian times. Certainly the Australian and Tasmanian natives have many characteristics of the Og-Ree—the low nose bridge, prominent supraorbital ridge, and the skull platycephalic in the extreme, although I would hesitate to say that these natives are surviving Og-Ree. However, if the Og-Ree reached Australia, they could easily reach Antarctica, and if so, the Cro-Magnons might have found them here when they arrived."

"Why so secretive?" Excited beyond measure by Strong Spear's tidings, for the moment Adam had no patience with his fellow's petty jealousies. "Why don't you call them by their scientific name, instead of the name they are known by in this tribe?"

BELGRADE adjusted his pince-nez. For the moment he seemed taken aback. "Then you suspected their identity?"

"I'm not an anthropologist, but I read a book or two, in my youth. If the Og-Ree exists at all, they are *Homo neanderthalensis*."

"Precisely. A good guess on your part, Weismann: I congratulate you. I see no reason why the Neanderthal

men should not have persisted in this vast hunting ground, provided the Cro-Magnons themselves did not kill them off. These are not modern times, here behind the Ice. They are not even Neolithic times—the New Stone Age—such as exists in the Arctic today, but rather Paleolithic, the peak of the Age of Mammals, in spite of the fact that our Cro-Magnons have discovered the use of bronze. It is a fit environment for the Neanderthal race, as well as for the Cro-Magnon, and for that matter, *Elephas primigenius* and *Rhinoceros antiquitatis*."

Belgrade's scientific zeal was aroused, and apparently oblivious to the passage of time and the impending crisis, he seemed about to launch into a learned discussion. But Adam quickly brought him back to earth. "Well, we'll know in a few minutes whether or not the Neanderthals still survive. Strong Spear says they're coming."

"That doesn't follow. I am inclined to believe they survive—I think it may be true that they occupy remote regions in this vast land—but I can't believe they are marching upon us now."

"I don't follow you—"

"IT seems to me obvious. According to the legends of this tribe, the Neanderthals have made no trouble for seventy-five years. True, this might be about time for another invasion. It usually takes about three generations to recoup man-power and to breed a surplus population, the first cause of wars. Also, it is the height of the summer season, when game is plentiful and the weather warm enough to camp out. But why should they choose the same decade, the same summer, the same ten days that you and I happen to

be visitors in the village? It is as though they were parading themselves out for my anthropological inspection."

"Perhaps it's just coincidence."

"It's stretching coincidence too far. If it is true—if the Neanderthals are moving today upon the village—there's something logical behind it. You mark my words—it will somehow prove a matter of cause and effect."

He was interrupted by the thrilling, reverberant tones of the village gong. Four times the great stone hammer smote. This, Adam guessed, was the Cro-Magnon call to battle, no doubt a tradition in the tribe since first the warriors gathered to make war on the Hairy Ax-Men, at their lost stations beside the Ancient Seine.

HUNTING parties, starting out in the tundra to kill wild-oxen and the wolverine-like animal that supplied their silvery furs, heard the call and turned back. Fishermen, casting nets in the surf, laid down their gear

The Story So Far

DR. ADAM WEISMANN and Karl Belgrade, renowned scientist, find in the heart of the Antarctic, a tribe of white people, recognized by them to be the last of the noble race of Cro-Magnons.

Loving Dian, queen of the tribe, and admiring and prizing the splendid qualities of her people, Adam determines to save them from the exploitation and ruination certain to follow their discovery by civilization.

He urges Belgrade to keep their discovery a secret. Belgrade refuses, plots against Dian, and is placed by the chiefs in the dread death cavern from which he is rescued by Adam.

In gratitude Belgrade gives the promise of secrecy Adam exacts and all preparations for their departure by seaplane are made, reluctantly on Adam's part, when a messenger arrives with portentous news.

and started for the rendezvous outside the temple. Boat-builders, skin workers, arrow-makers, and bronzesmiths put aside their tools, picked up their weapons, and came hastening down the village road. Artists, painting pictures in the caves, extinguished their lamps and put down their bowls of pigment, because even such caste as theirs did not exempt them from the Call of the Four Gongs. Forgetting for the moment the desperate urgency of their own affairs, Adam and Belgrade ran with the others to the meeting-place.

THE news of the coming invasion ran like wildfire through the village, and the tribespeople were close to panic. Plainly they regarded the Og-Ree with the utmost horror and fear. The name itself was enough to chill their blood. In Europe they had passed it down as a legend, and fifteen thousand years after the last European Neanderthal fell before Cro-Magnon arrows, it survives as

"The stalwart Sea-Hawk lay, with his skull crushed, just within the door of the temple. Three of the Og-Ree lay beside him."

the word ogre, a frightful and uncanny being frightening children to this day. Would the men stand, or were they defeated

had that swollen feeling which accompanies intense emotional enthusiasm. He felt himself being swept off his feet in a gale of zeal. He could no longer consider his own interests, nor think clearly about anything. He could only feel.

Doctor Weismann, the contemplative scientist, was thrust in the background; Adam, the youth, the primal man, was at the helm. The great decision that he now reached came not from deep study, but in one flash of inspiration. Yet his wiser, subtler self did not try to restrain him. Better than he knew his books, Doctor Weismann knew the wisdom of loyalty, the bitter folly of betrayal.

ADAM could not desert at this hour. It was simply out of the question. The danger hanging over the tribe was itself enough to hold him here, let alone his feeling for Dian. He turned quickly to Belgrade.

"Go and tune up the plane, and leave as soon as you can," he directed. "If you see the Neanderthals coming, fly low over them, and try to scare them away. They'll be frightened to death of the plane. Go to the ship, find another rifle if you can, and tell the captain he must wait five days more. Then fly back and get me."

Belgrade hesitated only a moment. "The plan seems sound. I'll confess I'd like to see the Neanderthals, provided they are really coming. But Weismann—have you considered the risk?"

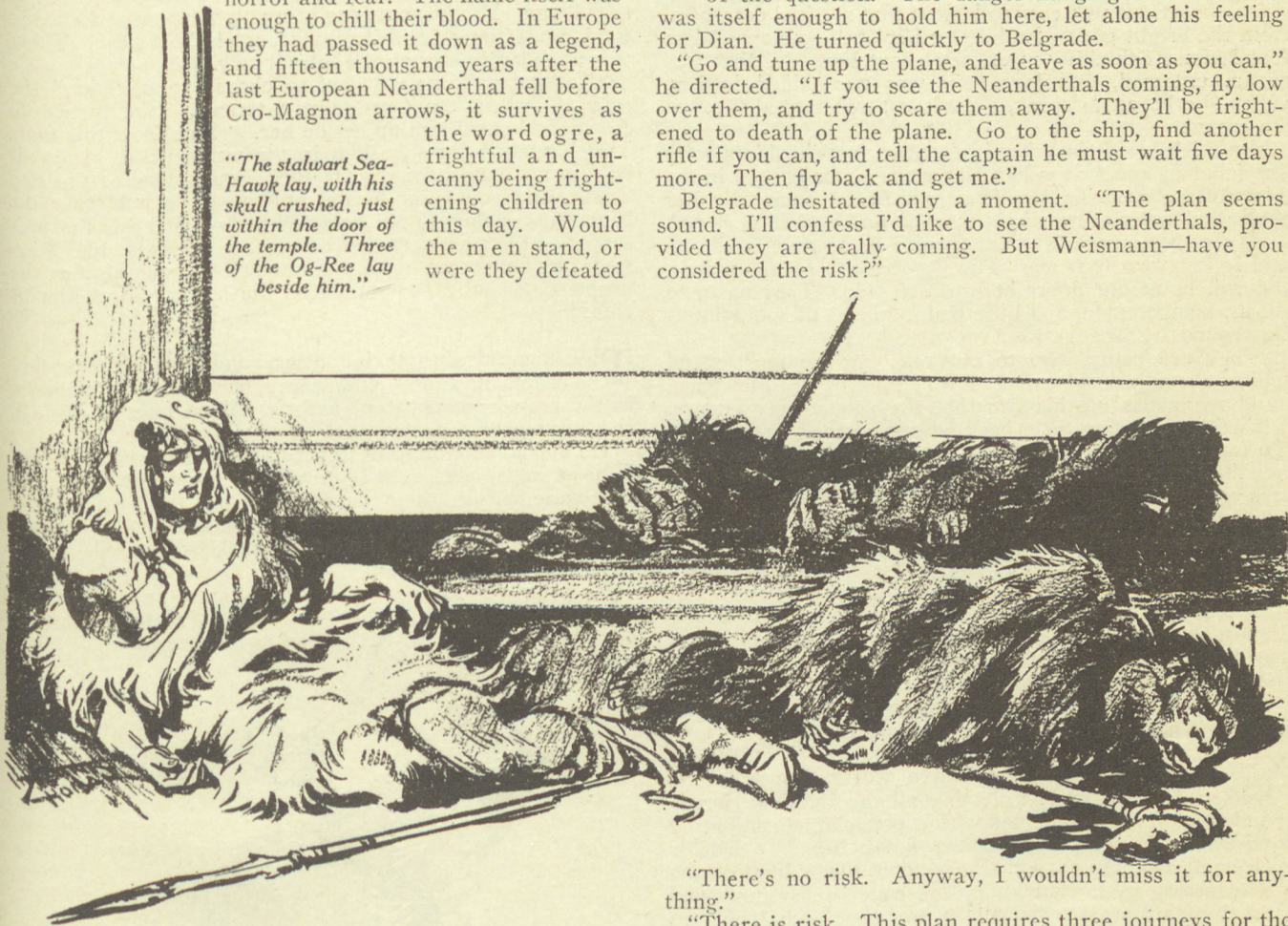
"There's no risk. Anyway, I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"There is risk. This plan requires three journeys for the plane instead of one. If anything happens in any one of these three, it means disaster or exile for us both."

"It can't be helped, anyway. Now hurry and get ready—there's not a moment to lose. I'll be with you in a few minutes and see you off."

Belgrade hurried away. Adam was lost in the growing fervor of the crowd. By now nearly two hundred men—the full fighting strength of the tribe—were gathered about Dian. When he saw them arrayed, his last doubts passed away, and the last of his secret selfish fears vanished not to return. He knew now that he had taken the right course. He was jubilant that he had thrown his fortune in with theirs, to fight for them to the last, and to stand or fall with them. Their preservation was worth the utmost he could give. It was the greatest opportunity for service that would ever come his way.

He could search the world over and not find a tribe like this. Never before had he realized the physical perfection of the rank and file. Every man was close to six feet in height, muscular, supple, and erect with unfailing Cro-Magnon dignity. Their eyes were bright with excitement, but no sign of panic remained in their stern, intelligent-looking faces. Again he marked their uniform coloring—blue eyes, fair skin, yellow hair. Obviously they strove for physical beauty and perfection with an ardor unknown in the world since the golden days of Greece.



at the start? Adam saw with misgivings their white, strained faces and wide eyes.

But he had not reckoned on their patriotism, their fine intelligence and character by which they could master terror, and particularly their loyalty to Dian. As the crowd began to grow in the meeting place outside the temple, they rallied strongly. Their faces were still pale, but with a different kind of pallor—a white flame rather than a white flag. The mere sight of Dian seemed to renew their courage.

And Dian did not fail them. Her slim body was erect, her head high, her pale face calm, her voice clear-toned and inspiring. Adam had never seen this side of her before, and had never dreamed she was anything other than she seemed—a barbarian princess wielding hereditary power by the accident of birth and the semi-religious adoration of her people. Now he perceived that she had real qualities of leadership, inherited, no doubt, from the chiefs who were her forefathers. In a richer but hardly less savage court she might have been a Frankish Bertha or a Russian Catherine.

"*Nea givar,*" she told her warriors. "*Dian antos tey.*" (Do not fear. Dian is before you.)

And the savages were not the only ones to look at her in wonder and adoration. Adam's face began to burn; his eyes

At one side stood the *Ug Paddrin*. They were not quite up to the standard of the others, but were a staunch lot nevertheless, and would fight for the tribe as loyally as the great chiefs.

HE made his way to Dian's side. "Count me in," he told her. "I'm going to stay till the danger is over."

"You mean you will help us drive off the Og-Ree?"

"I mean just that. Count me as one of your men."

She laid both hands on his breast and looked into his eyes. "You are the first of my men, Tall One. You are the chief, to command Dian herself."

Stepping on to the stone block beside the bronze gong, Dian looked down on her people. There was a red glow in her pale cheeks, and a flash in her eyes thrilling every savage heart. It was easy to believe that she had descended from the bright gods. Full under her spell by now, Adam found himself thinking mystically about her. All that was pagan, untamed, and legendary was personified in her. When she began to speak, a curious throb moved through the crowd.

Her thick braids hanging in front of her shoulders were like fabulous ropes of gold. Her white limbs flashed in the thin Antarctic sunlight. The gold bands encircling her breast and upper arms caught the rays and glowed fiery red.

"My people, there is great trouble come upon us," she said in her own tongue. "The Og-Ree are on the march, and will be at our doors before high tide. They mean to kill us, men, women, and little children, and take our hunting grounds."

"They are many, two to our one, but we must stand against them just the same. Every man of my Men must stand ready to give his life that the people may endure. But we have driven them back before, in the wars of long ago and if you will fight them bravely, and not turn from their hail of stones and their flint axes, we will drive them back again."

"Some of them we will drive back," Gort-Chil cried. "Most of them will lie still on the beach."

"It is well. They are the hairy-people, the heavy-browed, the beasts without-speech. You will fight them as the first fathers fought them in the Old Place, under the Drinking Cup, in the days of Dian Larone. And the gods of earth, sea, and air, and the great gods Re and Dian, will give victory to their beloved, and to her people."

Once more Gort-Chil's voice rose solemnly from the crowd. "*Daughter of the Sun and the Moon!*"

ADAM did not catch the native words, but the tone itself told volumes, reflecting all the religious fervor of primitive minds, combined with a personal adoration for the priestess-princess approaching fanaticism. To Doctor Weismann, watching apart, this incident threw light on the whole history of human kind. He could understand why so many savage governments were matriarchal. When rulers hold sway because of supposedly divine birth, rather than from personal powers of leadership, a princess naturally excited greater loyalty and adoration than a prince. She appealed to all that is chivalrous in her subjects; her relation with them was bound up in the sex-instinct, which runs such riot with the emotions of men. It is far more natural for a warrior to adore a priestess than a priest, and to fight for his mother more fiercely than his father. Thus the matriarchies had a tribe consciousness lacking in the patriarchal governments, and a religious zeal in warfare that enabled them to conquer and spread. This continued until men began to lose their faith in their gods of battle, and to pin their hopes of victory upon the military skill of their chiefs.

There are nations today whose monarchs rule not through personal qualifications, but by the accident of birth. And almost always, when a queen comes to power rather than a king, a wave of chivalry sweeps the country, and men are in-

spired to great deeds, and the times are illustrious. Elizabeth, Catherine, the youthful Victoria—these names reminded Weismann that queen-love has been a factor in European history even until the present century.

The form of government has now passed away except in a few barbarous tribes in remote lands, but its spirit remains. Undergraduates still speak of their Universities as *Alma Mater*, and the magic of that term makes them fight like cave-men of old on the football gridiron.

Dian herself directed the first measures of defence. The tame milk-buffalo were to be set free and driven from the village, to prevent their slaughter by the invaders. They could be easily caught again after the crisis was past. Later the whole tribe was to assemble with their wolf-dogs on the Hill of the Two Stones—a low promontory just back of the village. Each man was to bring his weapons and enough food to last himself and family through a short siege. There was abundant water on the hill already.

"Nothing remains now but to choose your leader," she said at last in the Cro-Magnon tongue. She turned to Adam, and drew him up beside her. "You know this man. You hunters have seen him in the waste place, his great bow in his hands, standing to the Terrible One of the Red Tusks, and you know he did not flinch. My Mother the Moon has spoken to my heart of him—that he is the preserver of the people, skilled in warfare, and wise like Morrison chief, and only by his cunning and his counsels may the people be saved. To him I lend the power. Hail him as chief."

THE men raised their right arms, hands open. There were no cheers, no audible enthusiasm, but an air of confidence in the crowd not apparent before. Adam himself flushed, secretly moved.

He appointed Gort-Chil to act as his lieutenant, and Jim-Hull as interpreter. As soon as they could get ready, the men were to form their line on the hill of the Two Stones; Adam would join them there as soon as he had completed his own preparations. The crowd quickly dispersed.

"The Og-Ree fought stubbornly with stones and flint axes."

The pack of white wolf dogs swept around them in a lunging, clamoring circle."





But there was one of the number who did not obey Gort-Chil's orders, but instead slipped quietly into the darkened temple. This was a splendid-looking youth, blood kin to Dian—no other than Sea Hawk, the son of Strong Spear. He could not go with the others, but must make his stand alone. He was the keeper of the First Fire.

He took his place beside the tripod, his weapons in his hands. The First Fire gave its flame to his face.

Adam now ran down to the river to help Belgrade hop off. He found the great Slav sitting quietly on the river bank, and much to Adam's surprise, he made no move to rise. "What's the matter?"

"The old scow won't go," Belgrade answered shortly. Somehow this blunt answer, a last straw to the day's weight of events, proved too much for Adam's overwrought feelings. He threw back his head and bayed with laughter. But instantly he was sober again. "I beg your pardon. It's no laughing matter. However, you have this to console you—no other anthropologist that ever lived will see what you'll see today."

Belgrade waved his hand. "That's all right. It isn't as serious as it might be."

"I don't see how it could be any more serious. It means lifelong exile, for all we know—"

"Not a bit of it. The trouble's in the magneto—pitted points, I think." He showed him the part, which he had removed and put in his pocket. "To repair it is a simple job, and I can manage it in two hours work."

"But the Neanderthal men will be here before the tide turns. Don't think for a moment that they're not coming. And they'll overrun this bank and cut you off from the village."

"I don't think they'll come near the plane. They'll be scared of it. Anyway, I can carry the magneto with me, and work on it behind our lines. Later I'll see a chance to slip down to the plane, replace the part and hop off."

"What good will that do? The ship will be gone."

"No. I should have told you at first. We've been granted a reprieve. I was listening in all the time I was working on the ship, and I heard from Lars. He's been broadcasting every half hour all day. He says the ice conditions are some better, and he's going to wait five more days, on the hope that we're still alive and can get back to the ship."

Adam received this important news in moody silence. His companion glanced at him curiously: his face did not light, and he gazed darkly out to sea. Apparently it was

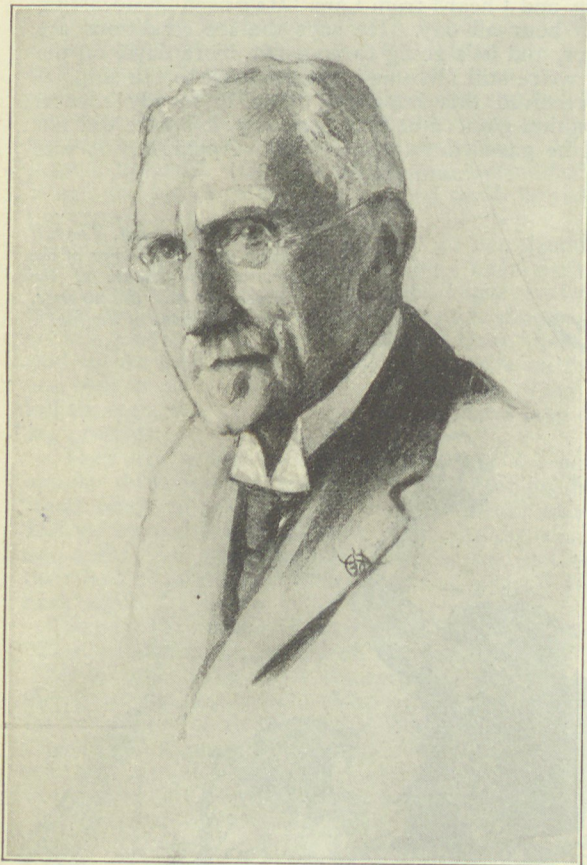
(Continued on page 49)

"The fight was hot. The hill rang with the clamor of the wolves, the shouts of the tribesmen and the strange, guttural cries of the foe."



Biographies By Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor



Stephen Alfred Forbes

Stephen Alfred Forbes

PROFESSOR STEPHEN ALFRED FORBES ranked as the greatest of Illinois' naturalists, and as one of America's leading students of natural history.

For thirty-five years he was State Entomologist of Illinois, for forty years director of the State Laboratory of Natural History, and for the last thirteen years chief of the State Natural History Survey.

His life was as colorful as it was valuable to his native State of Illinois and to the nation. He fought in twenty battles in the Civil War as a boy, becoming a captain.

Later his innate interest in nature led to his studying natural history and writing over 500 articles on bird, fish, plant and insect life and on important phases of stream pollution, some of which OUTDOOR AMERICA has been privileged to publish.

During the World's Fair in Chicago he directed the aquarium for the U. S. Fish Commission, organized the International Congress of Zoologists, and prepared and directed the Illinois Natural History exhibit.

He was a National Director of the Izaak Walton League and a valuable advisor at many of the League's annual conventions.

The list of his honors and degrees, both at home and abroad, is too long to cite here. And withal he was unassuming, genial—the perfect outdoorsman.

Glenn Griswold

GLENN GRISWOLD, editor of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, says that fishing is his favorite sport until the old pointer begins to get nervous in the fall, when Glenn will come to the conclusion that hunting, after all, is the only real sport.

His interest in hunting began actively at eleven years of age when he violated an oft repeated injunction and undertook to shoot a chicken hawk with his father's prize shotgun. When he regained consciousness he was informed that he had neglected to remove a sheepskin wiper from the end of his barrel. About two inches of the barrel had departed in the general direction of the hawk and the young shooter was presented with a good licking and a disabled shotgun.

According to his own admission Glenn Griswold has missed more big fish than any man alive, yet he is always contented at sundown, a happy philosophy for a conservationist.

He is National Treasurer and a National Director of the Izaak Walton League, a former President of the Chicago Chapter, and Vice-President of the Camp Fire Club of Chicago.

He says that he supports the League because he believes it promises to save and to restore for the boys of tomorrow a little bit of the out-of-doors as he knew it when he was a boy.



Glenn Griswold

Americans

Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

H. W. Dart

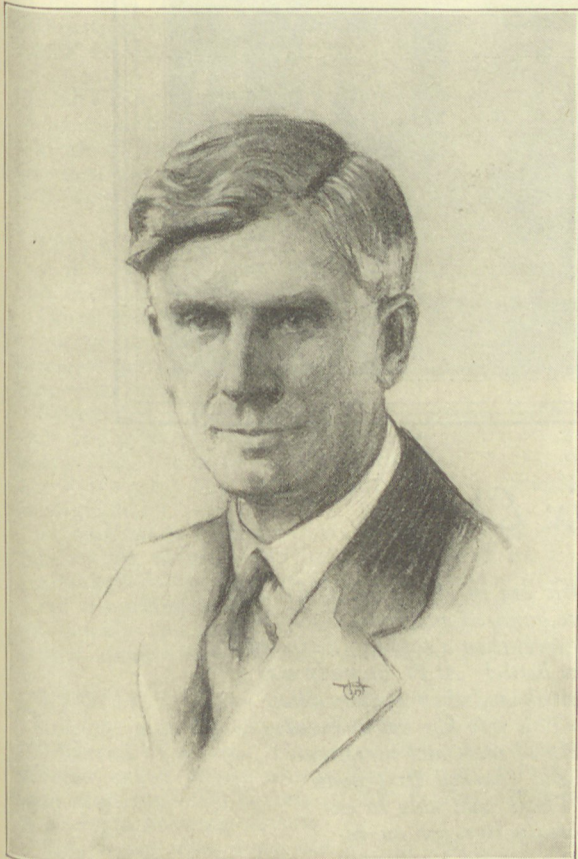
JUDGE DART was born in Ohio but has lived for over thirty years in Minnesota and takes its outdoor problems to heart as his very own.

He remembers the state when it was an immense forest abounding in wild life; he has seen twenty-seven deer and five moose in the water of one lake at the same time, and has known it to be possible to catch a wagon load of bass or pike.

As President of the Proctor, Minnesota, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, Judge Dart believes Minnesota conservationists should work for a revision of the reforestation law to make the auxiliary forests a game refuge or public shooting grounds as Wisconsin and Michigan have done. He also has definite ideas as to the compelling of owners of lake and river frontage to reforest, as he believes at present it is a tax and water power proposition, pure and simple.

His outdoor activities have been legion; homesteading, hunting, trapping, fishing, cruising and prospecting have all been tried and heartily enjoyed.

He has tracked grizzlies all over northern British Columbia, but never killed one; he has boated on the famous Frazer and Athabasca rivers and on most of the rivers in Minnesota and has camped in the Superior Forest when it was forty-five below.



H. W. Dart.



Mason Mitchell.

Mason Mitchell

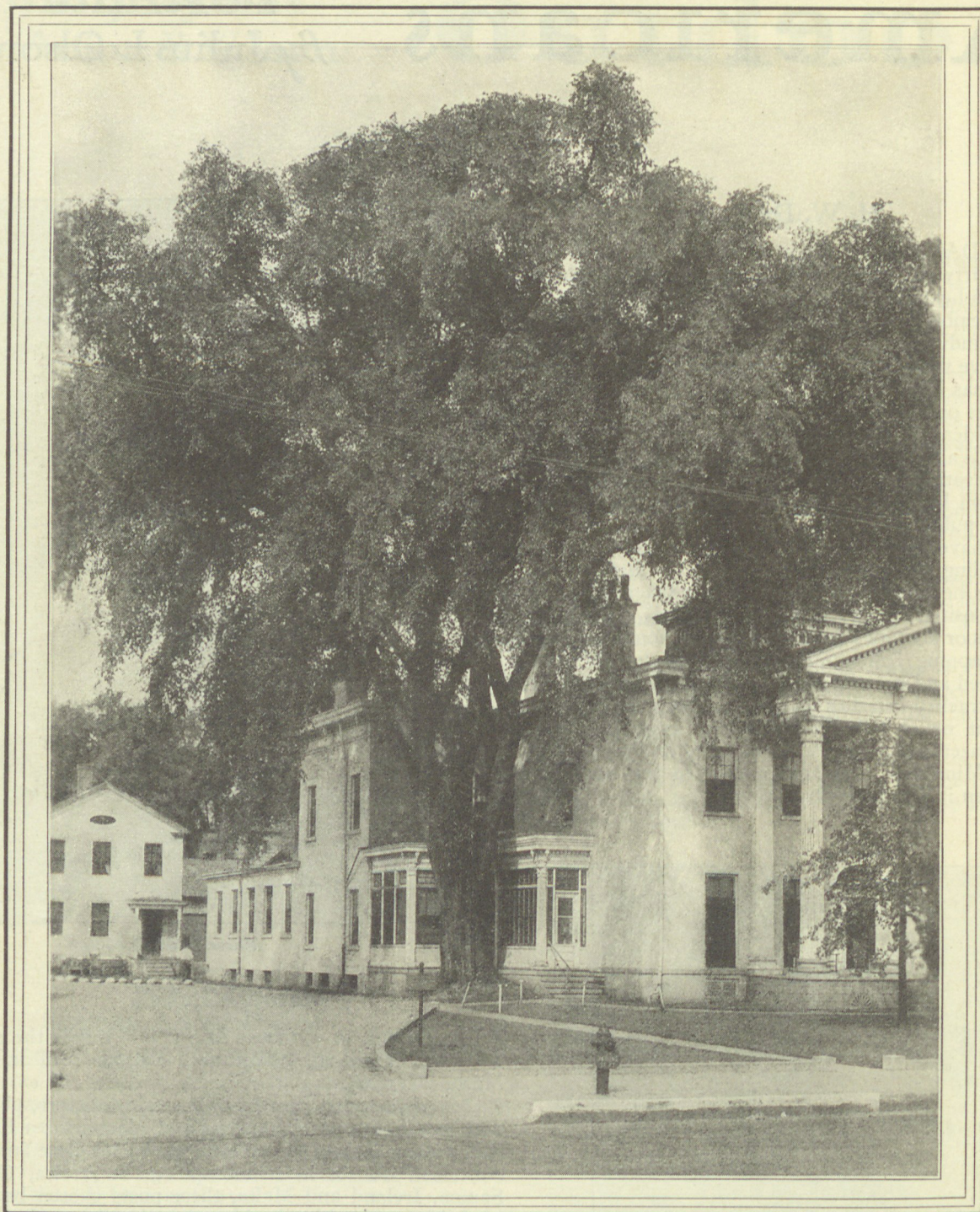
IT is difficult to condense into a few words the story of the thrilling, active and distinguished life of Mason Mitchell.

One of the most famous of American actors, playing with Booth, Barrett, Modjeska and Mansfield; a Rough Rider under Roosevelt and later one of his close friends; American Consul in remote places in Africa, China, Samoa, Ireland and Malta, these posts chosen because of their opportunities for big game shooting and natural history research.

His four years' stay in British East Africa, Uganda and Italian Somaliland yielded many trophies and skins of rare specimens to various museums in America and England. During a three years' stay in Western China on the borderline of Tibet he sent home skins of the takin, parti-colored bear, golden monkey, snow and clouded leopards, a new red species of the lynx and many others never before brought to America.

Charles E. Hughes when Secretary of State warmly praised Mr. Mitchell's activities in upbuilding the Consular Service of the United States.

Mr. Mitchell is a member of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, a patron of the Museum of Natural History, New York, a life member of the American Zoological Society and a member of many conservation and natural history societies.



The Fort Stanwix Elm

ROME, NEW YORK

What could be a more pleasing monument to an historic era in American affairs than this glorious elm that is now rapidly approaching its one hundred and sixtieth anniversary? History shows that in 1777 at Ft. Stanwix, this tree, then a sapling, was used as the flag pole for the first American flag unfurled in battle! At Ft. Stanwix was fought that memorable battle which stopped the British and their Indian allies in their westward march up the Mohawk Valley. This tree has not endured through all these intervening years without the help of man, and investigations show that expert hands have watched it and guarded its growth zealously during the last fifty years at least. Those well able to express an opinion state the tree will undoubtedly live for an indefinite number of years, and hand down its splendid traditions as a standard bearer during our wars for independence.

TREES *that Hunger and Thirst*

By MARTIN L. DAVEY

Proving the essential blessings of trees, our urgent need of them, and their need of devoted care.

WHAT is the cause of China's oft-recurring famines of which we have been reading with surprising regularity for years? China once had a wonderful covering of trees, like that with which our own America was so richly endowed when the white man came. China cut her trees away and burned them up.

Fires swept over the land and destroyed much of the remaining vegetation. Then the rains came, swept over the surface of the land, and washed away the fertile top-soil, which had previously been held in place by the covering of vegetation—washed the fertile soil down into the streams and the rivers and into the ocean.

A few years ago one of America's greatest tree specialists took a trip around the world, and among other places, stopped in China. Being interested not only in trees but in the broader subject of conservation, he was greatly concerned to see at first-hand the causes that had produced this famine-stricken country.

Coming up through the Yellow Sea, he was impressed by the increasing chocolate color of the water as he approached the land, a color that is produced by the tragic and never-ending stream of soil from the interior.

As he traveled about he could see written on the surface of the land the sad story of devastation, the result of the destruction of the priceless forest covering and related forms of vegetation.

THERE are millions of acres of barren waste in China where nothing grows, not even weeds. Our representative told me of having seen men and women in sections a little less desolate out gathering weeds by the roadside in order that they might have something with which to cook their rice.

They had no wood for fuel—not even bushes. He told me that it was the saddest picture of human habitation that he had ever looked upon.

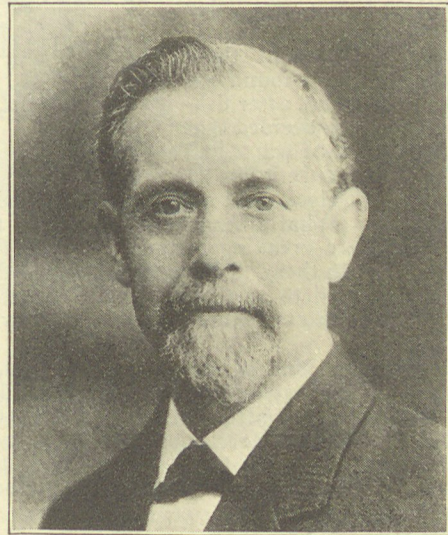
China has become, and will remain for long years, a land of perpetual famine because she has destroyed her most priceless possession—the great forest areas that once belonged to her.

Sometimes I fear that our own America, once so richly endowed by the Creator with a wonderful covering of trees, is traveling the same reckless pathway of devastation. We are destroying our forest wealth with a thoughtless and prodigal hand.

Nature made of the forests a great natural reservoir to receive the rainfall and hold it back and let it seep out gradually. When man destroys this covering of vegetation, there is nothing to hold the water in check, and so it rushes off quickly and madly across the surface of the land and brings about a condition of alternating floods and drouths.

SCIENTISTS have estimated that one large tree, in a single growing season, throws off into the air about 500 barrels of water. It goes out through the leaves by the process called transpiration, just as our breath is laden with moisture—500 barrels of water from every large tree in a single growing season.

This water must come out of the soil, and is as vital to the existence of the tree as water is to any other form of life.



John Davey, father of tree surgery in the United States.

Trees are living things. They require food and water just as truly as any other form of life.

Trees that are required to live under semi-artificial conditions, such as we find in the lawns and parks, have a more difficult struggle for existence than most people realize. They not only suffer from the general condition to which reference has just been made, but they have the added disadvantage of a heavy sod and the destruction of their natural food supply.

Out in the native woods, this natural food supply is provided by the falling leaves and branches and great trunks of trees and all other forms of decaying vegetable matter that return to earth the same elements that came out of the earth. But in the city these things are all raked up and taken away, and so there is a gradual exhaustion of some of the essential food elements in the soil.

When you add to this the serious effects of a heavy sod you can understand why so many trees decline and finally die.

IF you want to try an interesting experiment, suppose you wait until there is a heavy rainstorm following a dry spell in the summer time. Dig down underneath the sod, and see how dry and powder-like the earth is. This is due to the fact that the grass is also thirsty and it has the first chance to use the water, with the result that all too often trees get an insufficient supply.

Trees will do some amazing things to secure the water that is so essential to their existence. They will often send their roots hundreds of feet in search of any available supply. They struggle valiantly to live.

But they cannot put into the soil the exhaustible food elements that are being constantly pumped out by growing vegetation and which are denied to them under semi-artificial conditions about the homes and in the parks.

(Continued on page 44)

A LOST Day

Drawings by
Ferd Himme

By Snowshoe Al at LOST Lake

ACCORDING to unreliable statistics, there are exactly 319 Lost Lakes in these United States. I found one of them last summer and, after fishing it for a whole day, decided that this particular stretch of water had never been lost. I'm sure it was discarded!

It was six-thirty o'clock on a sunny morning when I discovered Lost Lake. What a beautiful sight! The tall pine trees around me were creaking beneath the weight of the mosquitoes roosting in them. I have since learned that they are commonly referred to as Carnivorous Pigeons. They are extremely large and can do much damage just by *kicking* you.

My knowledge of fishing is very limited, in fact, I have always regarded the great outdoors as a place filled with spiders and toadstools, but after glancing at the marvelous scenery about me I couldn't resist leaping from my flivver and commencing to erect my tent. (I had been told that every good fisherman carries a tent with him and sets it up on the slightest provocation.)

A FEW minutes later I was convinced that tents were invented by an early ancestor of whoever started the crossword puzzle craze, so I rolled up the tangle of ropes and canvas and tossed it back into my car. Then, taking my rod and tackle, I started toward the water's edge. Suddenly I stopped and stared at an eel which was resting beneath a tree! There was no doubt about it being an eel because I have often seen pictures of these elongated fish. Therefore, having tasted smoked eel several times and relished it very much, I made up my mind to capture this fellow. What a chase! An unsuccessful one, however, for after pursuing him down the road and across a meadow he eluded me by crawling down a hole near a deserted cabin.

On my way back to the lake I saw another eel but he had rattles on his tail and seemed rather antagonistic, so I didn't pick him up.

WHEN I arrived at my car I found a queer looking gentleman standing near it. He looked like a cross between a shriek of laughter and a cry for help.

"It's a fine day for fishing," he remarked, as he scratched his head with a gaff. "Have you tried it yet?"

"No," I admitted, "I've been busy chasing an eel," and I told him about my experience.

"Huh!" he snorted, favoring me with a queer glance. "Allow me to give you some healthy advice: If any eels you capture have forked tongues, throw them away hurriedly. By

Being a more or less truthful account of a day's fishing—and a secret

the way, I presume you are not an experienced fisherman."

"Correct," I smiled. "I've only tried it once before this, and on that unforgettable occasion a friend of mine taught me how to cast."

"Let me see you cast," he begged.

Being an obliging young fellow, I fastened a wooden plug to the end of my line and stepped down to a clear space along the shore.

"BOOM!" went the plug, as it slapped the water. Then it disappeared beneath the surface, probably due to the fact that there were several large pieces of lead on my line near it.

"If that thing ever hits a fish on the head, he's yours," announced my new friend.

I had a terrible time bringing the plug back to me but it showed up eventually with an old blanket caught among its hooks.

"This looks bad," growled my adviser. "Toss that blanket back into the water before a game warden sees you. Also, you had better move a short distance away from this spot."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You've disturbed an oyster bed! Haven't you ever heard of oyster beds? My boy, game wardens become furious when anybody drags the blankets off a family of oysters. I once knew a warden who shot a man—"

"I shall return the blanket immediately," said I, and, after much difficulty, I had the satisfaction of seeing it sink back to its former resting place.

Mr. Jones (by this time we had introduced ourselves) then told me some interesting facts about Lost Lake.

"It's full of fish," he exclaimed. "All kinds—muskie, salmon, tarpon, dolphins, pickerel and so forth, including one monster affectionately

known as Old Abe. Old Abe is believed to be a landlocked whale. He was not unknown to the early Indians, but evidently they didn't realize he was a fish—they mistook him for a disappearing island. It's no use trying to catch him. He always gets away.

"You better fish for the pan-fry, such as muskies and pickerel."

After borrowing some of my cigarettes, Mr. Jones left me. He owned a boat which he kept in the mouth of a creek some distance away, and was on his way to get it.

"There isn't room in my boat for both of us," he told me, "so I guess you'll have to fish from the shore. Oh, well, you'll undoubtedly catch plenty among these weeds around here. Maybe I'll see you later in the day. So long!"

Selecting a bit of shore line a short distance from the

"—toss that blanket back into the water before a game warden sees you"—



boudoir of the oyster family, I commenced casting. The result was interesting if nothing else. My plug brought me something on every trip. On the first cast it returned with a badly worn automobile cushion; on the second, it brought me a gunnysack filled with empty bottles, and on the third try it wobbled in bearing a shoe. This last gift caused me to suspect that I had disturbed a family of soles, so I moved on to a different spot.

Well, folks, at four o'clock that afternoon I decided that I had lived through a lost day at Lost Lake. I had muddy pants, blistered hands, one thousand mosquito bites, a sun-burned neck, a feeling of disgust, a hopelessly tangled fishline—and no fish. Not a strike. Not a nibble.

"Yoo hoo!" came a voice from far out on the water. I glanced in that direction and saw Mr. Jones rowing toward me. Apparently he also was through fishing for that day. I sat down and waited for him.

He had a fish! Beaching his boat, he strutted proudly toward me carrying a large, flopping captive on a stringer. It must have weighed at least twenty pounds, and I don't mean maybe, either. "A muskie," he announced. "I caught many more but I had to throw the others back in—they were under legal size. What luck did you have?"

"Bad," I admitted. Mr. Jones shrugged his shoulders and borrowed some more cigarettes.

"Lots of people come here and fail to get fish," he yawned, "but I never fail! I have a secret! If this secret should ever become known to all other anglers, it would be impossible for any man to go fishing and come home empty handed! Everybody could catch fish without the slightest effort or knowledge of the art, and the poor fish would soon become extinct! That's why I guard my secret jealously."

"What do you use for bait?" I inquired. Mr. Jones glanced quickly in all directions, as though fearing that the near-by bushes might contain eavesdroppers. Then he leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"That's it," he whispered. "The bait—that's the secret! Ah! That's why I caught many muskies today while you caught nothing! The secret bait!"

—"Mr. Jones
glanced quickly
in all direc-
tions—"



"If I promise never to reveal the secret, will you let me in on it?" I pleaded.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jones. "The secret is too valuable to divulge. Of course, uh—er—if there were a monetary twist involved, I would er—uh—consider—"

A cunning idea began to walk back and forth between my ears. I would buy the secret from this dumbbell and sell it at a profit!

Without saying a word, I opened my wallet, extracted a five dollar bill and extended it toward him. He literally grabbed it.

"Now, remember," he cautioned me, "I don't want you to broadcast this secret! Keep it under your hat. The bait I use is live goldfish! Try to visualize a beautiful, 18 karat goldfish as he wends his sparkling way through the dark waters to confront the muskies and the pickerel!"

The big fellows just can't resist the temptation to take a smack at him. Doesn't it sound plausible? Of course it does! And it's my own original idea, too! Nobody else knows it except you! Goldfish as bait are rather expensive, I'll admit, but the result is worth it.

With a howl of joy I leaped into my flivver and started for home. Opportunity was staring me in the face! I would compose a startling magazine article entitled "Goldfish As Bait!" All disciples of Izaak Walton would read it open-mouthed and wonder! The magazine, stunned by the brilliancy and value of the article, would reward me handsomely!

Two days later the article was finished. I read it over, smiled proudly, stuck it into an envelope and mailed it to a well known magazine.

Then I settled back and waited for the arrival of the check.

Four days later the article came back to me, accompanied by a letter from the editor. The letter read:

"Dear Sir: Sorry. The goldfish stunt has been exploited so often that it ceased to be a 'secret' a long time ago. If I recall correctly, Mr. Christopher Columbus once sent us a similar article but we returned it to him because we had already printed several of a like nature."

BLAH! If I ever go to that particular Lost Lake again, it won't be to fish! I'll carry a rifle and do some hunting. Some hunting for a Mr. Jones.

HOW MEN ARE MADE

By KARL E. MUNDT

A MAN who's too busy to stop
For a few hours of fun every week,
Will never stay long at the top;
May not even get to the peak.

A FELLOW should get him a gun,
Or a rod or a horse or a boat,
And get out and get under the sun
With all the good grub he can tote.

AS he cooks his own food on the grate
And feeds up on the diet of Kings,
He'll forget to rail out at his fate,
And be pleased with the status of things.

AND when such a man does get old,
You won't see him break in the strain—
He's got health you can't buy with your gold,
And a courage he found on the plain.

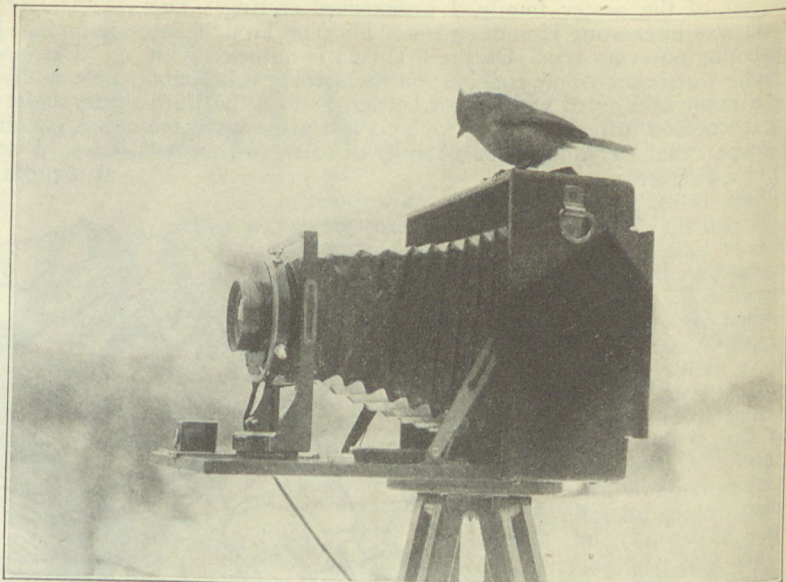
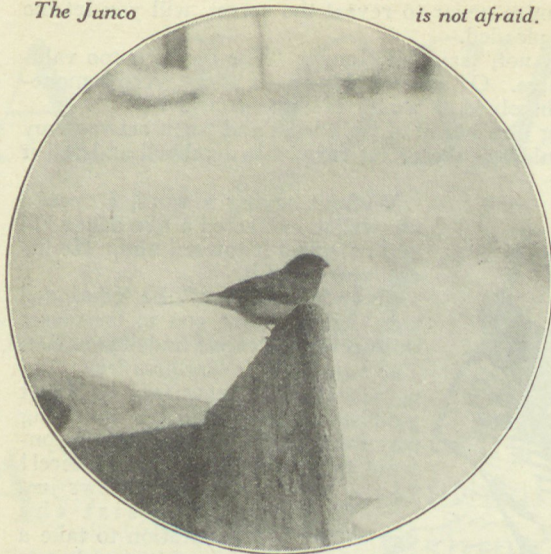
YOU can't put a man in a box,
And label it "office" or "den"
And expect him to take all the knocks,
And then come out smiling again.

BUT give this here hombre a day
To get out where the real people live,
And when he gets back again, say!
He'll take all the knocks they can give.

HE won't need any medical care,
No doctor, no nurse, and no pills;
He'll be back to accept every dare,
There's no cure like the life in the hills.

The Junco

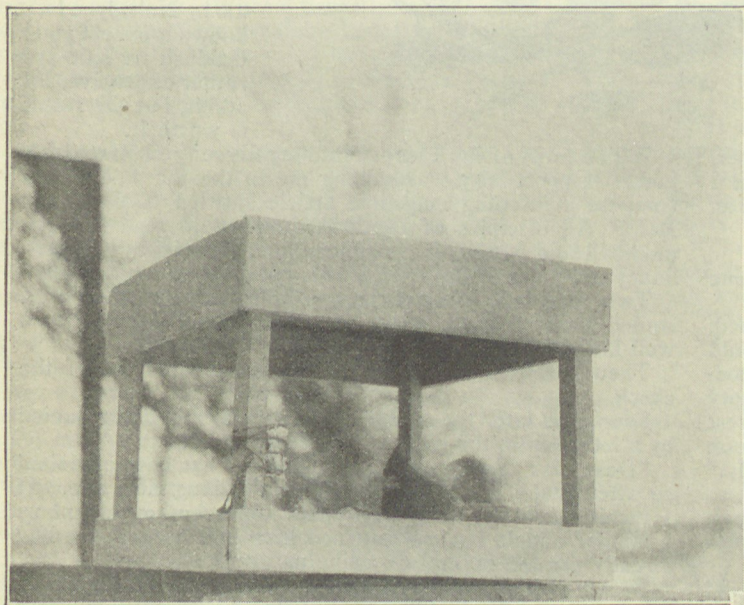
is not afraid.



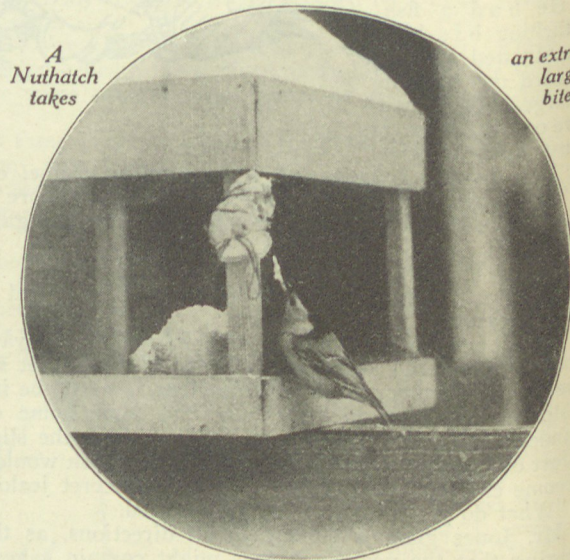
Tufted Titmouse making an inspection.

Birds of the Ozarks

Photos by Noel Hubbard



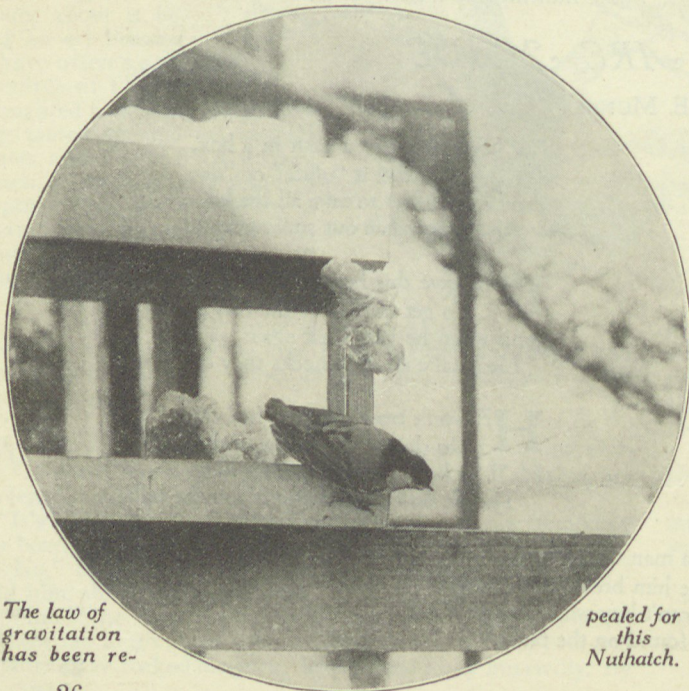
A Cardinal comes to see what he can find.



A Nuthatch takes

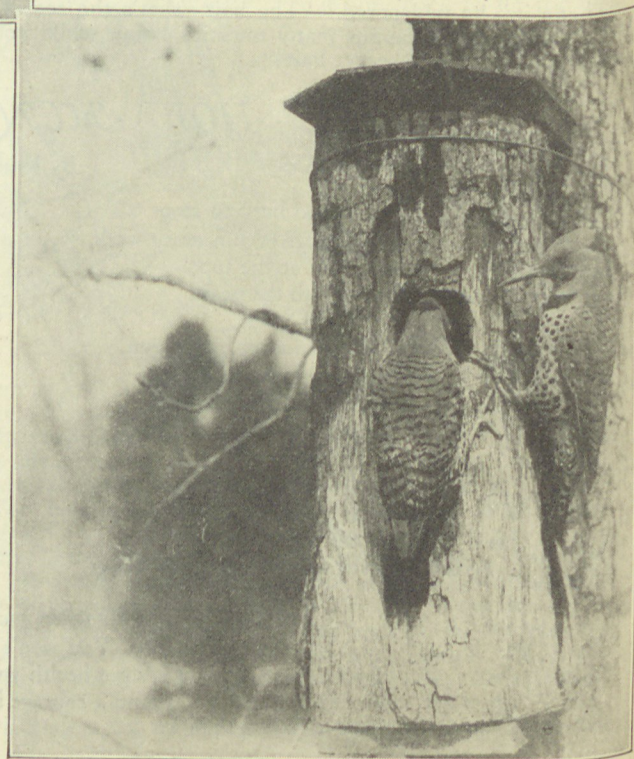
an extra large bite.

Mr. and Mrs. Flicker inspect an apartment.



The law of gravitation has been re-

pealed for this Nuthatch.

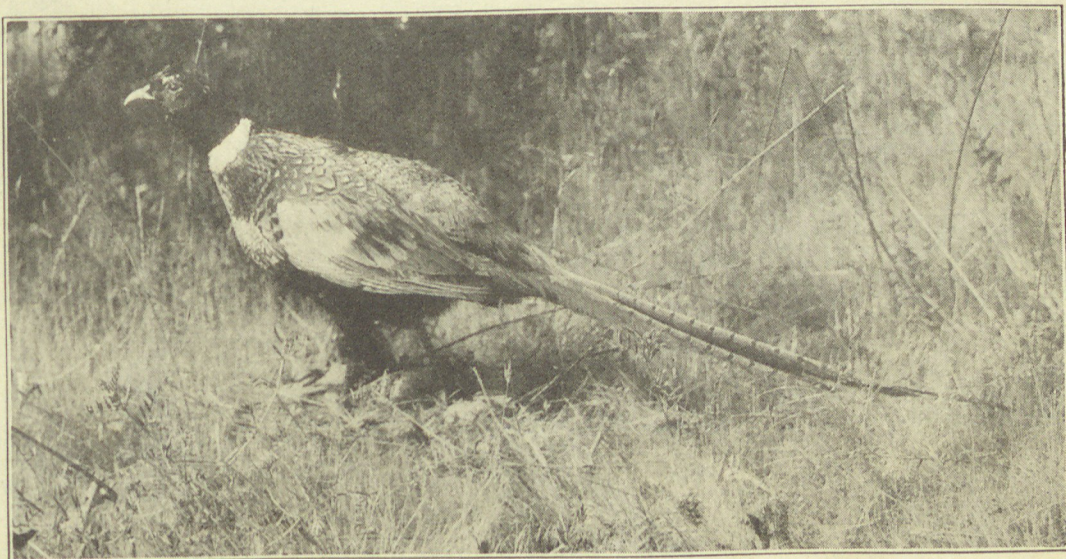


(Above the su woods brook youth swe Phot H. Ar Rob



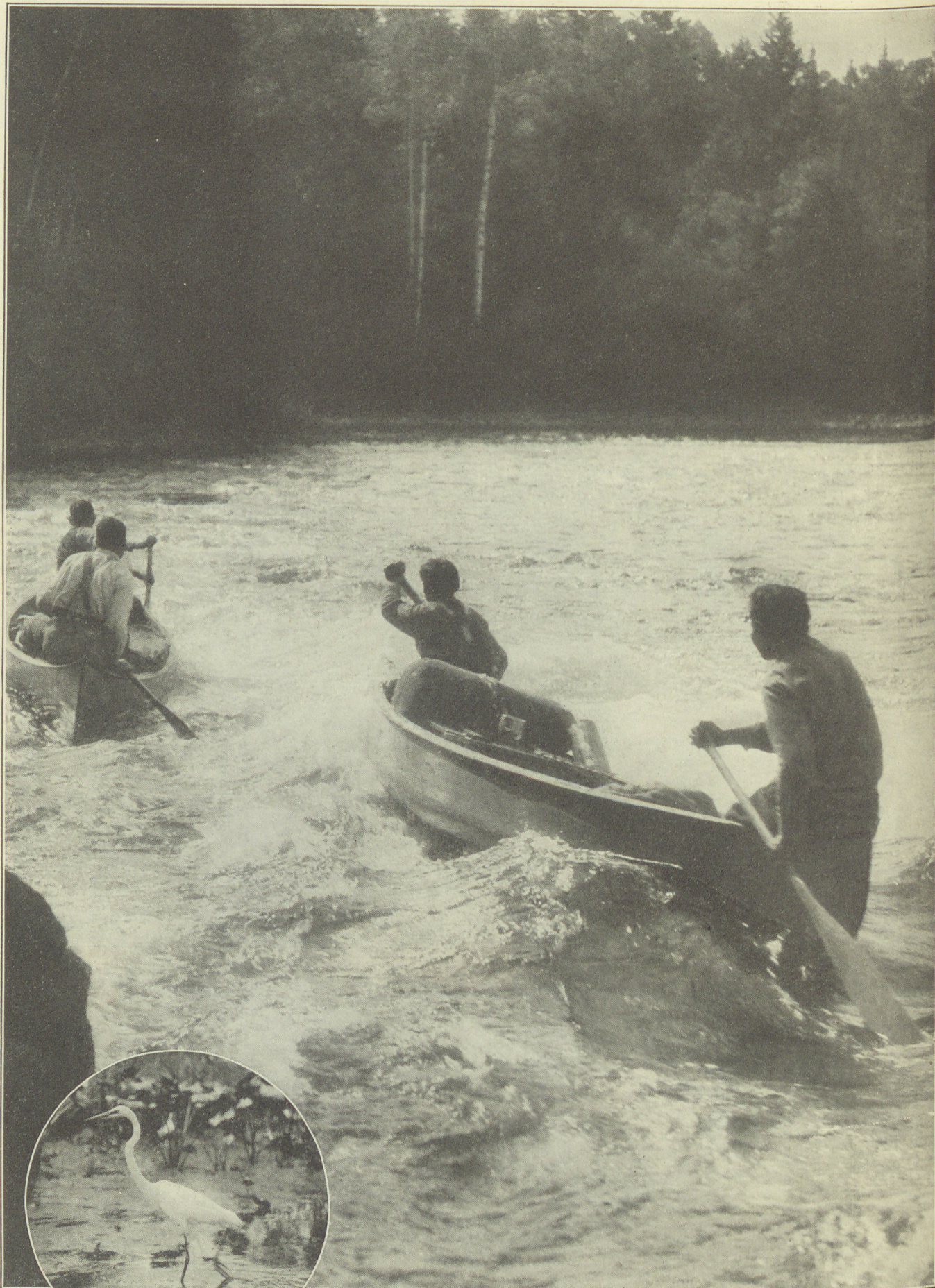
(Above) When the summer woods and the brooks call, youth answers.

Photo by
H. Armstrong
Roberts.



(Left) Western Oregon Chinese pheasant, our most brilliantly plumaged game bird.

Photo by
Charles Hyskell.



(Above) *The joys of canoeing in rough water like this are best enjoyed by the experienced.* Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

(Circle) *An aesthetic looking but very practical fisherman.* Photo Courtesy Graflex.

(Below) Prepared to wade the stream, fight, net and creel her trout like a veteran fisherman.

Photo by D. Warren Boyer.

(Circle) "Me, too!" says six year old Harold Chapman of Crookston, Minnesota.



EDITORIAL

Conservation Begins at Home

IT is not by accident that the government and organization of our country has grown. It has been in the smaller units of national life in County Government and town meetings that the experience and sense of responsibility has been engendered that has protected and made possible our national existence. It is part of our national philosophy that a man must first do the job immediately at hand before he proceeds to another.

This is the spirit and strength of the Izaak Walton League. Each chapter, in assuming responsibility towards the outdoors in its own neighborhood, not only accomplishes an infinitude of good but prepares itself in judgment and understanding for the larger problems of state and nation.

It is very pleasing to have a member of the Cabinet of the United States, moved by appreciation of what the League is doing, stress this matter. We take much pleasure in quoting from a recent letter of Secretary of Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, to Mr. Willoughby Walling, Chairman of the National Executive Board of the League.

"WE have many national organizations of various sorts endeavoring to influence action throughout the country. Aside from certain general leadership as to ideas, they are ineffective unless there are local organizations in the field to take up these policies and put them into effect in various parts of the country.

"One of the strongest points, it seems to me, about the Izaak Walton League is the fact that it is developing local groups who undertake the smaller duties of conservation within their own neighborhoods, rather than to rest their entire effort on the action of states or upon that of the Federal Government.

"The way to settle many of the problems of

fish and game is on the spot where they exist. Development of sentiment, the understanding of local conditions, the control of abuses, all require the earnest, continuous interest of those on the spot. The more I see of the National Government the more I am convinced of the importance and efficacy of informed local self-government.

"THE process of taking part in the formation of policy and in carrying it out is educational. Conservation movements will depend for their success upon the education of both young and old in the facts of nature and in the importance of the preservation of various forms of life. We can again have a beautiful continent by skillful control and self-imposed discipline upon the part of all of us, and again restore much in the way of life, both on the land and in the water."

Fine Prospects in Congress

CONGRESS responds to the expressed will of the American people. As organized effort produces crystallized conservation sentiment, Congress enacts necessary legislation to improve outdoor conditions.

As we go to press indications are most excellent for fine progress in Congress this year. Both houses have already passed the Cramton-Capper Parkway Bill authorizing appropriations of \$16,000,000 for a Washington Memorial Parkway from Mt. Vernon to the Great Falls of the Potomac. The President will undoubtedly sign the bill even though power interests are opposing the plan.

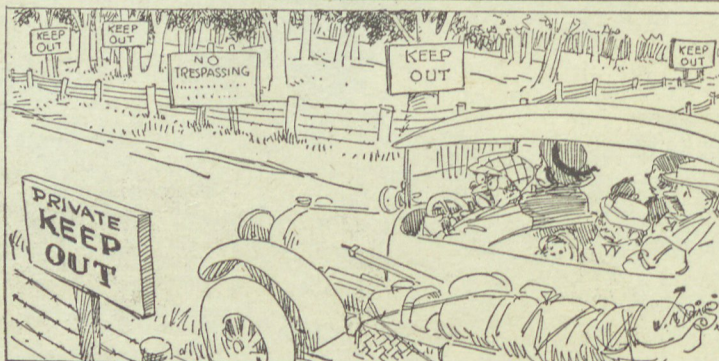
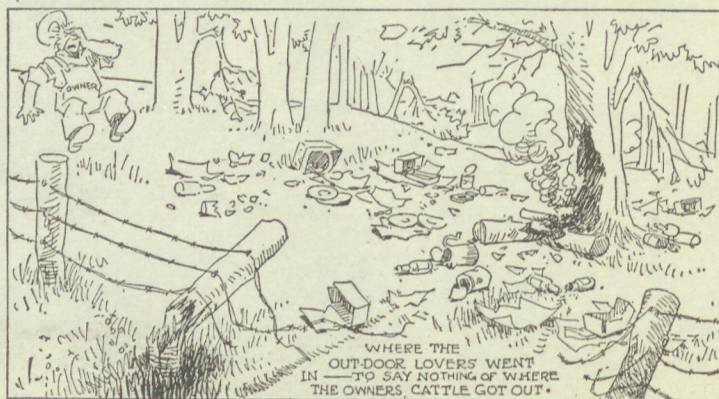
The Shipstead-Nolan Superior Forest Bill to save that unique lakeland region has passed the Senate unanimously, and is before the House for action. Opponents are waging a bitter fight, but surely Congress will not permit selfish interests to defeat this measure.

An appropriation of \$500,000 to restore the Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk, Virginia, is provided in the House Rivers and Harbors Bill. Senate leaders hope to eliminate a provision that \$100,000 of this amount be privately contributed.

Congress has passed the White Five-Year Fisheries program, which authorizes expenditures of \$1,750,000 for thirty-one new fish hatcheries, twenty-seven of them primarily or exclusively for the propagation of game fish. This measure is before the President.

Among other bills passed by the Senate and now before the House are the Allen-Hope Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge Bill, an emergency measure upon which the Budget has acted favorably; the Hawes Black Bass Bill against the shipment and sale of black bass; the Norbeck-Andresen Eagle Bill to protect the American eagle; the Vandenberg-Knutson reforestation program, and others.

Nobody's Fault But Their Own



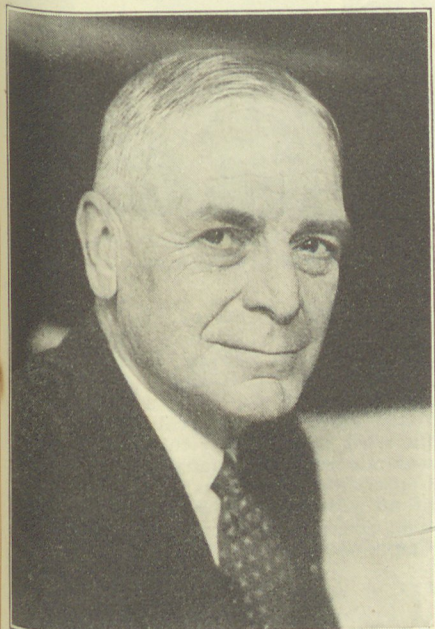
Cartoon by J. N. Darling.

Courtesy New York Herald Tribune

League Activities Stimulated

by recent

National Convention



Dr. George Edgar Vincent, newly elected President of the Izaak Walton League.

tional president of the League during 1928-29, until the final episode of the conclave, the unanimous selection and acceptance of the League's presidency of Dr. George Edgar Vincent, retired president of the Rockefeller Foundation and former head of the University of Minnesota, the Waltonians and guests present portrayed intense interest in the future program of conservation of America's natural resources as sponsored and recommended by the League.

Following the invocation by Dr. John Timothy Stone, President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago, George W. Rossiter, former president of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, gave the official address of welcome. Reports by M. K. Reckord, General Manager of the League, and Willoughby G. Walling, Chairman of the Executive Board, constituted the major share of the initial session.

The "high-light" of the opening day of the convention centered around the message of the national president, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward. Extracts of his interesting remarks follow:

"THE League may justly be proud of the fact that the distinguished gentleman who has served us as honorary president for several years now fills the highest office in the nation. Through actions and words he is constantly emphasizing the fundamental necessity of conserving our natural resources. In his message to Congress presented last December, President Hoover devoted more space to the problems of conservation than has ever been done by any president before this time. He proclaims the conservation of natural resources to be a fixed policy of the government and outlines the important con-

servation questions which urgently demand the attention of Congress.

"The most encouraging and inspiring evidence of the growth and ultimate victory of the conservation movement is the widespread support it has won among the thoughtful leaders in our country. This is especially marked in the field of scientific activity where leaders of prominence have shown themselves by both word and deed to be powerful supporters of the principles of conservation.

"LED by the American Association for the Advancement of Science numerous local and national scientific societies all over the country, on many occasions have expressed their vigorous support of the movement and their desire to aid it in every way as well as their conviction that it is a fundamental factor in insuring the future welfare and continued success of the country. Individual leaders in every field have also expressed themselves in outspoken fashion as supporters of the movement and have devoted time and thought to the study of its problems and to the formulation of its policies. Men like J. C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution for Research at the national capital, Vernon Kellogg, permanent secretary of the National Research Council, Doctors Charles and Will Mayo, recognized leaders in the medical profession, George D. Pratt, well known in business circles, and many others, whose names will at once come to your minds, are contributing in a significant way to the strength of this movement.

"Indeed, one only has to scan the list of names on the official roster of the League to find there many who are recognized as successful leaders in business life and

KEENER interest, greater anticipation and enlarged programs followed in the wake of the Eighth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held April 24, 25 and 26, at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago. No other convention in the history of the League engendered more enthusiasm and spirit into the hearts of the delegates. From the opening remarks by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, na-



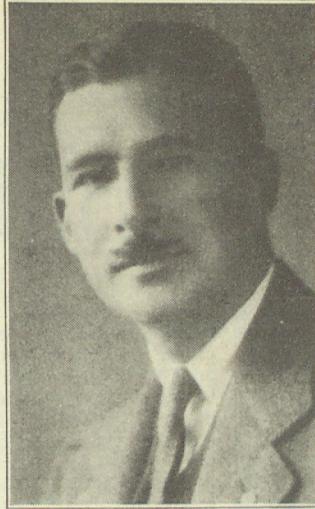
Eighth Annual Convention Banquet Izaak Walton League.



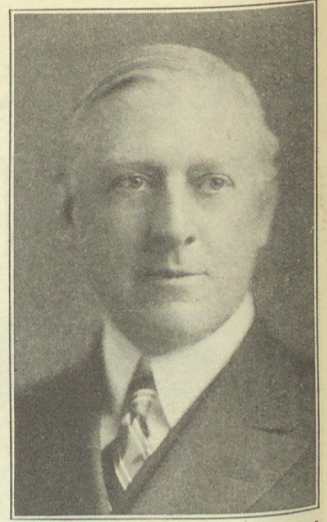
Willoughby G. Walling,
Chairman Executive Board.



Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward,
retiring President.



M. K. Reckord,
General Manager.



George E. Scott, President, Izaak
Walton Conservation Foundation.

charged with great responsibilities by their associates, yet who are devoted to the cause of the League and contributing to its work in many important ways. With such membership and such widely distributed and influential support in every section of the country the League may go forward in its work inspired by this fact as never before. We may rest assured that the appeals the League is called upon to make will find public opinion most favorably inclined towards their support."

JUDGE FRANK BURFORD, national director of the Izaak Walton League of America, gave a very inspiring address on the League and young America, following Dr. Ward's message. He outlined the importance of starting the boys and girls of our nation off in the correct direction before they reach an age where their desires and habits encourage them to seek the artificial stimulus of life, rather than the clean, wholesome atmosphere of the outdoors.

"The moral life of a youth who is trained in the love of Nature is indeed secure, for he has been taught in God's own school," declared Judge Burford in the course of his fine address.

AROUND table discussion constituted the convention program the morning of April 25, Willoughby G. Walling acting as chairman. Among those who led discussions and outlined the work of the various departments of National Head-

quarters were: Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the League; Cal Johnson, Director of Public Information; Judge George W. Wood, who outlined a program and suggestions on how to cooperate with other groups; and Col. C. Seymour Bullock, Field Representative of the League.

Some extremely interesting subjects were given during the afternoon program, among which were: "Saving Cumberland Falls," by T. W. Rainey, Cumberland Falls Preservation Association; "What the Women Are Doing in Conservation," by Mrs. Frank M. Warren, Chairman, Committee on Water and Waterways, General Federation of Women's Clubs; "Conservation on the Farm," by William F. Lodge, Monticello, Ill., chapter of the I. W. L. A.; "Wild Life Conservation Developments," by Paul G. Redington, Chief, U. S. Biological Survey; "America's Fish Supply," by Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries; "How to Rear More Fish," by H. A. Wiebe, Fairport, Iowa, Experiment Station, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and "Game Conditions in the North Central States," by Aldo Leopold, Director, National Game Survey.

SATURDAY, April 26, offered a very educational and instructive program. Nelson C. Brown, Acting Dean, New York State College of Forestry, gave a delightful address on "What the Nation and States are Doing in Reforestation." "National Parks Progress" was the subject of

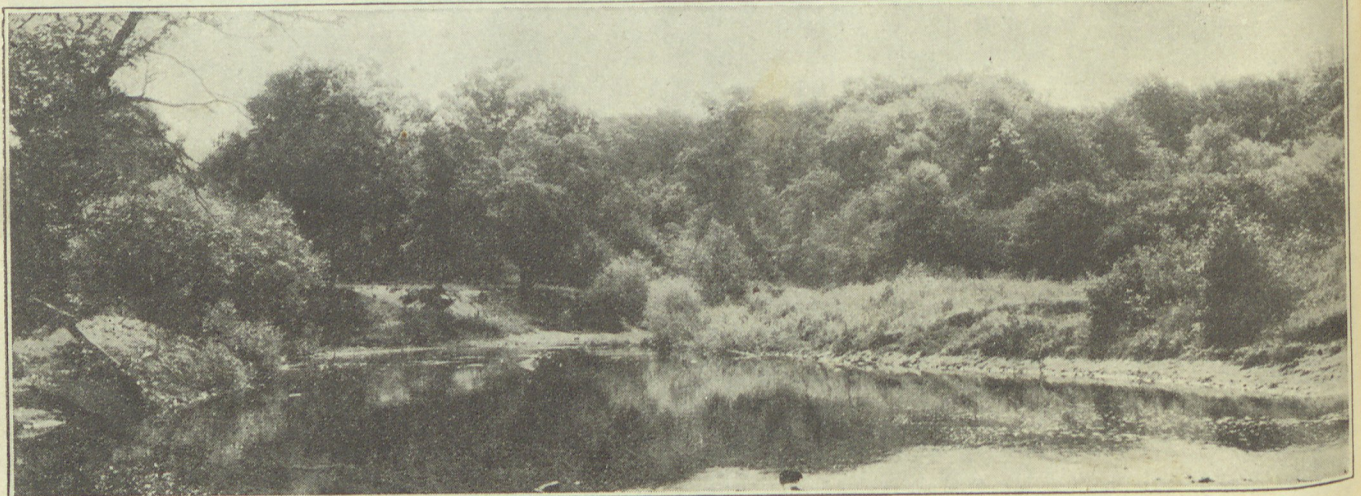
an inspiring address by Horace M. Albright, Director, National Park Service. Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, President, Clark University, and President of the National Parks Association, gave a splendid résumé, illustrated with colored slides, of the work sponsored by the Association in maintaining park standards. "Western Conservation Problems" was the subject of an address by John L. Farley, executive officer, California Game and Fish Commission.

THE annual convention banquet, held Friday evening, April 25, proved to be one of the most successful ever sponsored by the League. Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, former national president of the League, acted as toastmaster and in his usual genial way proved a decided success.

United States Senator Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, called attention to the necessity of keeping foremost the spirit of the outdoors in his inspiring address before the banquet gathering. "The spirit of the outdoors went into the making of the constitution," he said, "and it is that spirit that the Izaak Walton League of America must keep in the thought of the document through their work with the youth of the country."

"The United States is slowly becoming conservation conscious and it is up to the League to push home the idea through the medium of the Boy Scouts, the schools, and the church."

Senator Hawes is an ardent Waltonian



Typical outdoor beauty which the Izaak Walton League, its officers and its members are striving to preserve.

Chicago Journal of Commerce

TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1930.

EDITORIAL

DR. VINCENT'S NEW POST

The best news for the outdoors conservation movement in many a day is the assumption of the presidency of the Izaak Walton League by Dr. George E. Vincent, until recently the president of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Izaak Walton League is the foremost American private agency for conservation, and Dr. Vincent, a firm believer in the value of its work, has an extraordinary personal equipment for taking command of it. He is at once a man of knowledge and a man of action, a scholar and an executive. Perceiving the immediate and the future scope of the league, he can make it realize its possibilities to the fullest extent.

Dr. Vincent will be an active president; the honorary president is Mr. Hoover, who has held that office for several years. Recently an endowment fund for the league was established. It is frankly anticipated that Dr. Vincent will succeed in having it considerably augmented. But he will do this primarily by giving the league a greater energy and perspective.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

An Independent Newspaper
DAILY NEWS PLAZA, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
400 West Madison Street

TUESDAY, APRIL, 29, 1930

EDITORIAL

A TRUE CONSERVATIONIST.

Dr. George E. Vincent has devoted his busy life to important tasks of a particularly helpful sort, judged by their broad influence upon humanity. Now that retirement for age has relieved him of his duties as president of the Rockefeller Foundation—duties discharged with distinction by him for many years—he has entered upon a very different work, which, however, characteristically has to do with the cultivation of humanity's better side. For Dr. Vincent has become the official head of the Izaak Walton League of America.

That admirable organization, like so many other excellent things which have come to exercise a wide influence, originated in Chicago. This city, during a period of years, was glad to number Dr. Vincent among its dynamic citizens. In the eight years which have passed since the league was organized it has gained 3,000 chapters and a membership of more than 100,000. Its work for the conservation of wild life has extended broadly over the United States. President Hoover, himself a lover of forest solitudes and their native denizens, has borne emphatic testimony to the value of the program so intelligently followed by the league. Many men of distinction are working within its membership. Hunters and fishermen who join its ranks become true conservationists, guarding streams from pollution, helping to create bird sanctuaries and generally protecting beautiful nature from the ruthless trends of an iron civilization.

It is a good augury that so eminent, so sincere and so persuasive a man as Dr. Vincent is throwing his constructive energy into this work. The effort of the league to make "a better America for Americans and better Americans for America," fits in with the aspirations which have always guided him. The league cannot fail to increase greatly the value of its service under the direction of its new president.

Chicago Daily Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

EDITORIAL

APRIL 29, 1930.

IZAAK WALTONS.

"We pledge ourselves to restore for posterity the outdoor America of our ancestors," chants the Izaak Walton League from one coast to the other. The new chief, George Vincent, former head of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the University of Minnesota, will bring to the outdoor cause an evangelism and brilliancy of high order.

Already the league during its eight years of operation and the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation under George E. Scott have brought strong hands to the defense of natural America, and the future promises even greater service. The great refuge of the upper Mississippi, comprising 300,000 acres of game lands and waters; the elk refuge of the Jackson Hole country, the Horicon marshes of Wisconsin, the Royal Gorge of Colorado, the Superior forests, the western duck refuges, the black bass laws and the stream pollution campaigns, the national forests for the east and middle west are monuments to their good will and vision. The campaigns under way for a national system of wild life refuges, the salvage of the Cumberland and the Potomac falls, of Currituck sound and Back bay in Carolina, the Capitol park system, show the great work to do. The pioneer loved and destroyed nature. Modern Americans, through the symbol of the Izaak Waltons, have resolved on its conservation.

Into the needs and structures of the modern era the Walton program fits in two important ways not often noted: As a field for constructive leisure a wholesome outdoor life offers high advantage, and in an industrial world, where leisure becomes more and more a cultural and an economic problem for producers and consumers both, this outdoor field is increasingly significant. To conserve the wild life and the woods and waters is to conserve also the best of human leisure and human living. On the farm problem, with its surplus acreage, the Walton programs also have a good effect. Saving swamps from drainage, restoring forest lands, saving the watersheds and river shores, turning the marginal acres under cultivation back to the woodlands, are of unquestioned value to the depressed farmer. The Izaak Walton League becomes of high significance in our national economy and culture.

The Walton League takes the problem of natural restoration back to the small communities where it first of all belongs. Three thousand Walton chapters are scattered across the continent. They labor locally as well as nationally for the defense of America's natural beauty. It is labor for a fine and patriotic cause.

and the author of a bill to preserve the black bass. He told of the progress made in the creating of a committee of five senators to make a two years' study of the conservation problems of the country. The senator urged the Waltonians to be "gentlemen in the streams and woods" and to "put chivalry into fishing."

Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, greeted the assembly in behalf of the Association.

Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church, Chicago, and one of the original 54 founders of the Izaak Walton League, gave one of the most inspiring and interesting conservation addresses of his career. He commenced by lauding the city of Chicago as an educational center and creator of scholars with the higher ideals of life. His intimate knowledge of the League and its history were outlined and he touched upon the great importance of cooperating with the Boy Scouts and other similar organizations that are working to make America a more beautiful and better country in which to live. He said:

"When you take the Boy Scouts under your wing, you will validate the right of the Izaak Walton League to live in your community, and when you have done that, you have authenticated it for the American people."

Chicago was selected as the meeting place for next year's convention.

THE most important accomplishment of the convention came with the election of officers. Honor was again bestowed upon the Izaak Walton League of America in the election, and acceptance, of Doctor George Edgar Vincent, internationally known educator, humanitarian, conservationist and leader of public thought, of the presidency of the League. President Herbert Hoover was re-elected Honorary President of the League, his acceptance distinctly portraying the significance and importance of the Izaak Walton League of America.

The complete list of new officers for 1930 are as follows:

Honorary President—Herbert Hoover.
President—Dr. George E. Vincent, Greenwich, Conn., formerly president of the University of Minnesota; recently president Rockefeller Foundation.

Vice Presidents—William L. Finley, Jennings Lodge, Ore., internationally known naturalist and lecturer; **Ward B. Edwards,** Utica, N. Y., Commissioner of Public Welfare for Oneida County, President N. Y. Division I. W. L. A.; **Judson L. Wicks,** Minneapolis, Attorney-at-law, President Minn. Division I. W. L. A.; **Hon. Frank B. Burford,** Oklahoma City, former president Okla. Division I. W. L. A.; **Dr. Wm. H. Moore,** Philadelphia Dental Surgeon, President Penn. Division I. W. L. A.

Secretary—Fred N. Peet, Chicago.

Treasurer—Glenn Griswold, Chicago.

Directors—Henry H. Pierce, Mich.; **E. S. Bayard,** Penn.; **Irvin S. Cobb,** N. Y.; **Dr. S. P. Cresap,** Neb.; **J. R. Cunningham,** Mo.; **R. M. Eastman,** Ill.; **Walter T. Langdon,** N. Y.; **Hal G. Evarts,** Kan.; **Fred C. Fletcher,** Ohio; **Judge Henry Graess,** Wis.; **Ivar Hennings,** Ind.; **George L. Franklin,** Penn.; **Giles Atherton,** Kan.; **Jack Miner,** Can.; **Charles R. Gray,** Okla.; **Dr. F. E. Eckert,** Mich.; **Herman C. Berndt,** Wis.; **George R. Renner,** Okla.; **T. D. Pefley,** Ohio; **Burton Smith,** N. C.; **A. R. Reeves,** Okla.; **Tom Wallace,** Ky.; **Harry A. Collins,** Mo.; **Judge George W. Wood,** Iowa; **A. L. White,** Wash.; **Ralph R. Morgan,** N. H.; **Judge Merrill L. Welcker,** Mass.

What's Happening in Conservation

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak
Walton League of America

The Last Bird!

THE White Man's civilization is really making progress. Instead of killing the last survivor of a proud race and stuffing his skin for a collection, the only Heath Hen in the entire world is being permitted to live his remaining days on Martha's Vineyard surrounded by the best protection that man can devise.

"When the first colonists came to our shores the Heath Hen was abundant in many places in New England and the Middle Atlantic States," says Dr. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in his monograph on the Heath Hen, "but it was unable to adapt itself to the new conditions imposed by civilization. It was soon driven out from place after place and by the middle of the nineteenth century it was forced to entrench in its last stronghold on Martha's Vineyard."

Much money has been expended in an effort to save these birds, the Eastern Pinnated Grouse or Prairie Chickens, but they dwindled year after year until two years ago but one male remained on the farm of James Green, West Tisbury. Fortunately some very excellent motion pictures were made of these birds when there were still a dozen or two of them coming regularly to their spring mating rendezvous within a hundred yards of Mr. Green's house.

Dr. Gross again studied this lone survivor this spring. We are indebted to him for the excellent photograph, taken in April, which is reproduced herewith. When he made his survey last year Dr. Gross did not again expect to find this bird alive. Last year it continued to visit Mr. Green's farm up to May. After that date, following the custom of the Heath Hen, it sought the seclusion of the dense scrub oaks. In October it again began coming at regular intervals to the traditional "booming" fields.

Scarcely a day passes without some bird lover coming to pay his respect to this lone survivor, and much credit belongs to Mr. Green for his guardianship of this famous bird.

This spring the usual courtship performance was omitted. This lone bird was not heard to utter a single sound. Not once did he inflate his curious orange sacs and boom. There was no female to admire him, no male to challenge him. The Massachusetts Game Department has given assurance that this survivor's life will not be wilfully snuffed out by man.

The plight of the Heath Hen should be ample warning to states which still boast the presence of the Prairie Chicken! Create refuges, feed during the winter months, control predators, and don't allow the stock to be killed off too closely.

Senate Committee

AT last a special committee has been appointed by the United States Senate to promote conservation. The recent innovation is the result of a resolution jointly sponsored by Senator Hawes of Missouri and Senator Walcott of Connecticut.

The purpose is to "investigate all matters pertaining to the replacement and conservation of wild life." The committee is non-partisan, and in addition to Senators Hawes and Walcott, consists of Senator McNary of Oregon, Senator Norbeck of South Dakota, and Senator Pittman of Nevada, all of them recognized conservation leaders.

As a result of this step a definite program will be developed, much lost motion

Duty or Profit?

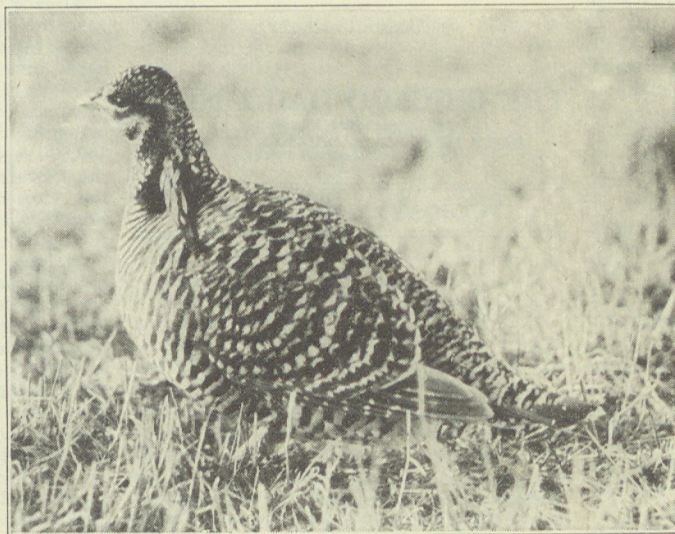
WISE officials of industries and municipalities are taking steps to eliminate pollution from public waters because they recognize the public demand for clean streams. Formerly it was quite common to hear them evade the issue by saying, "Show us how we can do it without spending money, and we'll do it."

This argument has been shot to pieces so often that real investments are now being made to eliminate pollution, whether a profit results from the investment or not, because public health demands clean streams.

A splendid example of the right attitude is the plant of the American Rolling Mill Company at Butler, Pennsylvania, where the pickling acids periodically ruined the beautiful Connoquenessing Creek. On one occasion the company volunteered to pay the \$100 penalty provided by law, but indicated a willingness to appropriate \$1,000 toward replacing the fish. The latter plan was accepted.

Realizing that permanent relief would be much better, this company built a special plant costing \$65,000 with which to neutralize its sulphuric acid and ferrous sulphate residues through the use of lime. It was found that when properly treated the solids settle out, leaving a clear, harmless liquid to flow into the stream. The cost of operating the plant is about \$15.00 per ton of acid used, or about \$10,000 per month. The consumer pays the bill, but the Connoquenessing is safe!

Another example is the Parsons Tanning Company at Richwood, West Virginia, where an evaporating plant was installed at a cost of \$20,000 to eliminate objectionable pollution. The process produces a marketable product which practically pays for the operation.



Male Heath Hen, the last of his noble race.

will be eliminated, constructive wild-life legislation will go forward with a new momentum, and unwise legislation will find its way into the discard much more quickly than heretofore.

Living Memorial

NO better memorial will ever be erected to the memory of Stephen T. Mather than he himself wrought in the establishment of our splendid National Park Service, but many other memorials will undoubtedly be erected. Credit for one of the first ones goes to New York, where the Conservation Department, in cooperation with the Mather Memorial Tree Planting Committee on May 9 planted a special Mather Memorial Grove of 10,000 trees.

This special grove was planted on the west side of Lake George near Tongue Mountain, not far from the Gene Stratton Memorial forest. Many more such living memorials should be planted in memory of outstanding conservation workers.

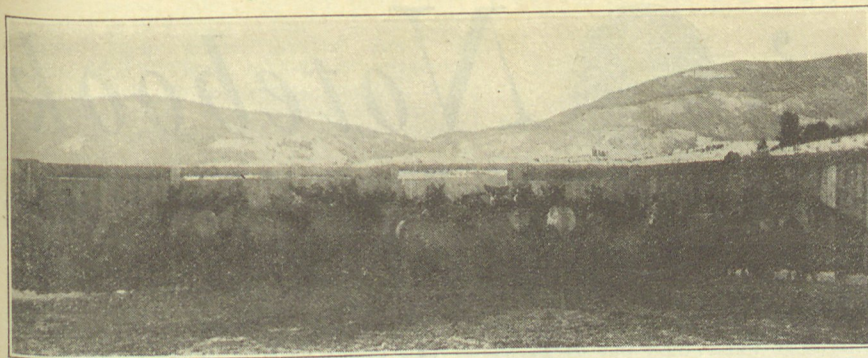
Getting Facts

IT is with much gratification that we call attention to another state that is using the scientific facilities at its University to further its conservation program.

Following the death of Dr. Jan Metzelaar, the Michigan Conservation Department was confronted with the problem of continuing the scientific fisheries research work inaugurated by him. It was decided to conduct this work in cooperation with the University of Michigan under the direction of Dr. Carl L. Hubbs, Curator of Fishes at the University Museum. The Conservation Department appropriated \$16,000 to cover its share of the work for the current year.

Closer correlation of the state institutions of learning and state administrative departments will help materially.

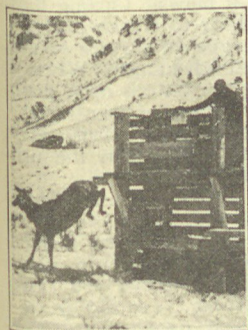
Young elk caught in Yellowstone Park for tagging.



Elk Studies

SAVING the elk herds of the West has been a problem. Settlement of the country has reduced the natural range, and in former years large numbers of elk died of starvation. In 1925 the Izaak Walton League's land purchases in Jackson Hole

focused attention upon the dire straits of the elk. Later the Elk Commission was organized to coordinate the efforts of all agencies concerned with the future of the herds.



A tagged elk.

The Government appropriated \$150,000 to buy lands north of Yellowstone Park, which was matched by

eastern philanthropists. The same group of public-spirited men later contributed a fund of more than \$1,000,000 to buy lands for the elk and other public uses in Jackson Hole, the winter range of the southern Yellowstone or Jackson Hole herd.

During the past year experts of the Biological Survey in cooperation with the Park Service, the Forest Service and the States of Wyoming and Montana, have been making special studies to ascertain why the Yellowstone herds do not increase more rapidly. The northern herd is said to number about 14,000 animals, and the southern herd around 18,000 head. Many claim that these figures are far too high; others say they are below the actual numbers.

Migrations Studied by Tagging

THE scientific studies include food habits, range, migrations, diseases, and predators. These studies will show where the losses occur and especially what causes the heavy mortality among the elk calves. One of the factors already discovered is the injurious effect of feeding upon fox-tail grass, the barbs of which penetrate the membranes and cause deadly lesions and infections.

In order to obtain more accurate data on the migrations of the elk, Yellowstone Park Rangers trapped and tagged over 150 young elk this past winter, small metal serially numbered tags being fastened into the ear of each animal. Hunters killing a tagged elk will be asked to report to the officials at Yellowstone Park where the animal was taken. We are indebted to Chief Ranger George Baggeley for the photographs of these trapping operations published herewith.

The situation confronting the elk herds

of the Yellowstone region is typical of the western game problem in general. In the West the eternal conflict is over forage and water; in the East the struggle is to keep civilization and industry from destroying public waters and scenic beauty spots which belong to the public.

As public sentiment develops and wields its influence a happy medium will be found that will protect the interest of all. It is not a hopeless task by any means, and brighter days are surely coming.

Lakes Fisheries

TWO years ago a cooperative study of Great Lakes fisheries problems was inaugurated. All the states bordering on the lakes joined hands with the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and each agreed to finance a share of the cost. Much valuable information has been obtained which will be helpful not only in perpetuating the commercial fisheries of the Great Lakes but in administering game fish matters as well.

Representatives of all the Lake States in conference at Lansing agreed upon standardized legislation, but unfortunately only two of the states, Ohio and Indiana, passed the necessary legislation in 1929 to bring about uniformity. Selfish commercial fishermen are to blame for this deplorable situation. If the states fail to take badly needed remedial steps, an international treaty to save this vast food supply will be imperative.

In addition to the scientific studies of the past two years, a special cooperative experiment has been inaugurated this year in an endeavor to settle the disputed question of mesh sizes which should be used in Lake Michigan to save immature species. Other phases of the general problem will be studied, such as the food of commercial species, their migrations, the effect of net fishing at certain seasons, etc.

Conservation Question Box

Combination Foods

I want to raise a few ringneck pheasants this spring. I tried it last year but was not very successful, because I was unable to buy locally the balanced foods which had been recommended. Where can I buy enough of these foods already made up to provide about twenty-five young birds with the balanced ration they should have?—S. J., Indiana.

I know that a Wisconsin breeder, who advertises in OUTDOOR AMERICA, has recently compounded what he calls a "Trouble Saver Combination" especially for the back-yard or small scale breeder. Each unit is said to be sufficient to rear twelve

young pheasants to the age of four months. Among the ingredients are two kinds of game meal, fine grit and charcoal, growing mash, grain, etc. Each unit weighs fifty pounds packed for shipment, and one can buy as many units as necessary.

Whether other breeders are offering a like combination I do not know.

Dogs as Killers

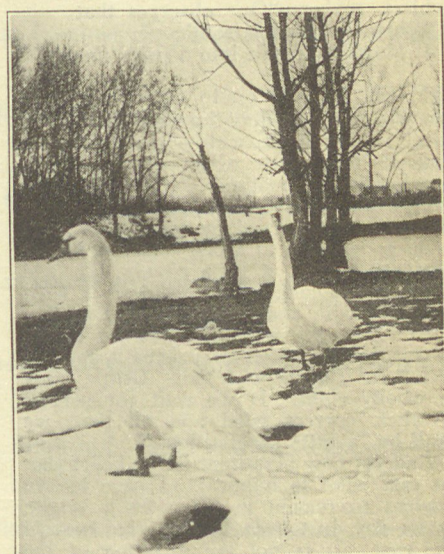
How much of this comment about "vermin" killing game is true? I believe much of it is overdrawn, and that man's own mongrel dogs often kill more game than the wild creatures which are usually blamed.—J. K. R., Ohio.

You are absolutely right! The work of predators is often overdrawn, and dogs and house cats are often more destructive than the wild creatures which get the blame. However, if man wants to continue taking only certain species for food and sport, he also must help control certain other species which do not have human and other natural enemies. All predatory control campaigns should be based upon scientific knowledge, not guesswork.

Mighty few dog owners want their pets blamed for things which they can just as easily blame upon wild creatures such as foxes, bobcats, coyotes, and others. And don't put all the blame upon mongrel dogs either.

About a year ago the federal predatory animal hunters in South Dakota killed a sly police dog of good breeding which had killed more deer in two years than all the hunters in that section combined. He evaded traps, poisons and firearms. Coyotes fed upon his kills and got the blame for them. Coyotes and bobcats were taken at his kills, but the dog evaded capture. Finally, however, he made the fatal mistake and was captured.

Below is a photo, sent me through the courtesy of C. A. Scheinert, of two beautiful swans (and one tame wild duck almost hidden) that brought pleasure and enjoyment to the visitors to Monument Valley Park at Colorado Springs. These birds



attracted hundreds of wild ducks and geese to add more interest and beauty to the park. Last January two stray police dogs and a greyhound killed one of these beautiful swans and the duck, leaving a lonely old swan gander.

Field hunting dogs kill enormous quantities of game as well as poultry, and every state should have a law prohibiting dogs from running at large during the breeding season. Some states already have such laws.

The Angler's Notebook

Written at



Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor*, OUTDOOR AMERICA

PRELIMINARY CAST THE SMELL O' THE HAY

What country bred person does not remember the piquant odor of new-mown hay? How it sweeps across the meadows to the angler, busy with fuzzy-wuzzies or hoppergrasses, bringing back his youth.

Fishing in the Moon

YOU are all familiar with the farmer who planted his garden "in the moon," meaning, of course, that he was governed by the moon's phases. My father believed absolutely, though somewhat shame-facedly, in the power of the moon over growing things, the weather, etc. Of course the "Milky Way" determined beyond question the direction of the wind for the morrow. We all believe in signs, portents and charms to a greater or less degree. Didn't I catch you spitting on your hook a moment ago, brother? Didn't I hear some one say over there at my right, that, "fish won't bite when the wind is from the east"? I also caught, if I am not mistaken, "fish bite best when it rains." Oh, you don't believe in signs or portents; well, you better knock on wood!

Weather has long been a paramount subject with anglers. Back in Walton's time it evidently was much discussed, though he was too level headed to believe over much in its power over fish. You surely remember his dissertation upon the subject, saying—"One observes that

"When the wind is south

It blows your bait into a fish's mouth."

THEN he goes on to quote Solomon:

"He that considers the wind shall never sow," adding for himself—"He that busies himself too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious; for as it is observed by some, that there is no good horse of a bad color, so I have observed that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not." "Let the wind sit in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not." I like that. I agree with that. Gentle Izaak is wholly right. If we wait for perfect weather, correct wind and all that, we shall be "a little superstitious."

And yet how persistent is the belief that an east wind is inimical. I have known anglers to remain in camp on a bright, warm day just because the wind was in the east. It is not the direction of the wind which matters, but the temperature. Usually an east wind ushers in cold, disagreeable weather, and for the fly-man that means a "poor hatch," so poor fishing. Cold, raw days are ordinarily poor fishing days, though I have had exceptional good fortune on such days once and again.

I REMEMBER being on a trout stream in north Wisconsin one cold July morning. The wind was from the north-east, bringing raindrops like ice; and a

gusty, raw, winter-like day it was too. I was in water up to my waist, would gladly have gone in all over, for it was warmer in the cold water than out of it. The trout, rainbow, were taking with reckless abandon, right and left. They were not wary, it was so dark they could not see me. I remember I was using that prime favorite of mine, a Royal Coachman, and I had considerable difficulty in seeing it myself, though the fish were not hampered in that respect at all. At last "frozen out," I returned to where we had parked the car, thinking to build a fire and thaw out; but the fire was already built, my four companions crouched about it, with less than a dozen fish among them. I had twenty! Now, why? Frankly, I do not know why, I only know that in the two deep pools fished by me they were taking with avidity.

Aside from the fact that with me an east wind brings disagreeable weather, I have no objection to it. To my way of thinking, feeling, if you please, I prefer to take trout only when skies are bright, breezes lambent, Nature smiling. The best wind on my rivers has been from the south-west, for ordinarily it means the finest of weather. I do not want a strong wind for fly-fishing for trout or bass, though when trolling for great pike and muskellunge, let the wind cuff the waves until they foam with rage.

THE very best wind is, as I just said, the south-west, with fleecy clouds floating across the azure sky, sending dark shadows athwart the calm surfaces of pools. Did you never notice that when the bright mid-summer sun was obscured for a few moments, the trout would rise gleefully only to become shy and suspicious again when the sun poured his bright

rays upon the water? More than once I have waited for a cloud before casting, though as between thick, cloudy weather and bright dazzling skies, I will choose the latter.

When you stop to think about it, the wind apparently blows from every direction on a crooked trout stream. It may be from behind you one instant, in your face the next; then from left or right, as the case may be. It is not the particular direction which matters, but the weather it musters. While I much prefer to cast my flies against the current, still if there is a strong breeze, I cast with it irrespective of which direction it blows. Casting flies in a wind is something to try an angler's soul, though the roughened surface of the water is a bit of an advantage. When a scud of wind sweeps over an open pool, throw your counterfeit presentments right into the rough streak. Even when water is low and preternaturally clear, the fish will take.

"Fish bite best when it rains." How often have we heard that old saw, inspired in the first place, I suspect, by the farmer who wanted his boys in the field when the weather was fair. "When you can't work you can go fishing," one old gentleman I knew right well, used to say. For fly-fishing, give me the brightest, pleasantest day possible. As to live-baiting, plugging and trolling, well, "that is a horse of some other color," as the German said. There is no question but that live-minnows and worms are more taking during a rain-fall. I have caught bass and wall-eyes with live-bait when the rain drops were peppering down, and as soon as the shower passed the fish ceased to feed.

Every country boy will tell you that the proper time to go trouting with worms is while it rains, or immediately after



Fishing in the Rain.

when the creek or river is bank-full of earth-stained water. At such times, trout gather in deep holes to feed with insatiable greed upon worms washed down by the flood. There is nothing attractive about such fish and fishing. To pull up a speckled trout with stomach and mouth literally crammed full of worms, worms streaming from their mouths, is to be disgusted with this "shy and gentle fish."

Just the same, when the rain first commences, before earth-stain has obfuscated the water, one can have wonderful sport with artificial flies. I well remember setting out from camp one morning, thunder muttering in the west, all Nature hesitating as she does before a midsummer down-pour; even the birds were silent, flashing in and out of the shrubbery on nervous wings, twittering in a manner which betokened fear. My wife thought me several kinds of an idiot for venturing forth in the face of such a morning, but I wanted a different experience, wanted to know what fish would do under such conditions. By the time I reached my chosen fishing grounds the storm was upon me, and such a storm!

The flash of the lightning was almost incessant, and the crashing of the thunder was near and terrifying. Just the same, the trout took, took crazily. I never had such sport. The fly, as I have remarked in this department before, was a Black Gnat, sans wings and tail: just a bunch of black chenille, nothing more. Until the water became so red with the blood of the clay hills that the fish could no longer see the lure, they rose with reckless hunger. And yet we are told with all soberness, "trout will not bite when it thunders." An old saying I have disproved time and again.

Speaking of fly-fishing in the rain, let me refer to a more recent experience. A party of us had gone into the north country in quest of trout, and after a long and arduous trek we found ourselves at our destination. Camp made and everything ready for the work in hand, a thunder storm came up and changed the aspect of things. My companions elected to fish around camp but I set out up stream, determined to get a good wetting if I got no fish, but I got both. That stream runs through considerable "blue clay" and is always milky in color, so I was not surprised to find it even darker than ordinary.

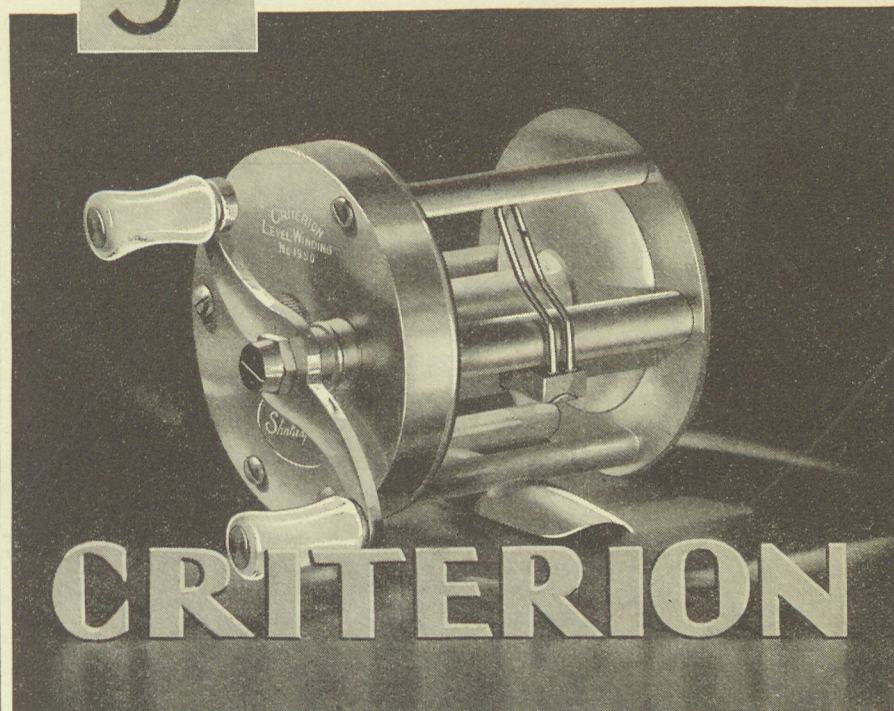
Nevertheless, fish were feeding and while they were interested in a Royal Coachman, they seemed to prefer either Brown Hackle or Wickham Fancy; I secured only a few small ones, enough to odorize the fry-pan a bit, so I was not satisfied. The rain continued to patter down steadily, coldly. Then I bethought me of my experience with the mal-formed Black Gnat and I went to that fly. For a little while, half an hour or so, I had such sport as comes to a man only once or twice in a life-time. I quit with the limit, all good fish.

Having said all this about my success on two occasions when it rained and thundered, let me add, they are well remembered because unusual. As I have already pointed out, I prefer fair weather, settled fair weather, for fly-fishing, and I am under the impression that my observations and conclusions are borne out by the experience of other fly-men. I beg the reader to remember I am not now talking of worming for trout, or live-bait fishing for other members of the finny tribe.

To my way of thinking, the trout is preferably a fair weather fish, and can be most successfully sought when Nature is all smiles, even as the pursuit is then most thoroughly enjoyable. We who fish not for fish but for a good time will select

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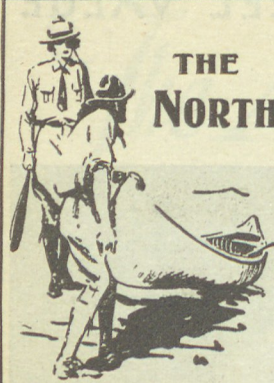
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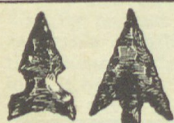
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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dak.

the most pleasant weather possible; which is not saying that we will not take a few fish at least, when the weather-man has a grouch.

So my conclusion, after years of angling with flies, lures and live-bait, is, a man "shall be a bit superstitious," to borrow Walton's choice expression, if he give up just because atmospheric conditions are not what he would have them. I do not believe the direction of the wind makes one whit of difference, any more than I believe phases of the moon affect them. The angler who knows his waters and his fish can take enough to supply the camp larder whatever the weather, whatever the "signs." (Of course, it does no harm to spit on the bait, or look at the new moon over the right shoulder!)

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

Send self addressed stamped envelope

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Dear O. W.: Want to thank you for your words of advice last fall on how to lengthen my cast. You see, before I went to the fly-rod I was a devotee of the short rod, and of course tried to use the same method with the fly-rod. Did it work? I'll say it didn't. Next I found my outfit did not "catch," so I began purchasing, trading, etc., and had three rods and three reels, together with a lot of other "stuff." Then came long days of casting in the front yard. Passers-by laughed and girl friend said I was crazy, but I cast, and cast, and cast some more. (Guess I did look a bit "off," standing in snow up to my shoe-tops.) But then came my "graduation day." My arm, elbow at side, would pause a split-fraction of a second on the back cast, then shoot forward with speed that made rod and line sing. . . . All winter I kept at it, and now I have the distance I want.—J. W. L., Mo.

Sir: Certainly am glad to hear from you again and know that the trouble is conquered. I think there is just one best school for casting, and that is—casting. About the finest way to learn how to fly-fish is just to kick the bait into the river and stick to the fly business until you conquer. I have said over and over again that books have value, of course they have, a suggestive value, but they alone will not make you a good caster. The same is true of explanations by a master of the science. Follow a good fly-fisherman, study his methods, yes, but cast and cast, and cast. I congratulate you upon your success in getting out line, next comes hooking and getting in fish, which is a horse of another color; but it is simple, simple when you have learned how.—O. W.

SOME MORE FLY DOPE

Dear O. W.: I am just taking up fly fishing and have a grist of questions to ask. Will a No. 16 hold a 3-pound trout? What do you think of the Bi-Visibles and Fan-Wings? These are my selections, Brown, Pink Lady, and Royal Coachman. What about this list of Fan-Wings: Brown Drake, Cahill, Pink Lady, Royal Coachman, and Whirling Dun? Will you give me a list of six flies for all waters?—P. S. M., N. H.

Sir: To answer your questions fully would require almost as much space as I used in writing "Trout Lore." A complete answer is utterly impossible, for what one thinks about flies today he does not believe tomorrow; but as Emerson has said, "Say what today thinks, in words hard as brick-bats, though it contradict everything you have said before," so here goes. . . . As a rule I find the smaller flies more taking, especially when streams are low and clear. A No. 12 will hold any brook trout that ever took a fly, if you do your part with the rod. I use 8, 10 and 12, though more often 12, 14 and 16. There is no question but that the so-called "bi-visible" and "fan-wings" are takers; they straddle along so naturally on the surface. I suspect you will find

the brown most taking, though many of my friends are swearing by Pink Lady, and I want a Royal Coachman, no matter what make of fly I am using. I presume you will find less assertive colors worth while at times, like Evening Dun for instance. I do not just know what you mean by "fan-wings" but your selection of patterns—Brown Drake, Cahill, Pink Lady, Royal Coachman, and Whirling Dun—is good. I never have had much luck with Pink Lady. I dislike exceedingly to give "favorite patterns," they mean so little. I am still giving Royal Coachman first place, follows, Wickham's Fancy, Brown Hackle, Black Gnat, Black Prince, Pale Evening Dun, Whirling Blue Dun. Not that I would care to be limited to these, but they are at the head, that is all. Often I have found merely changing from a No. 12 to a 16, same pattern, changing luck.—O. W.

FISHIN' FER OLD BOOKS

Dear O. W.: Your article, "Nibblings of an Ichthyic Book Worm," was of great interest to me, since I read and collect fishing books, especially those dealing with trout fishing. Your "Trout Lore" is one of my favorites, for it has helped me to a large extent in catching trout in a locality where they are scarce. Like all collectors, I am now at the stage where interest turns to the old and rare, especially since reading the history of fly-fishing by Hillis, and I would like to know how to set about finding old fishing books.—H. W. B., Mass.

Sir: Thanks for your kind words regarding "Trout Lore." If time ever permits I am planning on another work dealing with trout. As to securing old books: You may pick them up in unheard-of places. A second-hand store is always good fishing grounds, better than second-hand book stores, for the latter are in the game, too. The so-called "Good Will Stores" and Salvation Army second-hand stores are fine. Of course, there are literally hundreds of second-hand book stores; every large city has several. As a rule, in America prices range higher than they do in England, and you will find it expensive, when you go after a rare number. Johnson's, in your own city, is a good place. But remember, you will get many a rise, throw back many a capture, before you net a good one.—O. W.

MIND OVER MATTER

An angler was fighting an active rainbow and did not seem to be gaining the advantage, when a college professor offered this advice: "Use your will power, man!" "My will power is right with me, but you don't appreciate this fish's won't power."

MORE "EDUCATED" CARP AND SUCKERS

Dear O. W.: I was very much interested in the article, "A Cat and a Carp on a Fly," in your section of April Outdoor America.

Up until three years ago this spring, I had always been a bait fisherman for trout, mostly because, as a boy, I had tried wet flies without success. Three years ago this March I was given a quality wet fly rod and decided to mend my ways. I will never, or I should say, I can never forget the thrill and pleasure which accompanied my first catch on a wet fly, a small native not quite large enough to keep, but that did not make any difference—a boyhood ambition had been realized.

Last season I decided to further improve and procured a dry fly outfit. This time I anticipated the pleasure of my first catch, but the thrill turned out to be zero, as it fell to the fate of an eight-inch German carp. Really, I did not consider this so surprising, for fly fishermen in this locality are constantly tormented by silver dace, which, I understand, belong to the carp family. An incident which did surprise me, though, happened on a very hot, muggy day last summer, one of those days when you can not decide whether to call the mist rain or the rain mist. It was my good fortune to be out with Mr. William Nisbet, Jr., an expert and experienced dry fly fisherman. Conditions, as you can imagine, were ideal, and while I was too green at dry flies to hook any but a few of the many and constant rises, Bill caught everything in the brook, including a good-sized, good old-fashioned New England mud sucker.—H. T. B., Mass.

Sir: I am always glad to hear of suckers, carp, etc., taking artificial flies. There is such a thing as evolution. Three million years from now our children may be fishing for the lowly gentry with flies right along. Lots of comfort in the thought. Just what your "silver dace"

may be I can not say, though probably one of the minnow family. There are several small minnows known by the name. Always he is a free riser to artificial flies, and I have enjoyed fishing for "horned dace," using a 2½-ounce fly-rod.—O. W.

NOW FOR A LINE AND REEL

Dear O. W.: I am having a 2½-ounce fly-rod built for me and would like to know what type of double tapered line and reel to employ with it for best results.—H. R. S., Mass.

Sir: I am compelled to send this letter as an adventure in faith. You did not enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope, and your letter-head displays two offices in different states. When you signed your letter you neglected to give an address. How much trouble our correspondents would obviate, and what a saving to department editors who pay their own postage, if they would only enclose self-addressed and pre-stamped envelopes! I keep saying that I am going to refuse to answer any letters not so provided, but being an angler, I continue sending out replies, many of which are returned because address is faulty.

It is exceedingly difficult to say what line will work well on so light a rod, much depending upon its action. About the only way for one to find the proper line is to experiment. On my Divine, 2½ ounce, I am using a "Pioneer" F and it works well indeed. Your maker can advise you as to proper line more satisfactorily than I, for he will know his rod. Practically any of the lighter reels can be employed successfully. Naturally so light a rod will not perform at all like a heavier and longer one, and as you love good tackle, cast with care.—O. W.

SIZE AND WEIGHT OF TROUT

Dear O. W.: I should like a table giving approximate weight of trout according to length.—J. E. L., Nebr.

Sir: It is extremely difficult to give a reliable table as to length and weight, owing to the differences in body form, some fish being more chunky than others. A number of years ago some one writing under the pseudonym of "Percival," in "Forest and Stream," gave the following formula for determining weight of trout: "The weight of a trout if of normal shape, and by this I mean not excessively short and chunky, extremely so, in fact, may be approximated with great closeness by the following:

$$W = \frac{L^3}{1,000}$$

in which W equals weight, L equals length from eye to root of tail (not total length), and G equals girth, which, as the formula shows, should be cubed. The result is the weight in ounces. In fish up to, say, 5 pounds, this is extremely close; in larger fish it, of course, is liable to slight differences, increasing as the fish departs from normal form."

I have been surprised to find this formula working out well, and may be of some use to you; at any rate, it will interest you.—O. W.

MIGHT TRY IT!

"I understand tipping is forbidden here," remarked the Scott to his guide. "You are right," came the answer, "but so was that apple in the Garden of Eden."

SARASOTA TARPON TOURNAMENT

Fishermen and sportsmen generally will be interested in the announcement that the Anglers Club of Sarasota, Florida, of which Powell Crosley, Jr., is president, will give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes to anglers and guides for the best fish caught during the national tarpon tournament to be held there May 9 to July 15 inclusive. This is said to be the largest sum ever offered in a fishing tournament. These awards are in addition to cups, trophies, fishing tackle, etc., usually given at such an event.

ALABAMA'S SECOND ANNUAL DEEP SEA FISHING RODEO

Plans for Alabama's second annual deep sea fishing rodeo are going forward rapidly, and nothing is being left undone to make the event an even greater success than the one held last year. August 25, 26, and 27 are the dates which have been selected, and Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island, will be the base of operations.

The waters in this section furnish as fine fishing as can be found anywhere in the entire world. They are the summer home of numberless tarpon, the "silver king" of deep sea fishes, and they also abound in such other sought-for prizes as the Spanish mackerel, king mackerel, bonita, ling, skipjack, blue fish, barracuda, and others.

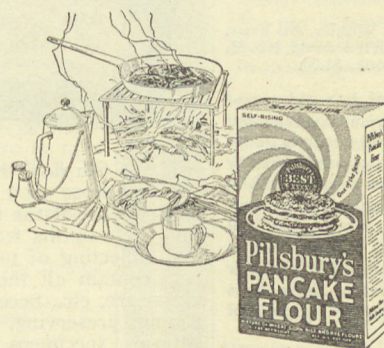


Photo Courtesy Soo Line Railway

Crooked Lake, one of the border lakes in Minnesota

SCOUT AROUND the outpost stores on the fringe of the wilds, in any part of the country—you'll find that storekeepers who outfit men for every sort of expedition from a two months' canoe trip to a week-end of fishing, carry a tremendous stock of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. It is a staple food with men who hunt and fish, because its sturdy, compact package is easy to handle and proof against abuse, because it is a wonderful ready-mixed recipe that requires only a little water and stirring to make the finest pancakes you ever tasted—the ideal out-door breakfast.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour comes in two varieties, wheat and buckwheat. Whichever you prefer, you'll find that Pillsbury's pancakes fill the bill!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Angler's Cabinet

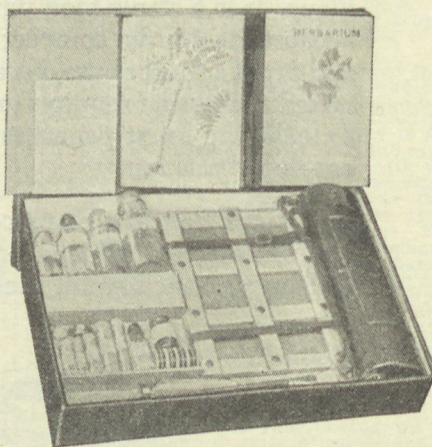
From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.

A FISHERMAN'S COAT AND CREEL



Here is the latest thing in apparel, a medium weight khaki coat with seven pockets. The big feature is the netting fish-bag which snaps to the back of the coat, and will keep the catch in splendid shape; then it obviates the carrying of a creel, a real advantage to the go-lighter. There is an inside pocket for fly-book, and a fly-book is added to the outfit if you want. It is the most convenient and generally satisfactory article we have seen for a long time.

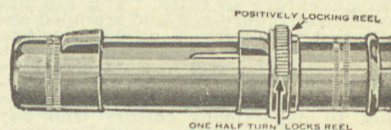
FOR USE BETWEEN BITES



If the fish don't happen to be biting for a time, those who possess and enjoy an appreciation of the marvels of Nature will find these outfits for plant, insect and animal collecting of unusual interest. These sets contain all the apparatus, chemicals, glassware, etc., necessary for the collecting, preserving, and mounting of natural specimens. Accompanying each set is a handbook, giving full simple directions on the methods employed for taking care of specimens.

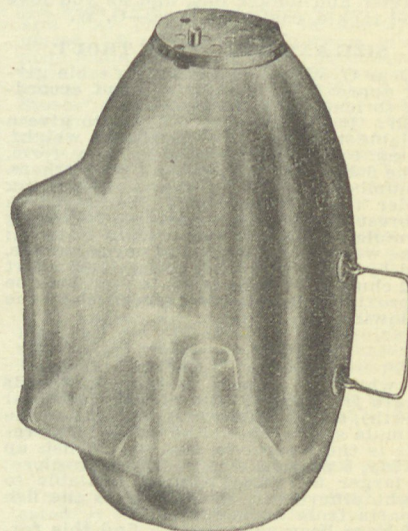
Let O. W. Smith advise and help you with your selection of tackle for your spring and summer fishing trips.

A NEW FLY-ROD REEL-SEAT



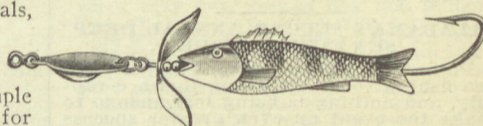
Our last number is an original reel-seat which a rod-making concern is attaching to all its late rods. Here is something different. The milled reel-band slips around and automatically locks the reel in place. Well made and beautiful, it looks to us like a coming idea. We have attached the sample to one of our rods and find it very good.

ANOTHER GLASS MINNOW TRAP



All live-bait fishermen know how successful the glass minnow trap is as a minnow getter, once properly set. We have always had a bit of trouble getting the old bottle-shaped affair to stay where we put it, so a firm has come out with a startlingly original form. The broad, flat base rests securely on the bed of river or lake and provides additional room. There is an ingenious method by which the air escapes through the handle-lugs when submerging, and the trap does not need to be tipped. Unusually well made, heavy and substantial. A real advance.

AND STILL ANOTHER MINNOW



This seems to be the year of metal minnows and here is one so weighted ahead of the spinner that it always travels right side up, which brings the hook in proper position for impaling. Made in several finishes and sizes. You will want this if you plan a trip where minnows will be needed and hard to get.

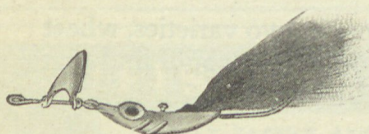


BIG ENOUGH to COUNT

Lawrence Helmar, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, writes enclosing this photograph.

"I am enclosing a picture of two of the many muskys I caught with your lures this summer. One weighed 32 pounds and the other 26 pounds. I caught 22 muskys this year but I only count the ones over 14 pounds.

Your Oriental and Dixie Wigglers are the best weedless baits I have seen used for muskys in the lakes of the north woods. I notice lots of guides and musky fishermen are now using the Oriental Wiggler instead of . . . Furthermore they get the fish. I have about \$75 worth of different lures and spoons but my favorite is your Oriental and Dixie Wigglers. They make fish bite when they don't want to bite."



Here's Foss' latest—the Dixie Wiggler. All brass, nickel plated, or natural finish if ordered. No. 13, weight 5/8 oz., 3/0 hook. \$1.00.

Yes, boys, the catching of two old grand daddys like these may seem uncanny but to Mr. Helmar there is nothing uncanny about it. He has found out what thousands already know—that the real way to make them bite is to give them what they want. Al. Foss lures have been the head liner on every fish "bill of fare" for fifteen years. If you want to come back with something besides "weather reports" put an assortment of these baits in your tackle box. Write for catalog of Al. Foss Baits.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.

Al. Foss Department No. E
CLEVELAND, OHIO

AL. FOSS
PORK RIND BAITS

Scientific Angling

Edited by
Frederick J. Lane

OUTDOOR AMERICA is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.



Casting Clubs of Chicago Open Season

THE first of the scheduled events for 1930 was formally opened by the Chicago Fly Casting Club on April 19-20 at Garfield Park. Members of the other clubs attended in numbers, despite the cold, to help the "oldest" casting club start the casting for the present year. One week later the Illinois Casting Club at its opening day entertained a crowd of about fifty casters, but in turn was handicapped by the weather, cold and rainy. The weather was more friendly to the Lincoln Park Club on May 4th.

Among the guests were the Champion casters of the Illinois and Chicago Fly Casting Clubs. Very favorable weather conditions prevailed, and many excellent scores were made.

The dry fly accuracy resulted in a tie between Charles Zeisler, National Indoor Bait Champion for 1929, and F. R. Steel, National Dry Fly Champion—scores 98%. An excellent exhibition in the art of fly-casting was given in the cast-off, which resulted as follows:

Zeisler 97
Steel 96

J. B. Nystrom tied Howard Chatt, All-around Champion of Illinois, for third place—scores 97%. It may be noted that out of sixteen casters in the event, thirteen had scores over 91%.

Hugo Anderson, of the North Side Club, carried off the honors in the new 3/8 ounce Accuracy Bait Event with a score of 96%—quite a remarkable achievement, considering this early period. Bob Clark, of the Chicago Fly Casting Club, was close second, with 95%. A. J. Naugle and E. J. Davis tied for third place with 93%.

The usual lunch served every Sunday by the club was enjoyed by all. Dr. H. H. Eysel, President, showed the guests the

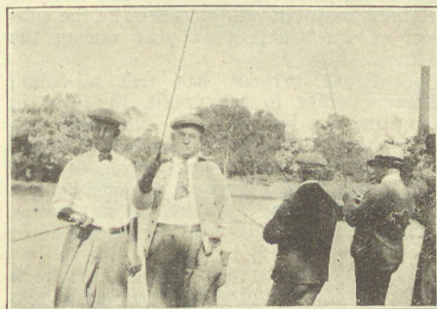
shooting range and the contemplated improvements to be made in conjunction with his membership drive.

The Accuracy plug event was very exciting to the last shot. There was a triple tie for first place, with Zeisler, Naugle, and Mueller, all of this club, scores 95%.

In the cast-off Zeisler again displayed his consistency, winning over his competitors by a large margin. The scores were:

Zeisler 98%
Naugle 94%
Mueller 91%

Howard Chatt easily won the Light Tackle Distance Fly event with an average of 105 feet. F. R. Steel and P. S. Gilbertson contested closely for second place—scores 94 2/3 and 94 1/3, respectively.



Alvin L. McCombs, President of the Illinois Casting Club with Dr. E. K. Bennington; President in 1929. McCombs is the one with the rod raised in salute. They are two of the most enthusiastic and hardest workers in the club and never miss a scheduled meet.

Buffalo Tournament

WORD comes that the necessary finances have been raised for the 1930 tournament and also that an outboard motor has been secured for the All Around in the tournament.

Mr. Richmond, the chairman of the Program Committee, has pledged a banquet for the ladies, and the rest of the membership of the club has offered cars to take the visiting ladies to see Niagara Falls at night.

Following is the list of the members of the Tournament Committee:

Honorary Chairman—Watts L. Richmond.
Chairman—Otto H. Peters.
Vice Chairman—W. C. Newcomb.
Secretary—Edw. L. Thomas.
Treasurer—J. L. Cromwell.
Captain—Dr. N. H. Good.
Vice Captain—A. B. Zaenglén.
Scorers—N. J. Funk, J. McKeogh, Jr.
Referee—Warren Faulkner.
Program—Watts L. Richmond.
Equipment—J. A. Casey, E. Ludke.
Transportation—Edw. L. Thomas.
Reservations—A. E. Lilyquist.
Banquet—W. C. Newcomb, toastmaster.
Noon Lunch—Chas. Stephen.
Flies and Weights—Leonard Allen.
Prizes—O. H. Peters.
Women's Committee—Mrs. E. L. Thomas, Mrs. J. A. Casey, Mrs. N. H. Good.
Arrangements have been completed for a fishing trip in connection with the Tour-



BROADCASTING BASS...

THIS six pound, six ounce small mouth black bass featured a radio broadcast over station WKBF, Indianapolis on April 24th. The General Motors Service Co. of that city writes as follows:

"This fish was caught on a True Temper Rod and Al. Foss Shimmy Wiggler and entered in our 1930 fishing contest by Mr. Laurence Pryce, who says 'that with any other rod except a True Temper he does not believe he could have handled this big fellow'. To the best of our knowledge this is the largest small mouth bass ever caught in Indiana waters."

The wonderful flexibility of the True Temper Rod makes it easy to handle the light, sportsmanlike Al. Foss Lures. The two together are the greatest fish getting combination ever offered to sportsmen.

Every genuine True Temper Rod has the words "True Temper" stamped in the butt of the rod itself. Look for this to avoid imitations.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
1931 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The Toledo:

Highest grade True Temper Rod with offset reel seat handle, genuine agate guide and tip top. Finished in black nickel or special "Afcó". If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS



A. J. Naugle of the Lincoln Park Club. He is one of the Accuracy bait "aces" of the north side club.



AUDUBON BIRD CARDS

New Colored Drawings by Allan Brooks

150 beautiful Bird Portraits post-card size, in color, from original paintings by Allan Brooks. Set No. 1, "Fifty Winter Birds of Eastern North America." Set No. 2, "Fifty Spring Birds of Eastern North America." Set No. 3, "Fifty Summer Birds of Eastern North America." The reverse side of each card carries a short biography of the bird figured. Prepared under the supervision of Dr. Frank M. Chapman. Text by Alden H. Hadley. Price for each set, in a box \$1.00 post-paid. Order now from

OUTDOOR AMERICA
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Fishing Tackle

Deal Direct with the Only Manufacturing Specialists

Wherever expert anglers foregather and the merits of tackle are discussed, there you will find eloquent testimony of the supremacy and dependability of Edward vom Hofe tackle. Since 1867, we have consistently dedicated ourselves to the task of building rods, reels and all other tackle with the painstaking devotion of expert craftsmen. To so thorough our factory, right here on the premises, and watch what integrity and fine handwork can accomplish, has brought untold satisfaction to countless followers of lovable Izaak Walton. For your own protection rely on the advice and suggestions of the specialist in fine tackle. He alone is entirely devoted to your interest. 2c stamp brings 168 page catalog.

EDWARD VOM HOFE & CO.
96 Fulton Street New York City

FREE Hildebrandt's Hints
Chock full of fish-catching tackle and hints on how to use it—the old favorite Hildebrandt spinners and flies and a lot of new items. If you want to catch more fish in 1930, send for this book. Free for the asking.
John J. Hildebrandt Co., 172 High St., Logansport, Ind.

THE DIFFERENCE MEANS TROUT

That's why trout fishermen sweat by Peck's Floating Trout Midnets and Underwater Fly Rod Minnows. They fill the creel and the wants of real fly casters for any sort of trout or trout waters. Send \$1.00 for sample Minnow and Midnet. Peck's descriptive list of FISH GETTERS sent on request.
E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tennessee

The Lazy FISHING ROD HOLDER

FOR TROLLING OR STILL FISHING
ONCE YOU HAVE USED IT YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE ONE OR MORE WITH YOUR TACKLE.
WHEN ROD IS SET IT IS RIGID TO ALL MOVEMENTS EXCEPT LIFTING.
ALL PARTS ARE RUST RESISTING
SEND FOR YOURS TODAY OR ASK YOUR DEALER
PRICE COMPLETE \$2.25
KELGIE MFG. CO., FAIRMOUNT, IND.

nament to be held August 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th at Camp Geora. Camp Geora is situated on Georgian Bay near Midland, Ontario. The camp can comfortably accommodate twenty-five guests,—men, women and children. At this camp there may be had in great abundance bass, Great Northern pike and muskellunge.

The camp is 209 miles from Buffalo by automobile. Mr. Phillips will be on hand on Monday morning, August 25th, and will personally conduct all who wish to spend the week fishing. The camp is most attractively located, consisting of a large lodge and many log cabins. Boats, guides, board, room, and fishing license will be furnished at a flat rate of \$30.00 a week. All who desire to take this trip should immediately file their application with Mr. Newcomb or Mr. Peters of the Tournament Committee.

The Prize Committee announces that the all-around prize this year will be an Elto Foldlite Outboard Motor.

The Grounds Committee announces that the pool at South Bay, Delaware Park, has been reconditioned and that due to the efforts of the Superintendent of Parks Buffalo now has unsurpassed casting facilities.

George G. Chatt

OF the three greatest casters and all-round champions, namely, William Stanley, Call McCarthy, and George G. Chatt, only Chatt survives. An analysis of their respective abilities will be the subject of an article to appear during the winter.

Chatt at present has five all-round championships to his credit, the first in 1913 and the last in 1929. No caster has ever had the experience of winning championships over such a long period of time.

No caster has ever been as consistent in his winning, for if Chatt did not obtain first place, he was almost always second or third.

His winning in 1929 showed that he is as pre-eminent in the game now as he was fifteen years ago. No one can dispute the fact America has never seen a better distance fly caster than George Chatt; his casting has demonstrated this.

He possesses power, but superior to that he has the ability to so "time" his casts that he has an advantage over a less skillful opponent. His sense of timing is perfect, and to that may be laid his success.

His greatest performance was in 1921, when he made a long cast of 131 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet at Portland, with a rod weighing but 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ounces.

During the time of five minutes allotted to him on the platform, four minutes were consumed in fighting an adverse wind, but a change in the direction of this wind enabled him to put three casts across the Portland pool to the grass plot beyond where the judges staked the spot where the fly reached, and in that one minute he put over three casts averaging 125 feet, with the longest 131 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet, farther than any cast ever made with such light tackle.

He gained fame at Denver in 1923, when he cast a "perfect" score in the Accuracy Fly. To quote from the Scientific Angler of that year, "Chatt's Accuracy Fly of 100 per cent was one of the prettiest exhibitions ever shown. The timing of the casts was perfect, and each time the fly hit in the ring there was no doubt of its being a 'perfect.'"

He was president of the National Association for 1927 and 1928, but did not cast in 1927, and was beaten by Braddon in '28, so many thought the veteran was "through." However, last year he demon-

strated that he was still the best of all comers, and he should go to Buffalo this year as a favorite.

George possesses a certain coolness that helps him on the platform; he is as much at home as if in practice, and his confidence in his ability is the result of well earned success and amply justified by past



George Chatt finishing a distance cast.

performance. A study of the methods of casting, hard work, skill and strength, judgment and poise have made him a great caster.

He is a wonderful companion on a fishing trip and he would make a group of lazy pessimists love work on a rainy day.

In later years his greatest rival was "Bill" Stanley, and the two were pitted against each other for the All-Round at many tournaments, but the rivalry was most pleasant, as each had a deep admiration and sincere friendship for the other.

George Chatt today is the greatest living caster. Some may beat him in an event now and then, but still he is America's Champion.

'T WAS EVER THUS

By E. A. BRUNDAGE

THE Grandsire sat in his easy chair
And his laugh was a gurgling croak,
While his grandson told of a monstrous fish

He had caught on a line, which broke.
Then the old man gravely smiled and said:

"Dear boy, it was large, I know,
For I hooked that same old fish, myself,
Some fifty years ago."

An Explorer of Dangerous Rivers

(Continued from page 15)

according to Mr. Eddy, "fierce, unrelenting, demoniacal." With this terrific current and the loaded character of the water, the very bed of the river is kept in motion. Boulders weighing tons are shoved, rolled, tumbled along like pebbles, often with a noise like distant thunder.

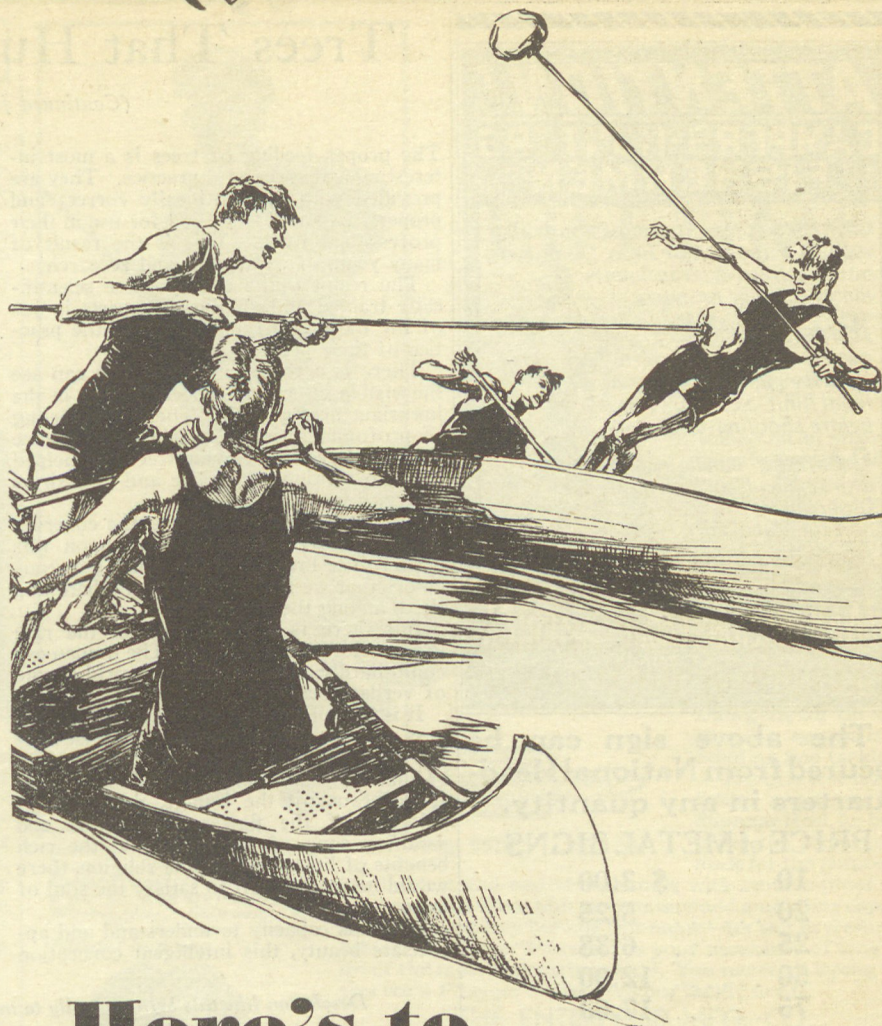
There were many times during the journey when the men and boats seemed to be merely toys in the maw of the furious waters. Once they were struck by a high flood, the stream rising eighteen feet in one night, and sweeping away most of the kitchen material. They had to haul the 1,200-pound boats up the side of a cliff to save them from being swept away. Later, one of the large boats was lost when the force of the terrific current wedged it against a huge rock. After trying for three days to dislodge it, the craft had to be abandoned.

The early experiences of the trip proved too strenuous for the camera man, the soldier of fortune, and two of the students, who left the expedition at Lee's Ferry. One of the men who remained with the party throughout the journey later wrote to Mr. Eddy, "If, at Lee's Ferry, you had suggested quitting we would have quit, every one of us, but as long as you stayed we all stayed. Many times on the trip I think that you were afraid, but you did not show it before the men. I think there were times when you were sorry that you had ever started the trip; times when you thought that we would never get out; but at no time did you discourage the men by letting them see that you were worried and afraid. You never asked of the men anything that you were not willing to do yourself."

When the members of the expedition stepped ashore at Needles they had the gratification of knowing that they had made the journey in less time than any previous expedition—758 perilous miles in 43 days; that they had been the first to make it at high water; that they had gone through it without a loss of life; and that the motion pictures and other records they had made of the trip were the best ever made of this thrilling and wildly beautiful portion of the Colorado River, depicting for the first time a panorama of natural wonders that few human eyes have ever beheld.

Later in the same year Mr. Eddy aided in the rescue of the Pathe-Bray expedition, reported lost in Cataract Canyon. He assisted the party through 125 miles of the Grand Canyon.

With the thrill of his Colorado River experiences still tingling in his blood, Mr. Eddy is at present engaged in planning a bigger and even more arduous expedition down the Nile. His companions on this expedition will probably be Galloway and two other adventurers. A monkey and a goat may serve as mascots. The king of Abyssinia has already offered to protect the party with escorts through his territory in return for an accurate map of the river. After going through Abyssinia, the passage will be somewhat easier and motor boats will be employed. It is possible that lions will be encountered in the canyons, and as Mr. Eddy says, "When a lion starts to charge it is the fastest thing on wheels." But his courage is equal to the undertaking, and he hopes to leave for Africa this fall.



Here's to summer-time!

TO OUTDOOR SPORTS and outdoor fun! And here's to Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Flakes of golden corn with a flavor that can't be imitated. So crisp, so easy to digest, they refresh you on the warmest day.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes furnish energy, without "heating" the body. They help you keep cool and feel fit.

Enjoy them often. Serve with milk or cream. Add fresh fruits, berries, honey. Eat them for breakfast. Have them for lunch. And what could be more healthful and inviting for a late bedtime snack?

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All grocers sell Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the red-and-green package. Restaurants, hotels, dining-cars serve them. Oven-fresh in the waxtite inner-seal wrapper. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



Trees That Hunger and Thirst

(Continued from page 23)

ATTENTION!
CAMPERS-HUNTERS FISHermen

Campers - Clean up grounds, bury all rubbish. Put out your fires. Do not mutilate trees, destroy flowers, fences, or other property.

Hunters - Respect the owner's rights and property. Save the game. Observe the legal limit. See your game before shooting - others may be near.

Fishermen - Handle undersize fish with wet hands and put them back. Observance of the laws will perpetuate the sport.

DON'T BE A "FISH-HOG"
He Took No More Than He Needed

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IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
 NEAREST CHAPTER

The above sign can be secured from National Headquarters in any quantity.

PRICE of METAL SIGNS

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25		6.38
50		12.00
75		17.63
100		23.25

Lots of over 100, 23¼ cents per sign, complete.

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Zemo brings quick, safe relief

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zemo
 FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

The proper feeding of trees is a most interesting and successful practice. They are provided with a scientifically correct and properly balanced tree food for use in their professional work. This is the result of many years of experience and research.

The result of its use by these scientifically trained and intelligent experts is one of the most gratifying things in the practice of their profession.

There is a real thrill when you can see the visible effects of proper feeding in the luxuriant new growth. There is a feeling of profound satisfaction when you realize that you have saved living trees and helped them to continue their life and growth as a service to mankind.

What a wonderful thing is the covering of green leaves that God put upon this earth! We love all of the other gorgeous colors that we find in flowers and here and there among the vegetation.

But there is a restfulness in the rich green color of the foliage. The human eye could hardly adjust itself to a world devoid of verdant beauty.

It is the foliage that covers up the nakedness and the ugliness of an otherwise barren earth. If you took out of the world all of the really fine things, including the majestic beauty of the foliage, the gorgeous coloring of the flowers, the sweet and soothing song of the birds, and the rich benefits of literature, art and religion, there would be nothing left to satisfy the soul of man.

It is this capacity to understand and appreciate beauty, this intelligent conception



Martin L. Davey, famous American expert in the care and development of trees.

of the meaning of things, that differentiates man from animals. All that animals require is something to eat and a place to stay, plus the elemental instincts of self-preservation and reproduction.

But man must have infinitely more to satisfy his mind and stimulate his spiritual being. How fortunate it is that a wise Creator adorned the earth with the beauty of living, growing things!

Desolation like this brings vividly to mind the need of preserving our trees.



LONG ROWS OF TREES

By ARTHUR THATCHER

LONG rows of trees, how calmly they appeal,
 Their branches framed against the summer sky,
 Haunt of the singing bird, the cool retreat
 For those who on the earth beneath them lie.

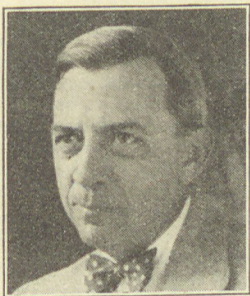
LET me have trees about in life's glad dawn,
 Long rows of trees when twilight shadows creep;
 And through the eons of eternal years,
 Let great trees guard the earth where I shall sleep.

About Our Contributors

The cover this month is the reproduction of a painting by **Will K. Higbie**, who as well as being an artist has the distinction of being President of the Lincolnshire Chapter of Chicago.

The frontispiece is the third of a series of drawings entitled *Just Outdoors*, made by **Everett E. Lowry**, widely known cartoonist.

Kenneth Lockwood, *At the Last Minute*, has always been interested in all phases of the outdoors, and has written voluminously of its charms and pleasures. He has been active in affairs of sport and conservation in New Jersey for twenty years. He founded the New Jersey Fish and Game Conservation League, is President of the Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New Jersey Audubon Society. He is feature and special department editor of the Newark Evening News, his favorite department being admittedly the Out in the Open column. Mr. Lockwood writes us: "I think dry fly angling for trout is the finest sport on earth, and I own the finest dog on earth in my English Springer, Dunkydun, which the national treasury couldn't buy."



Ben East, *The Black Wolf of the Tahquamenon*, is one of Michigan's best-known sportsmen, nature lovers and conservationists; he has made an extensive study of the habits of wild animals and is a skillful and inveterate trout fisherman.

Snowshoe Al, *A Lost Day on Lost Lake*, is the author of two books, a few dozen short stories and several hundred syndicated articles. He derived his euphonious nom de plume from the fact that he once went on a snowshoe hike which ended disastrously. In fact (if his own statements can be relied upon), it was necessary to call upon the Marines, the Salvation Army and an assortment of Indian guides to extricate him from a snowdrift; he likes himself, his wife, tobacco and onions in the order named; he hates radio sopranos, snakes, poets and spinach.

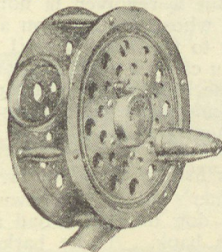
Judge Harve L. Melton, *For Successful Motor Camping*, has been on the bench in Oklahoma for many years; his docket keeps him occupied for eleven months of the year, and his 30 days' vacation each year his wife and he spend motor camping. Judge Melton is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Oklahoma Division of the Izaak Walton League.

Margaret Whittemore, *An Explorer of Dangerous Rivers*, is a great-niece of Major John Wesley Powell, the noted first explorer of the Colorado River; Miss Whittemore lives in Kansas, is a writer and an artist and Executive Secretary of the League's Topeka, Kan., Chapter.

Martin L. Davey, *Trees That Hunger and Thirst*, is world known for his success in tree surgery; he lives in Kent, Ohio, and is especially fond of horseback riding, rowing, swimming and hiking.



Season's record Steelhead Trout, weight 25 1/4 pounds. Caught by Mr. Frank Murdock in Hoquiam River, Washington, February 4, 1930. The reel used was a Pflueger Supreme.



The Pflueger MEDALIST Reel
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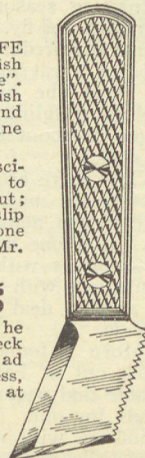
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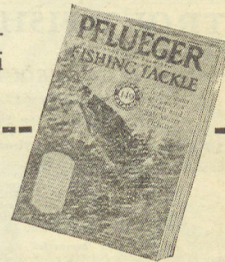
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BURNED WHEN
HE TRIED TO SAY
"NAIVE"

YES AND DID YOU
HEAR HIM TRY
TO ORDER
"FILE MIGNON"
AT DINNER?

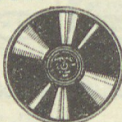


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TRIPS



Conducted by
Judge George W. Wood

A field with Boys

I RECENTLY had a letter from Dr. Harry F. Lotz of Joliet, Ill., who has been appointed on a committee by the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League to find some way to prevent stray dogs and cats molesting birds in their public parks. He inquired about the use of the sling shot about which he had read in an article by Murdo Gibson. Since the sling shot is very admirably adapted to this very use and many others, I venture to tell you some of its possibilities, but not without hesitation for I know that this weapon is generally considered the occasion of many broken panes of glass.

In a recent out-of-door magazine I saw a picture of an ideal tackle box in one end of which was a revolver. I believe that every one loves to shoot some sort of a weapon. When the fish are not striking one may use a revolver to snipe at turtles, possibly a venomous snake or the ubiquitous tin can. But a revolver is noisy and the farmer in whose pasture you are fishing may object to firearms. But if in your fishing kit you carry a sling shot and a carton of air rifle bullets, you will find them both useful and inoffensive if used with proper judgment.

ONE day I was fishing along the river below a clammer's shanty. The owner was away and his dog thought I had no business along his bank. As he barked his courage became stronger and he tried to take a nip at me. For this I was prepared and the sharp bite of a shot in his flank sent him home.

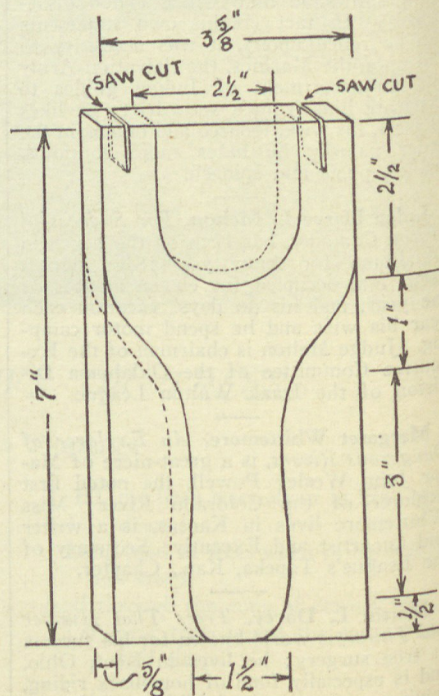
Mr. Gibson sent me a collection of crotches from his wilderness home. Some were large and strong enough to make a real weapon. Among them was a crotch which he had marked "Fly Swatter." This is now kept where I can easily pick it up since I object to the cats coming into my yard after the birds for whom I have put out food all winter. It is particularly necessary to guard your birds just after the nesting season when small birds are beginning to fly. Much has been said against the predatory cat. No matter how well fed a cat may happen to be it cannot resist the hunting instinct which a helpless fledgling awakens. But it will forget all about this if you hit it with a BB shot.

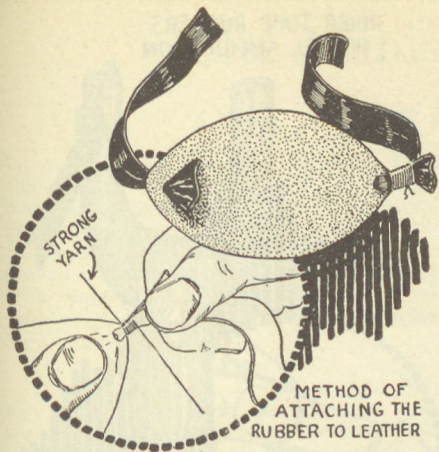
While there are advertisements of sling shots in the magazines, you will enjoy it more if you manufacture your own weapon. It is one which is peculiarly apt to go to pieces with wear and the rubbers disintegrate with age, so if you are to use one a great deal you should know how it is made.

Before I found that I could make a crotch out of hard wood that was more durable and accurate I used to scour the woods for one. It is not an easy matter to find one with branches and opening just right. To make a crotch take a bit of

hard wood about five-eighths of an inch thick and mark out a U-shaped opening which will be at least two and one-half inches wide and deep. On either side of the U-shaped opening draw lines parallel to the sides of the uprights of the U. Draw these lines in below the U with a less abrupt curve so as to make a handle one and one-half inches across and three inches long. The upright forks should be large enough so that when the crotch is finished they will be at least one-half inch in diameter. In the center of the top of each of these cut a slot five-eighths of an inch deep with a hack-saw. The outline of the crotch may now be cut with a coping saw. This gives you a rough crotch. A jack-knife will round it out and even it up. A rasp which is flat on one side and curved on the other is convenient; with this you can finish the curved as well as the flat surfaces. All of these tools except the jack-knife may be purchased at the ten-cent store. Finally smooth it with sand-paper. It may be varnished or finished with boiled linseed oil. My favorite wood is black walnut which is hard enough and if you rub it well with boiled linseed oil it takes on a rich dark satiny finish. Any hard wood will serve as walnut, maple or birch to the coarser grained woods such as oak or ash. They not only finish better but are less apt to split.

The best material for the rubbers can

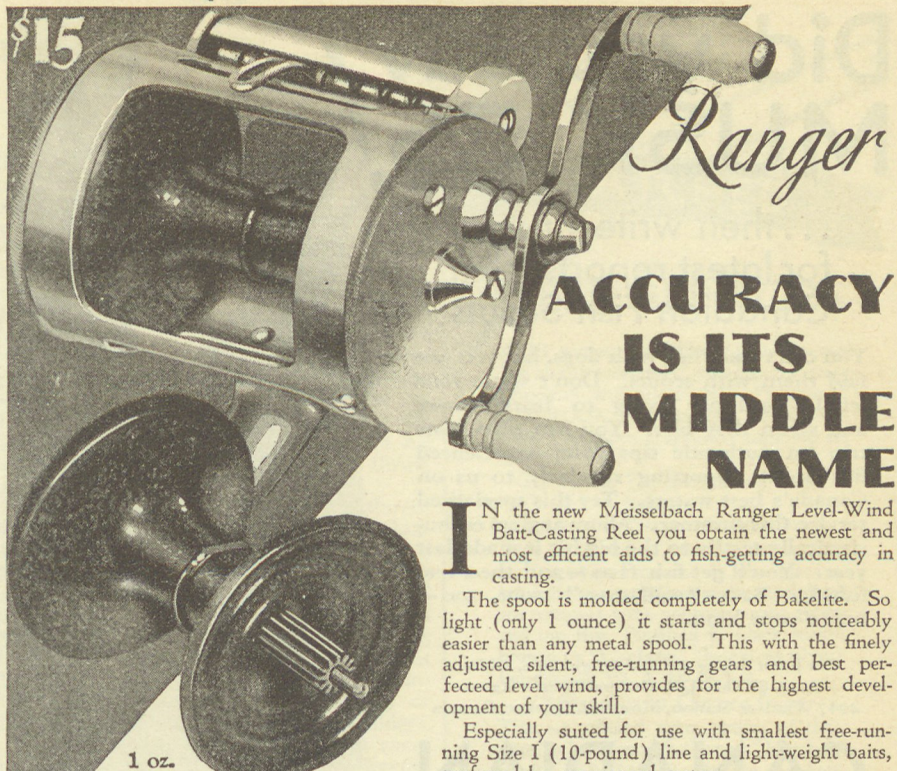




be had from an automobile tube. This is better than the rubberbands purchased at the drug or stationery store. From the tube cut two strips one-half inch wide and eight inches long following the lines which show the way the tube is moulded. You will also need a bit of stout light flexible leather such as whang leather. This should be cut into an oval three and one-half inches long by one and one-half inches wide. Through the ends of this holes should be punched just large enough to permit the rubbers to be pulled through about one-half an inch. Now hold the leather in one hand and the two parts of the rubber in the other, stretch it out and have some one wind several turns of yarn about it. Tie it tightly. Yarn is used because it will hold securely and not cut the rubber so easily as twine. Now double the other end of the rubber back on itself half an inch or at least far enough so that you can hold the folded end with one hand and the loose end and the rubber in the other. Stretch it far enough so that it can be forced into the slots cut in the top of the crotch with the hack-saw. When you release the pull on the rubber it will fill the slot and hold tightly. Do this with the other rubber. This gives you a straight pull on the rubbers in a direct line.

You are now ready for the ammunition. The little cartons of air rifle shot are large enough for all ordinary shooting. With a sling shot such as I have described shooting number three or four size buckshot, small game such as rabbits may be hunted successfully. Buckshot of this size could formerly be bought at hardware stores but since loading one's own shot gun shells has gone out of fashion this shot is hard to purchase. A small bullet mould for the round balls of this size may be purchased for about seventy-five cents and with it you can have the fun of making your own ammunition. For this you may melt up old shaving cream tubes, tin foil or any other soft metal obtainable. Whether the bullet is hard or soft does not matter as with rifle bullets, and the variation in weight will not be material. You will need just a few of these heavy bullets. It is well to practice with them enough so that you can shoot accurately. If you live where there are venomous snakes, a well directed buckshot will be all that is needed. Do not attempt to use small gravel stones as ammunition. They are uneven in size and weight. Not being perfectly round they will not fly straight and one cannot do good shooting with imperfect ammunition.

If you want to scare cats away from your birds purchase a few torpedoes which are sold for July Fourth. These were formerly made in cylinders which were difficult to shoot. Last season I bought them made perfectly round. A torpedo has for



Bakelite spool, strong, trouble-proof, securely anchored on nickel steel shaft, weighs only 1 ounce. Large arbor.

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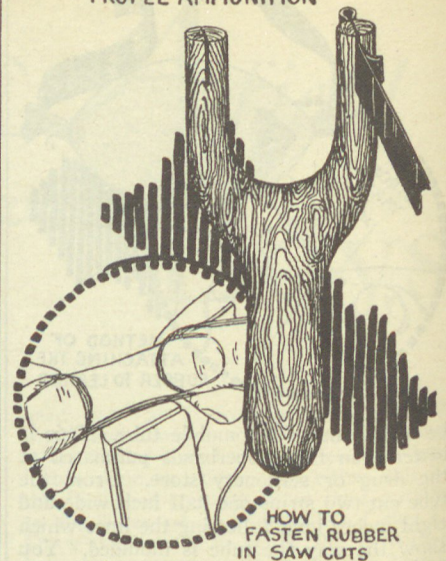
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its center a paper cap with an explosive which detonates upon impact. About this are small bits of gravel. If you hit a marauding cat with a torpedo it not only gets the impact, but the tiny bits of gravel are driven by the explosive and the noise is so terrifying that it will not invite another such a scare. A torpedo exploded on the ground near a dog that is chasing your automobile will teach him better manners. In shooting torpedoes it is well to shoot through the crotch higher than the sides. This may be done by lowering the leather below the line of flight, thus throwing the torpedo above the crotch. It will travel in a wider arc and is more difficult to shoot. You will however avoid the danger incident to having it strike the crotch and burst. In taking aim follow the line drawn through the leather passing a point midway between the uprights to your target.

Keep both eyes open when you aim and draw the rubbers back the same distance for every shot. This assures approximately the same velocity and trajectory. You will find that you will have to be very careful in judging distance which will come with practice. You should begin with a stationary target. When shooting into dry ground the puffs of dirt will indicate just where you are shooting. A mark in the water is equally good for this purpose. There is another advantage over shooting a gun. If you have sharp eyes and are shooting in a good light you will be able to follow the flight of the shot through the air.

After you have become able to hit a target get one of your friends to throw a tin can into the air for you. At first have the can thrown as nearly the same height and distance as possible. It will be easiest to hit when it reaches the top of its flight. It seems to hesitate just a bit before it starts downward. When you are able to hit it consistently in an easy flight, have it thrown at more difficult angles.

By increasing the size of the crotch and the length and width of the rubbers, you can make a weapon much more powerful than the one I have described. This however is about the right size and power for general target practice and to put in your fishing kit for protection against such predatory animals as you may chance to meet when afishing. If the fish do not strike and you are hungry for meat to cook over your campfire, with the sling shot you can quickly get enough frogs' legs to supply the place of the fish that got away.

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Send me, postpaid, ... beautiful Walton Radiator Emblems.

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The Vanished People

(Continued from page 19)

fated that he and Dian should part. Circumstance was against them: conditions that might have kept him in the Moss Country, a happy exile, no longer held. And surely Adam's foolish heart could not prevail over Doctor Weismann's wisdom.

He was still brooding when Belgrade's voice gently broke the silence. "Well, here they come."

Adam whirled. "Who?"

"It's true, after all. I was wrong. But why should they pick the ten days that we are here? I still can't believe it is coincidence. There must be a reason."

He pointed up the river. Following the blood-trail of the wounded Strong Spear came a long file of human figures. There were easily five hundred of them; their line seemed to stretch to the horizon. At the first glance of them Adam knew that the tribal legends were true, that the Neanderthal race was not extinct but had survived in the remote valleys of the Moss Country, and the war that began beside the Somme "in the dim red dawn of man" was not yet ended.

The front man in the file was perhaps half a mile away. Even at this distance Adam could see that he was no such man as dwells upon the charted earth today. He seemed to be short, heavily built, and he moved with a curious bent-knee shuffle not unlike the upright gait of the anthropoid apes. Yet he was not an ape. He was a man, with man's use of tools, and the dim gleam of man's mind. Otherwise he would not wear furs nor carry weapons.

"This is the greatest moment of my life," Belgrade breathed.

His eyes were shining. Adam had not dreamed that he was capable of such intense emotion. "It's worth a life of exile, just to see it."

"So it is . . . indeed it is."

He had taken his binoculars from the seaplane, and in a burst of generosity, handed them to Adam for a first close inspection of the foe. The powerful glasses brought the file-leader within ninety yards, a magical bridging of distance that seemed to have symbolical meaning.

For several decades scientists have seen the Neanderthal men, but only at an immense distance—minute figures, moving beside the ice-fields of the Fourth Glacier Age. They could behold their shuffling walk—the bone-structure of a few broken skeletons conveyed this fact—and they knew their general build, but they could see their faces only as a dim shadow, half imagined. But now the barrier of distance was removed. Just as the binoculars now conquered space, Belgrade's airplane, another marvel of science, had conquered time. Adam and Belgrade, of the Age of Electricity, had been transported to the Glacier Age, to the wild glory of the Age of Mammals, where the splendid Cro-Magnon and the darkened Neanderthal fought their savage wars.

Adam could understand, now, the horror with which the beauty-loving tribesmen regarded their ancestral enemies. Through the lens the Neanderthal chief appeared a strange, inhuman being. He was not much more than five feet tall, but heavily boned, massively muscled, and no doubt strong as a gorilla. The only European type which in any way resembled him was an occasional deep-water Finn, such as Adam had seen on the docks of Sydney—short, weak of leg, but mighty of arm and shoulder

due to a life-time spent at the oars. Yet even this resemblance was superficial in the extreme. Actually the Neanderthal was of a breed apart, a race of men so different from modern men that a layman could hardly recognize their kinship.

He could not stand fully erect. In the first place, his legs were ever bent at the knees, as though the weight of his torso was almost more than they could support. This fact accounted for his ape-like shuffle and seemed to indicate a brute inheritance shadowing him still. In the second place, his head did not set on his shoulders like a crown, but was thrust forward.

The head itself was tragically different from the splendid temple of the Cro-Magnon. Its most marked features were, first, the large bony ridge over his eyes, from which his skull sloped swiftly back, and second, the prognathous powerful jaws. It was a large head, possibly full of cunning, but its gorilla-like shape could not help but give a brutish expression to his countenance. His hair seemed to be gray or black, long and matted about the shoulders.

He belonged to one of the lowest races of human-kind. Although his intelligence was far greater than the highest apes', he was still far below such brutish people as the African bushmen and the New Zealand Maori. As yet he had never felt the slightest urge toward beauty—he kenned it not at all, and it was utterly beyond his bourne—consequently it had never been bred into his face. The process of sexual selection which, had he desired, would have refined his features and given him at least the smooth comeliness of an African savage, had operated only toward practical ends. He was created a cold-weather creature, with natural protection against wind and snow, and he had not been inspired to cast it off for the sake of appearance. Therefore his skin was not naked and smooth, but covered all over with short, close hair, grayish black in color and somewhat heavier than that seen on the great apes.

It was no doubt a great comfort to these wild hunters, and perhaps they were not intelligent enough to shift without it, yet it exacted a heavy penalty in their relations with other races. The rough dress gave them a horrible, grisly appearance. No wonder the Cro-Magnons held them in abhorrence, and that the name ogre has its present meaning in European legend.

Evidently their hairy skins did not give them complete protection against cold. All the men wore a smock-shaped garment of fur. Further proof of their elevation above the beast was shown in their weapons—axes of flint, flint-tipped spears, and leather slings.

These killers were coming down upon the village. They meant to wipe out the Cro-Magnon people, root and branch; to crush their skulls with stone axes and seize their hunting grounds. Yet Adam's first emotion, when he saw them shuffling nigh, was not hate and fear, but wonder and pity.

They were the first men. Only yesterday had they walked on all fours; even now their knees were bent, and their heads not yet lifted to the sky. They were human beings, but the gleam that made them human was no more than a faint spark in the brute darkness of their souls. They were the blind beginning, the first upward striving, the thin gray light of dawn on the eastern hills.

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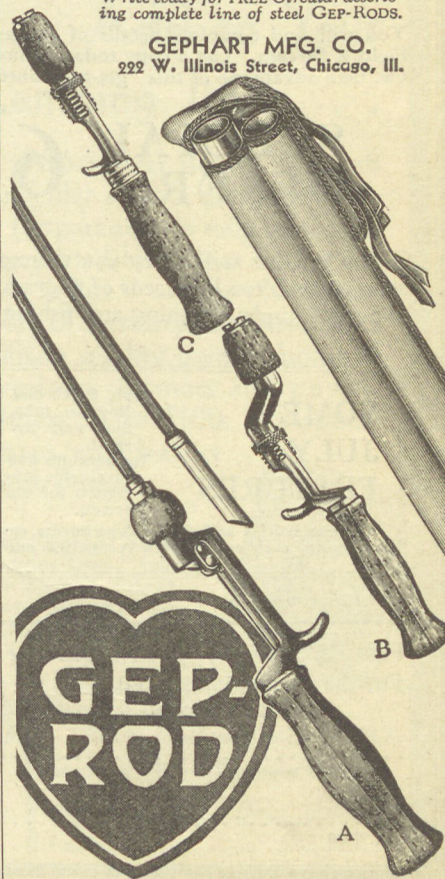
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They were not capable of right and wrong in the modern sense. To kill off the Cro-Magnons seemed to them a noble undertaking; then they could hunt where they liked and their tribe could increase. They were obeying an instinct to conquest which is the prime motive of all life, the urge to all greatness. If Adam's ancestors had not possessed this urge to a higher degree than other created beings, they never could have conquered the earth, nor reached an eminence from which they themselves could see the difference between right and wrong.

The Neanderthal race had had a particularly tragic history, making Adam pity them all the more. They were the first men, and all human conquest dated from them, yet their children had been driven from their inheritance and their bones strewn far. Unlike the Cro-Magnons, they had left no wonderful paintings to tell the story of their wild lives, and there was no proven trace of their blood in any European or Asiatic race. As far as the world knew, they had utterly vanished from beneath the sky.

It was natural and fitting that the Cro-Magnons should hate and fear these brutes. They had been enemies since time immemorial. But Doctor Weismann was far removed from the carnage by the Ice, and could behold them in the true scientific spirit. Out of that spirit rose wonder and pity.

"We'd better move back," Adam said at last. "We don't want to run the risk of 'em cutting us off."

"They're not swift of foot. However, we won't take a chance: they'd mash our bones to a paste with their big flints."

"Perhaps so. However, they'd see at once that we aren't Cro-Magnons—from our clothes and appearance—and they might be afraid to tackle us."

"I wouldn't like to trust 'em. Of course if they'd give us time, we might be able to persuade them that we are divine beings." Belgrade began to jog toward the Cro-Magnon lines. "By the way, Weismann: I suppose you'll have a good deal to do with the coming fight, won't you?"

Adam jogged along beside him. "Quite a little, I think."

"It's natural you would. You are young, and love excitement. I want to suggest that you do everything you can to prevent heavy loss of life. Not only on the Cro-Magnon side, but the Neanderthal, too."

Adam made a quick scrutiny of the keen, dark face. "You've changed your tune, haven't you, Belgrade? I thought you said human life has no value."

"Absurd! I didn't say that. I said that no one life, save perhaps an unusual one like yours or mine, has any value. My point is, that a pitched battle between these two tribes would practically wipe out both races, a serious loss to science."

"It's a little different viewpoint than you had before, just the same."

"I won't deny it. I suppose I am not above feeling a certain amount of sentiment for our charges. Since I am engaged in an idiotic conspiracy to conceal their existence and thus protect them from the outside world, I might as well go the whole hog and try to protect them from each other. If we put our minds on the problem, we may see a way to scare the invaders away before much damage is done."

"We'll certainly do so if we can. We're in complete agreement, Professor Belgrade."

Glancing back, they saw the Neanderthals swarming over the river bank. They had now discovered the seaplane, and were pointing at it and exclaiming over it in great excitement. And now both scientists

stopped in their tracks and stared. Instead of giving the plane a wide berth, as an unfamiliar and fearful object, they approached with solemn tread and grouped themselves in a semicircle facing it. Like clumsy bears, every man kneeled down and touched his forehead to the ground.

"They're worshipping it!" Adam exclaimed.

"Yes, and that clears up the last mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"I told you that their raid at this particular time was not coincidence, but a matter of cause and effect. They have been planning it for years, but after the demonistic customs of primitive peoples, they have been waiting for some sort of a sign before they dared undertake it. When we flew down the coast ten days ago, over their country, some of them saw the plane go by. What is more natural than that they should think it was a god, leading them to battle?"

XXII

When the Neanderthals had finished their prostrations to the plane they began to roam through the village looking for food. This they took as it came—dog-meat, dried fish, and water-root—chewing it with a powerful sweeping motion of their massive jaws. They did not take time to cook the meat. Quite possibly they did not ken fire. Their immediate hunger satisfied, they began to gather in the village road, ready for the coming battle.

It was not necessary for them to make camp. They had nothing to make it of, or to put in it. Apparently they had never learned to catch wolf-cubs and tame them as hunting companions and guards of their rude stations, so they had no dogs to chain, or no other equipment except their weapons. Apparently they were accustomed to roaming about the country, eating what they foraged, and sleeping huddled together in caves.

Like gray apes they thronged the village road. Mostly they were silent, but occasionally they uttered queer guttural cries, and the sound carried as a low murmur to the watchers on the hill. As they began to move in the direction of the temple they saw the bronze gong, and a great number of them crowded around to look at it.

They smelled it, felt it, and shook their heads with misgivings. They possessed no metals of their own: naturally they thought it was magic of high order. The chief now picked up the flint hammer, and after scrutinizing it carefully and testing all his senses upon it, looked around for some use to put it to. In a flash of inspiration, he tapped it against the metal gong.

The low note startled him, and he dropped the hammer. But he picked it up immediately, and tried again. Delighted by the deep tones, he was soon smiting the gong with all his might, bringing forth a deafening clamor that carried for miles into the tundra and echoed between the hills. In all the history of the tribe, the gong had never spoken so loud. The truth was, no Cro-Magnon that ever lived could put such power into his blow. The Neanderthal arm was strong as a chimpanzee's.

The men seemed greatly pleased, but they did not laugh. Perhaps they did not know how—laughter is no cheap gift, but one of the attributes of immortality, the higher faculties of the soul. Presently the chief broke the handle of the stone hammer, and led his men in search of other amusement.

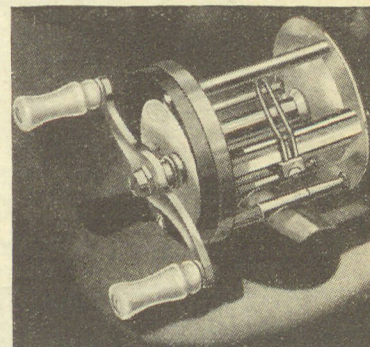
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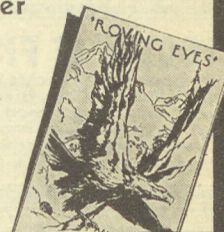
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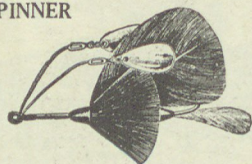
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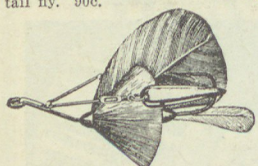
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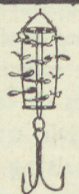
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igloos, small structures suggestive of their grottos and caves where they spent the winters, but they had never imagined a lair as big as this. Soon their numbers gave them courage, and they began to push through the door.

Exactly what occurred under the great domed roof, Adam was never to know. Watching through binoculars, he saw a considerable tumult at the temple door, followed by the reappearance of the invaders. They came out hurriedly, glancing uneasily behind them. He assumed that the air of mystery in the temple, the ivory tripod and the leaping flame that cast such queer shadows on the ceiling and ran up and down the white whale-bone pillars, had awed their ghost-ridden souls. This was a good sign, he thought: if they could be intimidated so easily, he and Belgrade could surely find some way to scare them out of the village.

The chief now carried a weapon which Adam had not noticed before. It seemed to be a bronze-pointed spear of the Cro-Magnon type. "Jim-Hull, are there any weapons in the temple?" he asked his interpreter.

The half-breed jumped as though he had been shot. Adam looked at him in astonishment. "Yes, Tal-Eika. One man's weapons."

"Well, the Og-Ree chief has got 'em. I just saw him come out through the temple door, with a bronze-point spear in his hands."

Jim-Hull turned slowly gray. "You say—the Og-Ree went into the temple?"

"Yes. What's frightened you so, Jim-Hull?"

"And you say, Tal-Eika, that they came out with one of our spears?"

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid. It may be the Ice will rise and cover the villages. Some one must go and see."

"I don't quite follow you, Jim-Hull. If any man goes down there, he'll be killed."

"Not if he crawls between the huts. Some one must try it, anyway. Tal-Eika, let Jim-Hull be the one."

"You are afraid they've harmed some of the sacred objects in the temple?"

"Yes, but there still may be a chance to save them, and turn aside the anger of the gods. Some one must go and see, and bring word to Dian. It would not be fitting for me, of *Ug Paddrin*, to stand guard over the First Fire, but I can bring word if another guard is needed."

Adam did not fully understand the situation, but perceived it had to do with the religious customs of the tribe, and because Jim-Hull was so tragically in earnest, he was allowed to go. "Be ready to run, if the Og-Ree catch sight of you," Adam warned.

Jim-Hull's face flamed, and at once he disappeared from sight. Under cover of the swales he made his way down the hill to his own igloo. Here he procured a bronze kettle, and when Adam caught sight of him again he was just entering the temple.

Just inside the door lay Sea-Hawk, the stalwart son of Strong-Spear, his skull broken to bits by the stone axes of the Og-Ree. Even in death he had remained faithful to his charge: the awestruck foe had not dared to step over his body to pilage the altar beyond. Moreover, he had collected his own blood debt before he departed. No less than three of the invaders slept at his side.

Although they had conquered him by weight of numbers, the fight he made must have awed the Og-Ree. They had never seen religious zeal before, and did not know how it will often lend the devotee the strength of ten. Plainly the temple-god

was angry at their invasion of the haunted place, and if they persisted, he would surely heap trouble upon them.

They had crept away. The First Fire still leaped from the stone lamp, the symbol of man's leaping, undying spirit. But it would soon go out, unless tended. The oil was almost gone.

The very sight of it was forbidden to Jim-Hull, and chilled the blood in his veins, but he steeled himself and crept past the terrible dead. Quaking and aghast he stood at last by the tripod altar. Still he did not break. He was not a chief, only *Ug Paddrin*, yet the high gods had appointed him to carry on Sea-Hawk's work. In his hands, he thought, lay the preservation of the temple.

He was afraid to the marrow of his bones of the shadow and mystery of this forbidden room. Yet his hand held steady as he emptied the contents of his kettle into the stone lamp. The First Fire leaped with renewed life.

In the meantime, the Cro-Magnons got ready for the coming battle. At Adam's orders, they formed a long line on the crest of the hill. When he gave the word they were to loose their arrows on the advancing foe.

He would not give this word until the enemy was in easy range. If his men held steady and shot with their tried skill, they might pick off so many of the foe that the rest would retreat. However, he still cherished the deep hope that the fight would never reach this stage. It would be too late, then, to prevent heavy loss of life on both sides.

The bow is not a long-range weapon. Its maximum efficiency is about a hundred yards. At such close quarters, the Neanderthals could get into action themselves. They had no bows, but according to tribal legend, they could hurl stones from their leathern slings with deadly accuracy and force. Even if they did not succeed in killing a great number of the defenders, they would likely destroy the archer's aim, and in all probability, sweep on up the hill. The rest would be hand-to-hand fighting, red slaughter, and the horrible chance of defeat for Cro-Magnon arms. The Neanderthals were strong as gorillas, tough, and hard to kill. In their great, stiff hands their flint battle-axes were formidable weapons; besides they would outnumber the defenders almost two to one. Certainly such a battle could not end save with the annihilation of one tribe or the other.

Could Adam prevent this disaster? The answer partly depended on Belgrade's rifle. If necessary the Slav intended to open fire on the Neanderthals when they were still out of the arrow range, pick off their leaders one with each bullet, and perhaps by the exercise of this dread magic intimidate the rest. A dozen lives would be a cheap price to stop the charge. Yet if everything went well, and Adam's own plan of defense proved successful, even this loss might be prevented.

He would soon know. The enemy line was forming at the base of the hill. "You must draw back now, with the women," he whispered to the pale girl beside him. "The stones will be flying in a moment."

"And lose that last moment with my Tall One?" Dian answered. "If he is killed by the stones where is the victory for me? But I will draw back until I am needed, and then I will come, with the strong women behind me, each with her skinning-knife in her hand as in the days of Dian Larone."

She crept away; Adam watched the slow advance of the enemy line. The Neanderthals trudged silently up the hill. Their heads thrusting forward, their bent knees,

and their hairy skins filled the Cro-Magnons with loathing. Yet they were a formidable foe. For all their shuffling walk they moved with the heavy power of grizzly bears.

In a moment more they would be in arrow range. If he were to drive them back without heavy bloodshed on both sides he must act now. He stood up and let out his voice in a ringing command.

"Deeva, muga deeva!"

Instantly every brave echoed the cry. "Deeva, deeva, muga deeva." At their feet the white wolf-dogs had been crouching, beryl-eyed, trembling. When their masters gave the immemorial command their lean bodies stretched out and they cleared the hillcrest like cavalry horses, in a long white line. Then they poured down the slope toward the foe.

Adam would never forget this scene. At first the charging brutes suggested the white foam of a tidal wave, sweeping the hillside. But as the contour of the hill made their courses converge, they massed up into a living avalanche. There were nearly a thousand dogs in that baying hell-hound pack, and as they catapulted down they roared like an avalanche itself.

"Deeva, deeva, muga deeva!" (Go in! Go in! Dogs, go in!) the tribesmen yelled. Only one thing they missed—the wild stabbing charge behind their dogs, as when Zwei-Tag comes to bay in the tundra. If Adam had spoken one word they would have been over the hillcrest with a yell.

Perhaps he was making a mistake not to speak the word. Perhaps in his desire to prevent a massacre, he had put Dian and the whole tribe in jeopardy. The dogs could not fight well alone. To hold their courage and call up the green-eyed ferocity of their wolf hearts they needed the support of their masters, the encouragement of human voices and the contagion of human fury. The dogs had never attacked game like this before. And the cries of *Deeva, deeva* from the hill rang ever more faintly in their ears.

Yet they were terrible to meet and face. They came in long bounds, hair erect, fangs gleaming, throats throbbing as their deep lupine bays crashed over the hillside. At first the Neanderthals could not seem to understand what was happening.

True, they had known the white wolves of old. Often had they met them in the valleys between their far hills, and fought them to a standstill, and they had striven together for mastery of the Wild since their race began. But they had never tamed them, and to see them obey the foes' shouts and take sides in the battle made their hearts quail. It looked like voodoo of the blackest kind.

But the old, long-haired, Neanderthal chieftain was not beaten yet. He grasped the situation, and began to rally his men. "Hoo, hoo!" he cried. Instantly his followers began to run in toward him. "Hoo, hoo, hoo," they were echoing—a strange deep-chested croak that Adam would hear in his dreams.

What did this sound mean? It was not a word, strictly speaking, but a call such as wild animals utter. To all appearances the Neanderthals had no language other than a few cries and signs. Adam felt deep awe stealing over him—so dark were these beginnings of man's present glory—yet he had learned nothing that he did not already know. Dian had told him that the Og-Ree were silent, like beasts. Besides, he had read scientific opinion to the effect that the Neanderthal skulls found in Mauserian gravels could never have contained the articulate tongue of modern man. "Hoo, hoo" was probably a signal

to assemble, perhaps merely a call of fear and distress.

The Og-Ree responded as they had learned to do in the hunting-field. Only by a united front could they stand off the white devils of the tundra. If they had kept their line, a ring of wolves would surround each man, and from that ring of death there could be no escape. And they were none too soon: the men at the ends of the line were all but cut off, and sharp fangs slashed at their sides and hips as they came to bay.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," the Og-Ree wailed. But now they were fighting stubbornly with stones and flint axes. The pack swept around them in a lunging, clamoring circle. They seemed reluctant to close in. They missed the support of their masters. If the Cro-Magnons were behind them now they might have torn down the prey in one slaving rush, but they could no longer hear the cries of "*Deeva, deeva*," from the hillcrest, and this hairy, stone-hurling foe was terrible to face.

The Og-Ree were snatching up stones and hurling them with frightful power. When a dog was struck he fell kicking, his skull or his ribs caved in. The Og-Ree were not using their slings at this close range, but their long-muscled arms were strong and accurate enough.

No wonder the untrained younger animals began to slink away. The hail of stones, the howls and shrieks of their stricken comrades, and perhaps the aspect of their prey—two-legged figures, not unlike their own masters, whom they had been taught as cubs to venerate and fear—was too much for them. At last only the gaunt old team-leaders were left, perhaps three hundred green-eyed devils ready to fight to the last for the word that had past. And they were a sinister band. The Og-Ree could not find stones fast enough to kill them, and at every opportunity they rushed in, slashed, and rushed away.

The fight was hot. The hill rang with the clamor of the wolves, the shouts of the tribesmen, and the "*Hoo, hoo, hoo*" of the foe. The latter were steadily giving ground. Still in a close group, they were working down the hill, fighting as they went.

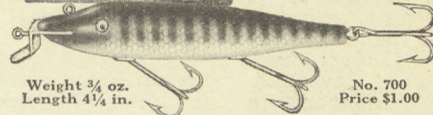
Their attempt to take the hill had definitely failed. All fight was slashed out of them for the time being. The tribesmen were cheering, convinced that their cause was won. To save further losses Adam gave the order to call in the dogs.

Adam did not join in the jubilee that followed. The cheers of his men and the flame on Dian's face made him uncomfortable. He was not at all satisfied with the outcome of the skirmish. Instead of winning a decisive victory for his allies and vindicating the trust Dian had put in him, it might turn out that he had thrown away his opportunities.

It was true that the Og-Ree had retreated. If they would now give up the siege and go back to their camps beyond the rivers, all would be well, at least for another year. But if he had only aroused their fury—and the fury of these hairy brute-men would be no small thing—there was serious trouble to come. The tribe's danger was greater than ever: they had lost a considerable portion of their dogs, and those that returned alive had been cowed by the hail of stones and would be of little use in a second battle. On the other hand, the Og-Ree had not lost a single man. Instead of crawling away half alive to their distant stations, they had retired in good order, and Adam felt that they were already planning a second attack. TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



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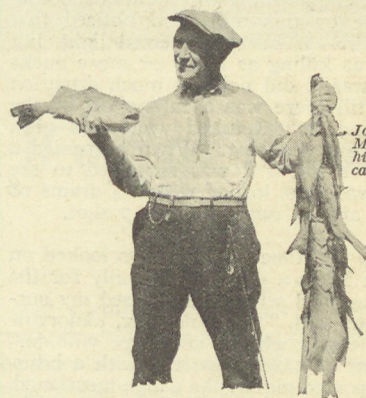
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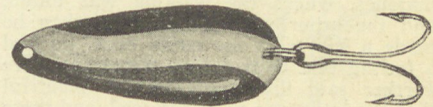


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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod

Gun Editor Outdoor America

The 20 Gauge Gun

DURING the past ten years the demand for this gauge has increased to such an extent that the Remington Arms Co. has seen fit to bring out a 20 gauge automatic, a gun which the hunters have been crying for.

When sportsmen first turned to the 20 gauge, the idea was to have a gun that was considerably lighter than the 12, and at the same time a gun which was a little more "sporty."

For a number of years we were satisfied with a load which was of the right proportion as compared to the larger bores, and the results obtained in the field were satisfactory, for it was not expected that the smaller bore would be as effective as the 12. We used the 20 for upland game, and reserved the 12 for ducks and geese, though even as far back as thirty years ago some of the 20 bore enthusiasts laid aside their 10's and 12's, shooting nothing but the small gun at all kinds of game, with astonishing results.

In 1897 I was a guest at a famous ducking ground near San Antonio, Texas, and while there met Mr. Gus Critzer, who was a sure enough gun crank.

Bluebills were coming over a dam thick and fast one morning when I was shooting alongside of this man, and noticed that the reports of his gun seemed light, but as he was killing as many or more ducks than I was, I did not pay much attention to this till there was a falling off of the flight, and then I asked what sort of a load he was shooting. When he passed a shell over to me I was surprised to see that it was a 20, loaded with $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams of powder and $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce of No. 7 shot.

UP to this time I had always looked on the 20 as a gun suitable only for the small boy, and when I expressed my surprise, Gus said, "That's nothing, tomorrow I'll show you what a 28 gauge will do." The next day Gus appeared with a beautiful imported gun of the gauge mentioned, and I believe that he killed as many ducks as he did the day before. Of course all our shots were close, for the ducks were pitching over a dam into fresh water.

Both of Critzer's guns were built in the proper proportions, weighing under six pounds. When I asked him why he had taken up the small bores, he said that he had two reasons, the first was to lighten his burden when shooting snipe in the marshes, where the walking was tough, and the other reason was that when he made a kill with the small bore, he had a feeling that he had done something. He further said that game was so plentiful that the limit was soon obtained, and there was nothing to do the rest of the day, so he thought he could prolong the time by using a small bore gun, but he soon found that he was scoring as many hits on quail and snipe as he had with the 12, so he started shooting ducks with the 20, and as the shots were at short distances he was bagging as many as usual, so he decided he would try a 28 gauge.

He said, "While I am killing lots of ducks with the 28, I am not doing so well on snipe and quail."



I was one of the first of the St. Louis gunners to try out the 20, and have practically laid the 12 gauge aside for field shooting, but I have confined myself to 20 gauge loads, i.e. $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams powder and $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce of shot, except when shooting at high flying ducks.

I can see no reason for any one shooting a 20 gauge gun weighing over seven pounds, and insisting on a 16 gauge load, i.e. $2\frac{1}{2}$ or even $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams of powder and 1 ounce of shot. Why not stick to the old 12?

I know men, who, for years, shot no heavier load in a 12 gauge gun than 1 ounce of shot, who now demand that load for their 20.

Some time ago I read an article in one of the sporting papers, on the 20, where the writer states that he was very much dissatisfied with the 20, and the regular factory load, stating further, that at 40 yards he failed to bag his quail. Now 40 yards is not a close shot at any kind of game, with any size gun or load, and a bird the size of a quail is getting rather small at that distance. I wonder if the writer of this article gave a thought to the fact that "The man behind the gun" cuts quite a figure in the shooting game.

THERE is another fact that enters into the shooting of the small bore, and that is the size of shot, for it is a well known and established fact that the small bores do not make a very good pattern with large shot, still there are some hunters who must have their 20 gauge duck shells loaded with No. 4 shot, and then

blame the gun because they do not kill every duck they think they shoot at.

I have done quite a bit of experimenting with 20 gauge loads, with the result that I was not getting a good pattern with any shot larger than No. 7, and I really prefer $7\frac{1}{2}$ for ducks, and 9's for quail, dove and snipe.

When ducks are not decoying well or when shooting in a pass, I *do* use the Super X $7\frac{1}{2}$'s, but as a rule prefer the lighter load, $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams powder and $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce of shot, and I find that if I hold right I'll bag my game, for experience has taught me that hitting a bird is largely a matter of shooting at it.

This reminds me of an instance which occurred at Monroe, Louisiana, during a trap shooting tournament. Among the local shooters there was a rank beginner who was not breaking enough targets to fill his hat, and in consequence was very much disgusted with his poor showing. Finally he approached "Hank" Borden, a professional, who was breaking about 98%, and who had imbibed just enough to make him funny. Says this novice, "Mr. Borden, please tell me why I don't break more of these targets." Borden replied, "Did you ever try shooting at them?"

That's the trouble with a lot of us. We don't shoot *at* our game, we just seem to shoot because our gun is loaded, and it's our turn. No matter what gauge one is shooting, a ten, twelve or twenty, if a decent bag is expected one must "hold on," or in the words of Borden shoot *at* the bird he wishes to bring to bag.

One advantage I have noticed that the 20 has over the 12, is that I have fewer birds which do not drop. I either drop my bird or score a clean miss.

Several years ago one of our well known gun makers published a comparative chart of the different gauges, showing that the 20 bore had a killing circle of 19 inches

(Continued on page 56)



"Bluebills were coming over thick and fast one morning—"
Photograph by Harry Thompson, Lake Andes, S. D.



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THE best ammunition alone will not make a champion out of an average shooter—but the extreme accuracy of **WESTERN Lubaloy .22's** will help to improve your shooting, whether you're a tyro or an expert. When you pull the trigger on these cartridges that have been used in winning many important rifle matches, you know your bullet is going *straight to the mark!* You know it's going to hit and hit *hard!* And you also have the satis-

faction of knowing that **Lubaloy .22's** won't rust your gun. **WESTERN's** special non-corrosive priming and smokeless powder keep the bore as bright and clean as new. Gun cleaning is a thing of the past.

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ALEC MERMOD, *Outdoor America's* Gun Editor, a veteran hunter and trapshooter, sold and used Lefevers for years, broke every one of his first string of targets with a new Lefever trap gun, likes Lefevers so much he said "You ought to sell a million of these Lefevers".

"Who ever saw a broken Lefever?"

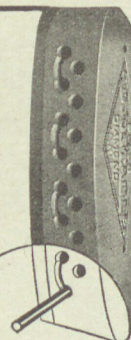
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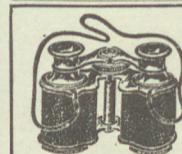
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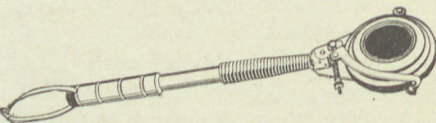
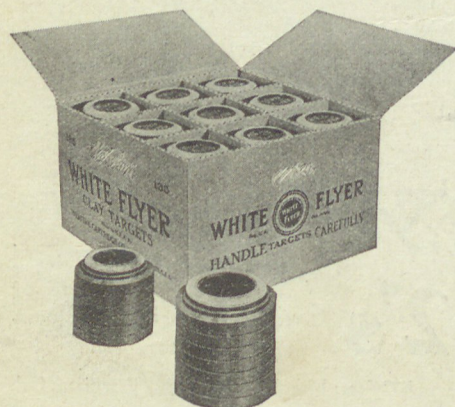
A. F. STOEGER, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

The Gun Cabinet

Mention will be made from time to time in this column of new firearms, ammunition and other articles of interest to the lovers of gun and dog. Where it is possible the Gun Editor will give each rifle, pistol or shotgun a thorough tryout and will express his personal opinion and experience. He has no axe to grind other than to give to our readers the benefit of his knowledge obtained by his many years in the field. The address of the firms making the various articles can be secured through OUTDOOR AMERICA.—Editor.

A HANDY COMBINATION OF HAND TRAP AND TARGETS

This combination of a hand trap and a convenient package of targets, is filling a long felt want, for it will enable the casual shooter, who does not always find it convenient to go to the gun club on shooting



days, to still indulge in the fascinating sport of "busting" a few clay targets, when driving out with the family.

Heretofore we had hand traps, but, up to a short time ago all targets came packed in barrels, which were inconvenient to handle, and it was a nuisance to be obliged to dig into this barrel for a few targets to take out in the machine.

This new carton containing 135 targets is strong enough to protect the targets from breakage and at the same time is compact and easy to handle, for it is about 13 inches square and 9 inches high. The carton is divided into cells which will prevent breakage of the remaining targets if the box has not been entirely emptied.

The hand trap is small enough to be carried in an ordinary hand bag, and only weighs 11 ounces, and is fitted with the manufacturer's standard carrier.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

(Continued from page 54)

against seventeen inches for the twelve.

This statement is in keeping with my personal experience, the contention being that many of the pellets from a 12 gauge load have lost their velocity, consequently are outside the killing circle, while a large percentage of the pellets in a 20 gauge load are within the circle.

I have known many hunters who seemed to be satisfied with the fact that they had hit the bird even though it was not grassed, saying, "Well, I hit that bird, anyway."

Several attempts have been made to popularize the 20 gauge for trap shooting, but the idea has not met with the approval of the trap shooting fraternity.

In 1909 some of the Kansas City shooters organized a 20 gauge gun club where live pigeons were used, but after a few months the club was disbanded.

I would like to see the 20 gauge standardized for trap shooting, for I believe such a move would stimulate the game which has grown monotonous.

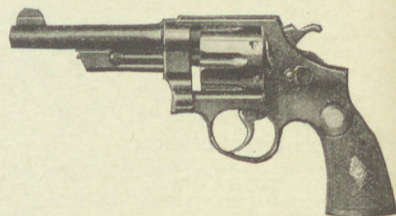
Of course the scores would be lower than they are today, and long runs would be a thing of the past, but a straight score made once in a while would create excitement and be worth while.

The trap shooting game is now hard to beat, for as the late Fred Gilbert aptly expressed it, "If you break 'em all you're tied, and if you lose one you're beat."

I recall the last Missouri State Shoot in which I participated as an amateur, breaking 99%, and dividing 3rd average with Billie Wetleaf. One man broke the entire program, 200 straight, another broke 199, and two of us 198, and only pulled down \$2.20 more than our entrance fees.

Remington's move in bringing out a 20 gauge automatic will create an increased demand for the small bore, and I venture to say that the next ten years will show a decided falling off in the demand for the larger gauges.

A NEW REVOLVER



The insistent demand for a 38 caliber revolver made on a heavier frame has induced the manufacturers to build such an arm to meet the demand, and I believe that this new 38-44 will be very popular with the pistol cranks, and it should be especially pleasing to police officers.

This new revolver is made with the reinforced barrel which gives added strength to the extractor rod and carries the center of weight farther forward.

Another feature is a safety hammer block which will prevent accidental discharges should the hammer be struck. Another item which will please the cranks, is that this arm will be finished in a bright blue polish instead of the dull finish adopted since the war.

Specifications

At present this gun will be furnished with a five inch barrel only. The sights are fixed, square Partridge type, and the distance between them is 6 1/2 inches. Weight 45 ounces. Stocks of Circassian walnut, finely checked.

Ask Alec Mermod

your gun and ammunition questions.

Enclose self addressed stamped envelope.

BULK AND DENSE POWDERS

Why are some powders called "Bulk" and others "Dense"? What is the difference?

Bulk powder is a term applied to that type of smokeless powder which measures bulk for bulk with black powder, for instance, the old black powder measure held by actual weight, say, three drams, and is used to portion out the bulk smokeless, though the latter does not weigh three drams.

Dupont, Dead Shot, Schultze and E. C. are all bulk powders, the base of which is cotton, while that of the dense powders is cellulose, a load of this powder equal in strength to three drams of black powder will only about half fill a three dram measure. Infalible and Ballistite are the two dense powders most popular in America.

SOFT SHOT OR CHILLED?

A friend advises me to have my shotgun shells loaded with soft shot instead of chilled, stating that soft shot is more effective. Is this true? Do you advise the use of soft shot?

In a way your friend is right, no doubt basing his opinion on the fact that soft shot pellets owing to friction, are worn out of shape, and when these misshapen pellets enter the body of a bird they act like a soft point rifle bullet, and cause more of a shock.

There are several reasons why I do not advocate the use of soft shot. 1st. Owing to the misshapen pellets which fly off at a tangent, the pattern is ragged. 2nd. Soft shot will lead a gun barrel much quicker than when chilled shot is used. 3rd. Owing to the ragged pellets of soft shot feathers are carried into the flesh of the bird, making the meat decidedly "messy."

LONG RANGE LOADS ON UPLAND GAME?

Do you advise the use of the so-called long range loads on upland game?

No: I think it is a mistake, for most shots at quail are under 25 yards, and when struck with one of these heavy loads the bird is badly shot up.

WHAT SIZE SHOT FOR DUCKS?

Do you think No. 2 shot is too heavy for ducks? What size do you advise?

Yes: For a 12 bore gun, my choice is size 6, and for a 20 gauge, I prefer size 7½.

SOLID BALL SHOTGUN CARTRIDGE

What has been your experience with the solid ball shotgun cartridge?

With a 12 gauge "pump" gun I have placed five consecutive shots in the head of a flour barrel at a distance of 100 yards. With a double barrel 20, I did not do so well.

DEER IN ARKANSAS

I have an invitation to join a party on a deer hunt in Arkansas. Do you advise taking a high power rifle, say, a Winchester 30/30, or my 12 gauge shotgun, using shells loaded with buck shot?

If you are simply after meat, you will probably do better with the buckshot, which to my notion is about as unsportsmanlike as "potting" a covey of quail on the ground. Were I going on this trip I would use a shotgun with shells loaded with a single ball, for, as a rule, all shots will be under a hundred yards.

HEART OR SHOULDER SHOT?

When shooting at a deer, at a distance of 100 yards, is it best to try for a heart or a shoulder shot?

If you are able to place your shot just where you want it, I advise the heart shot, because, in a shoulder shot good meat is often spoiled, but if you are not certain that you are going to place your bullet in the exact spot, I advise the shoulder shot, aiming a few inches below the tip of the shoulder, then you have a chance at the shoulder and clear down the leg.

MULE DEER OR BLACKTAIL?

Is the deer found in the Colorado Rockies a mule deer or a blacktail?

This deer is often called Blacktail, though it is really a Mule deer, so called on account of its long mule like ears.



EYES that gleam like fire in the shadows, then a sudden deadly spring! The game has no show—not a chance.

Foxes, wildcats, stray house cats, mink, weasels, hunt game the year round and will always do so unless you thin them out.

For this there's nothing better than an accurate .22 repeater like the Winchester 06. This most-effective slide action handles the three lengths of rim fires, the .22 short, long, and long rifle, interchangeably. This rifle is ideal also, for summer shooting. You can carry it back and forth in a car or take it along while walking in the woods.

Other handy Winchesters for this purpose are the Model 90 slide action, the Model 57 bolt action, and the .22 automatic Model 03. You will never regret the purchase of one of these Winchesters. FREE booklet on request.

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WINCHESTER



Camping

Where When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about how to camp, or about when and where. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

List of Provisions

Camping Department, Outdoor America.

My wife and I are planning a four month camping and hiking trip. We will take two donkeys to carry the supplies and plan to hike about 15 miles a day. Will you please send me a list of supplies that you think we should take? Also where I can obtain a balloon silk tent, and the price.

W. H. McEuen.

Tucson, Ariz.

During my timber cruising years, the following table of rations proved satisfactory, as a standard list from which to estimate amounts of food required by active men, on wilderness expeditions. (A ration is the amount allowed per day, for each person.) Two persons, in four months, would consume about 240 rations, so, at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per ration, your provisions, alone, will weigh close to 800 lbs. According to my—not considerable—experience with western burros, 150 lbs. is the maximum load they should be expected to carry on a non-stop trip of fifteen miles.

Such items as canned butter, powdered milk, and eggs, cheese, chocolate and jams are not mentioned. This because, in those days, most frontier traders stocked but few non-essentials. We used these semi-luxuries, when we could get them, conveniently, but total weight of daily ration was kept very close to the figures given below.

Timber Cruiser's Table of Rations

Item	Pounds
Flour	1.00
Cereals	.25
Baking Powder	.04
Smoked Bacon	.50
Smoked Ham	.15
Dry Salt Pork	.10
Navy Beans	.25
Wild Rice	.15
Sugar	.30
Coffee	.10
Tea	.02
Condensed Milk	.18
Dried Fruit	.20
Syrup	.10
Lard	.10
Salt, Pepper, Soap, Matches, Mustard, etc.	.16
Total	3.50

If the amount of cooking implied in this list is an objection, a suitable proportion of ready-cooked foods may be substituted. For instance: Half the flour might well be in the form of Hard Tack, or other biscuits; half the cereals in the least bulky of packaged "Breakfast Foods"; half the sugar in tinned jams and jellies; and dried beef, sausage, etc., may supplement the bacon and ham.

A very different list is the one used by a noted forester and his wife on their first vacation trip through the Superior National Forest. On their return, they assured me that they could think of no improvements on it. On the contrary, they made a number of copies of the original document, in order that their outdoor friends might profit by their experience and be saved the trouble of compiling one for themselves. What better recommendation could it have? It should be remembered, however, that these persons were light eaters; also that food fish were abundant and constituted an important part of the diet.

Provision list used by three persons on a ten-day canoe trip, where fresh fish could be caught at will:

Item	Pounds
Bacon	8.00
Ham	4.00
Salt Pork	.50
Shortening	1.00
Egg Powder	.50
Milk Powder	1.00
Butter	4.00
Cheese	2.00
Bouillon Cubes	.20
White Flour	5.00
Pancake Flour	1.50
Cornmeal	3.00
Bread	4.00
Bent's Water Crackers	2.00
Prunes—Dried	2.00
Apricots—Dried	3.00
Raisins	2.00
Dates	3.00
Navy Beans	1.00
Dried Potatoes	1.00
Dried Corn	1.00
String Beans	.50
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In all probability, your local Tent & Awning dealer can furnish a suitable tent. Under various, copyrighted trade names, the larger Sporting Goods Manufacturers, offer similar materials, treated to resist rain and mildew. As the price of cotton cloths fluctuates considerably, I hesitate to suggest present prices. Don't neglect to order a fly. An unprotected tent becomes unbearably hot when exposed to the summer sun.

M. G.

In the Winneshiek

Camping Department, Outdoor America.

Gentlemen:

I am contemplating a canoe and fishing trip in the Winneshiek bottoms, part of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge.

I would like to know where the best lakes and sloughs for fishing are located in the section from 50 to 100 miles north or south of Lansing, Iowa.

I would particularly like to obtain a map of this section which would show the main river, islands, sloughs and lakes in both Iowa and Wisconsin.

Carl W. Ihde.

Dubuque, Iowa.

If you are planning a canoe trip, I would suggest that you ship your canoe to Decorah, Iowa, and make the trip down the Upper Iowa River from there, which will bring you into the Mississippi just below New Albin, will take you through about one hundred miles of wild country, and is a beautiful trip. When you get down to the Mississippi you can go over to the east side, and just below Desota go into the Winneshiek Slough, which winds down through the Winneshiek Bottoms, and eventually you will strike the main channel of the river again just above Lynxville. Lynxville is a good base to work from to any of the fishing points, and there are any number of places that are good in season. Almost anywhere along Crooked Slough, on the rip-rap and at the inlets of the many sloughs that take off from it. Also from the many wing dams in the main channel. The fishing, of course, depends largely on the stage of water in the river. One of the best fishermen on the upper river lives at Lynxville, "Push" Vanderbilt.

You can get a detail map of any section of the Mississippi from the Mississippi River Commission at St. Louis, and I believe they come in about five-mile sections at 60c per sheet. They show all of the rivers, lakes, sloughs and the land back from the river for about a mile, also the contour lines, depth of the water along the channel, and in fact every detail.

Am sure you would enjoy the trip down the Upper Iowa, especially as it winds through a narrow valley with many perpendicular cliffs, and the bluffs are heavily timbered. The river has a moderately fast current, and you glide along without much effort. There are two dams below Decorah to portage around, but it is easy to get around them.

F. G. BELL.

NOTICE

This department cannot undertake to give detailed information on motor touring routes, stopping places, roads, etc. It is limited to the scope indicated by its title and shown by its contents. For touring information write to chambers of commerce or to the National Park Service at Washington.

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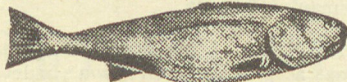
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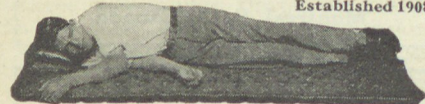


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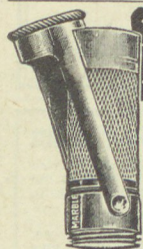
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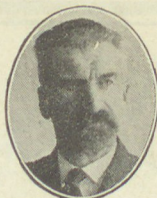
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Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods,

DEAR Waltonians:

It is now midday and a gentle rain that started about nine o'clock last night is still pattering soothingly on the tent roof. There being no wind, its unvarying purr had a delightfully soporific effect but I was reluctant to go to sleep last night lest total and long-continued unconsciousness render me oblivious to a peculiarly agreeable state of mind and body.

While lingering, drowsily, on the border of the Land of Nod, where fantasy and verity harmonize without quibbling, some helpful spirit suggested that I allow my left hand to overhang the bunk edge; then, when any of my nocturnal pets passed that way, their cold noses would rouse me to, at least, partial awareness of my blissful sensations. And that is just what occurred. Four times, before daybreak, either Mrs. Skunk or the flying squirrels nuzzled my pendent fingers and awoke me to further enjoyment of a real luxury.

LIKELY, I shall be accused of giving undue emphasis to an almost childishly simple pleasure. I care not. It is the continual succession of such simple experiences that makes my wilderness solitude so superlatively worth while. There is not the faintest doubt in my mind that I am obtaining more entertainment, here, than I ever got in town. One cannot have everything, anywhere; but in this sort of life, I find what I consider the maximum of human happiness, with the least possible admixture of misery, and my complete immunity from boredom is, in itself, priceless.

Of those apprehensive souls who question the wisdom of urging my readers to learn the fine art of lone camping, I ask: What other living conditions offer so much, for so little? Under what other circumstances can one expect to be rid of so many annoyances, irritations and perplexities, and, at the same time, build up physical and mental resistance to future ills?

But I am wasting, on banal generalities, valuable space I promised to devote to useful particulars. Let us continue last month's one-sided conversation on the sportsman's compass.

DISTRUST of the magnetic compass, as a practical, direction finder is much too common. This, I believe, is a serious matter that demands serious consideration. Everyone who ventures into uninhabited regions should carry a good compass and know enough about it to prove, at will, its fidelity, or else its temporary falsity. Too often, its seeming perfidy is chargeable, solely, to its owner's ignorance. Fortunately, a very little knowledge, if combined with a modicum of common sense, is sufficient to give anyone the necessary comprehension of the principles that govern it.

Ignoring, for the time being, all hair-splitting technicalities, let us take up the common causes of compass errors, and briefly describe simple methods for their prevention, or correction. First of all, one should know that the North Magnetic Pole is not situated at the True—or As-

tronomical—North Pole, and that it is only along the Agonic Line (or Line of no Variation) that the magnetic needle points "due north."

The Agonic Line follows a more or less irregular course east of south from the North Magnetic Pole, crosses the Canadian boundary near the middle of Lake Superior and intersects the Atlantic coast somewhere in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. (This is being written in camp, where I have no data to refer to.)

East of the Agonic Line, the magnetic needle points west of true north; west of it, it points east of north. These variations increase, roughly, with the distance. For instance: At Lake of the Woods, the compass needle points about ten degrees east of the North Star, and, on the British Columbia coast this east variation is more than twenty-five degrees. As the departure for one degree for one mile is thirty-five standard paces, and, for ten degrees, three hundred fifty paces, this matter of variation is well worth our consideration. The local variation may be ascertained by taking from different spots a number of careful compass sights on the North Star; but this is usually unnecessary, because it is given on most official maps. In any case, the nearest land surveyor can give this information.

OTHER factors that affect the needle's north-pointing accuracy are: electricity, metallic iron, and magnetic ores; therefore, unless adjustments are made to offset permanent attractions—such as the hulls of steel ships—the compass cannot be depended upon, while in close proximity to transmission wires, running motors, guns, knives, steel, belt buckles, etc., etc. But the distances at which these will affect your compasses should be thoroughly proven by personal test. There should be no guessing about it.

Such tests can easily be made by leveling the compass on an upturned box, about waist high, and noting the exact point on the dial at which the needle comes to rest. Then pass the various metallic articles—commonly carried on your outings—over, under and on each side of the instrument, and learn, definitely, whether your gun must be laid aside while a compass sight is being taken; whether your knife must be carried in a rear pocket and whether your pistol, belt axe, belt buckle, etc., when worn behind your hip bones, cause the needle of your hand-held compass to deviate from its normal position. Positive knowledge of such matters cannot fail to increase one's faith in his compasses, and, without such faith, they are merely excess baggage, or worse.

Throughout the Northwoods, magnetic ores are very common, so the sportsman should know how to detect their presence and counteract their influence. Sometimes the ore is only a boulder, at or near the surface; or it may be a deeply buried formation that extends for miles in a narrow strip that seldom exceeds one hundred paces in width—from maximum to minimum deflection. In either case, there is no good reason why they should cause the traveller any serious trouble.

Whenever Local Attraction is suspected, it should be proved or disproved by back-

sighting. This is done by standing with one's back against some easily identified object and sighting ahead. Then, at a distance of fifty or sixty paces along the indicated line, the compass should be sighted back to the starting point. If the backsight reveals a material difference in the needle's position, one should proceed, by *very short sights*, until clear of the disturbance.

WHEN cruising in the north woods, I never depend on a single compass sight to establish a long line across a lake or other open country. Always, I check the distant mark by sighting from two or more points, ten to twenty rods apart. Long compass sights, especially from hill-tops and ridge crests, are frequently unreliable, but short sights—even where Local Attraction is prevalent—tend to compensate each other and are more than likely to average within a degree or two of the reckoned course.

When next you hear a person say: "A compass is no good in this (or that) country," let the yokel rave, but bear in mind that Local Attraction is never troublesome over wide areas, and that timber cruisers, prospectors and forest rangers are constantly depending on their compasses to guide them in exploring and mapping the most highly mineralized portions of North America.

The Black Wolf of the Tahquamenon

(Continued from page 10)

on the river, rejoicing in the deep fall of dry snow, Joe Kitchi heard, in the early morning silence three hours before dawn, the trail cry of a timber wolf.

A thrill of exultation ran through the trapper. He was to have his chance at last.

He left the cabin at daybreak, trailed by the three gaunt hounds. Less than a mile to the west he found the trail where the crippled wolf had run the deer. He followed it, compelling the hounds to heel.

At the scene of the kill the tracks of the she wolf came in, and Kitchi smiled in grim satisfaction. The weather and the wolves had played into his hands together at last.

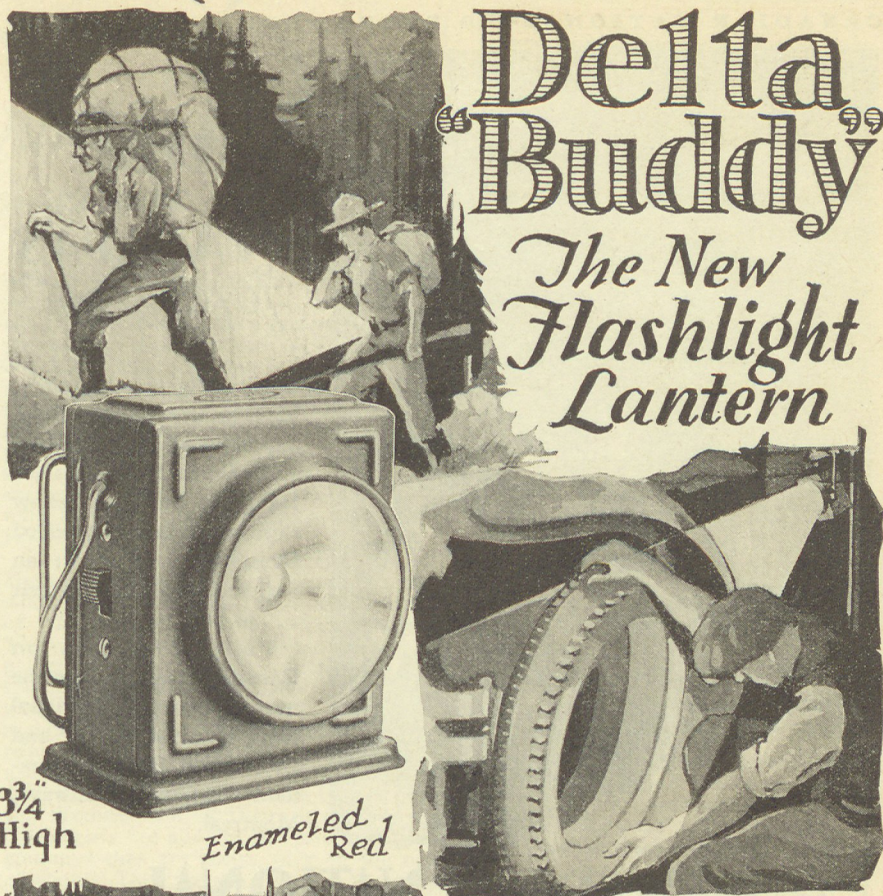
Not until he reached the place where the wolves had bedded down did he release the three hounds upon the double trail. He had run timber wolves on deep fresh snow before and he knew that success depended upon having fresh dogs to pit against a fresh wolf.

The Black Wolf and Gray Lady fled from their beds only when the wind brought them word of the silent approach of the trapper, less than a half mile away. They gained a brief lead before the hounds were freed, and at the first outburst of baying along their double trail they separated, each taking his own desperate chances single-handed against the dogs in the fashion of their kind.

By instinct Gray Lady swung westward toward her home country on the Two-Heart. The Black Wolf headed north toward the Sheldrake, wallowing in the soft snow. There was no chance that both would outdistance the hounds and he knew it.

A mile ahead of the dogs the crippled wolf heard them hesitate briefly at the divided trail. Then the baying chorus was away again, turning to the west.

The Black Wolf changed his course like a deflected arrow, swinging in a wide circle to intercept the chase. Well ahead of the



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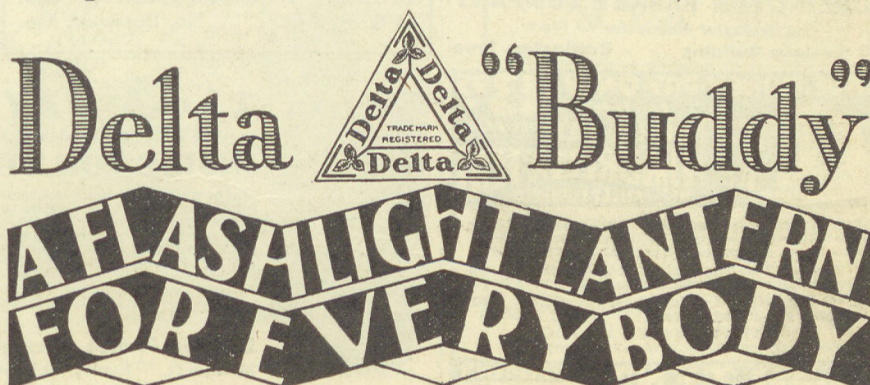
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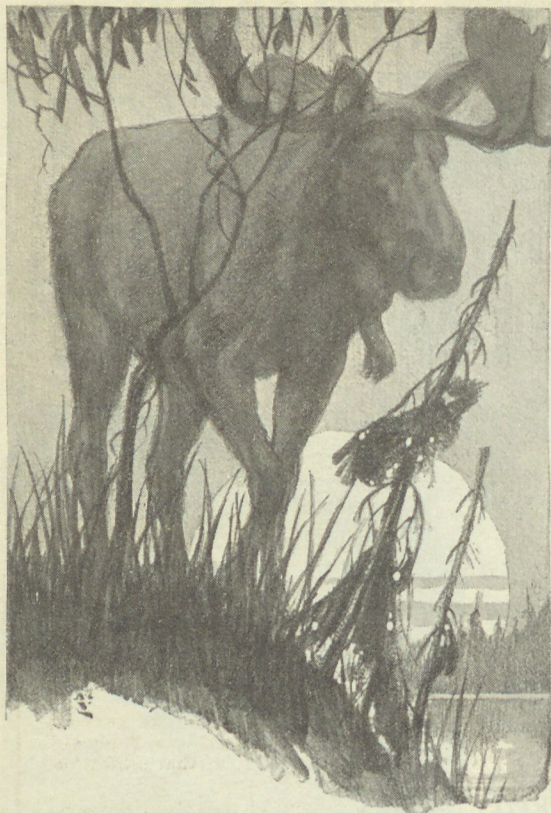
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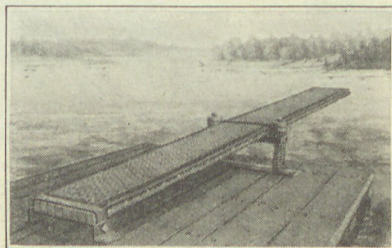
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hounds, he came upon his mate's labored trail, ran in it for a quarter mile while he regained his breath, led away again on an angle to the north.

Again he heard the dogs pause at the split trail, again the baying was resumed, continued westward.

Twice more the Black Wolf repeated this maneuver, losing precious ground each time, striving desperately to lure the hounds onto his own trail. Instinct, however, seemed to tell the dogs that easier quarry ran ahead. Perhaps they read from the trail telltale signs of the tiring of the she wolf. At any rate they would not be turned aside, and when the Black Wolf came between them and his mate for the third time there was no chance to try again. The dogs were less than a quarter mile behind him now, and just ahead, in plain sight through the timber, his mate ran wearily, sinking to the flanks at each bound.

No use now to split the trail again. No hope that he could turn the hounds from their quarry. But one way remained if the she wolf was to reach the distant Two-Heart. He had known from the beginning that both of them could not outdistance the bellowing dogs.

Behind an upturned stump along Gray Lady's trail the Black Wolf dropped down in ambush.

The dogs were strung out and the leader ran to his death alone, unknowing and unswerving. The Black Wolf leaped as he had leaped at deer on their runways, slashing the hound's throat open with clipping fangs before the dog could check his headlong running.

Then the Black Wolf stood at bay against the stump and the two remaining dogs closed in, worrying him, baying as at a treed cat, but keeping just beyond his reach. A mile away Kitchi heard the new tone of the chase and broke into a shuffling run on his snowshoes.

For long maddening minutes the two hounds taunted the cornered wolf, falling back deftly as he flashed out at them, seeking to lure him away from the protection of the stump. This was an old game to them. They knew they had only to hold him there, tantalizing him, goading him to defiance, until the trapper could come up.

Of the craft of this wolf they knew nothing. Gradually as they fought he let himself be decoyed from his place of safety behind the stump. The leader of the hounds slipped suddenly behind him, nipping at his flanks, and the Black Wolf lost footing, went down as if under the attack.

Suddenly forgetful of their caution the two dogs were upon him, cutting and slashing. With a single twist, supple and swift as a striking snake, the Black Wolf regained his feet, pounced like a falcon upon the nearest hound.

He caught the dog by the throat, bore it down and held it while his long fangs searched for and found the life stream.

As the stricken dog staggered up, a crimson jet staining the snow a dozen feet away, the wolf wheeled upon its mate, worrying at his heels.

In the face of his malignant snarl the heart of the hound turned craven. He whirled and fled along the back trail—and Joe Kitchi came in sight a hundred feet away, just too late.

The Black Wolf was behind the stump in a single swift leap, melted into the thickets before the trapper could lift his rifle.

In the brief glimpse he caught of the fleeing wolf, Joe Kitchi learned that another of the legends told in the clearings along the Henry was true. The lone wolf of the Tahquamenon was black as a fisher.

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WOMEN~ Out of Doors

Edited by Betty Benton Patterson

AS you read this Girl Scouts throughout the country are flocking to camps, local and regional. This general migration reaches the climax during July. We've been hearing inspiring tales of these camps, where girls are shown the out of doors in its natural beauty, grow to love the woods and streams, and become imbued with the zealous spirit to protect this source of pleasure and recreation.

The feeling of the Girl Scouts for the out of doors was expressed years ago by Lou Henry, an American girl then less than 12 years of age. According to an article in *The American Girl*, the splendid magazine published by the Girl Scouts, this wise little girl wrote in a friend's album, "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain." And Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who was Lou Henry, is now the honorary president of the Girl Scouts of America.

Early in May the fifth annual meeting of the Cactus Region, Girl Scouts, met in Houston, Texas. Mrs. Frederick Edey of New York, chairman of the field division, Miss Margaret Twohy of Oregon, regional director, and Miss Thelma Trott, member of the field department, were among the officials attending.

Cactus Region includes Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. The regional camp, Mary White, is located in the beautiful Sacramento Mountains, in the heart of the Lincoln National Forest, 90 miles southwest of Roswell, N. M.

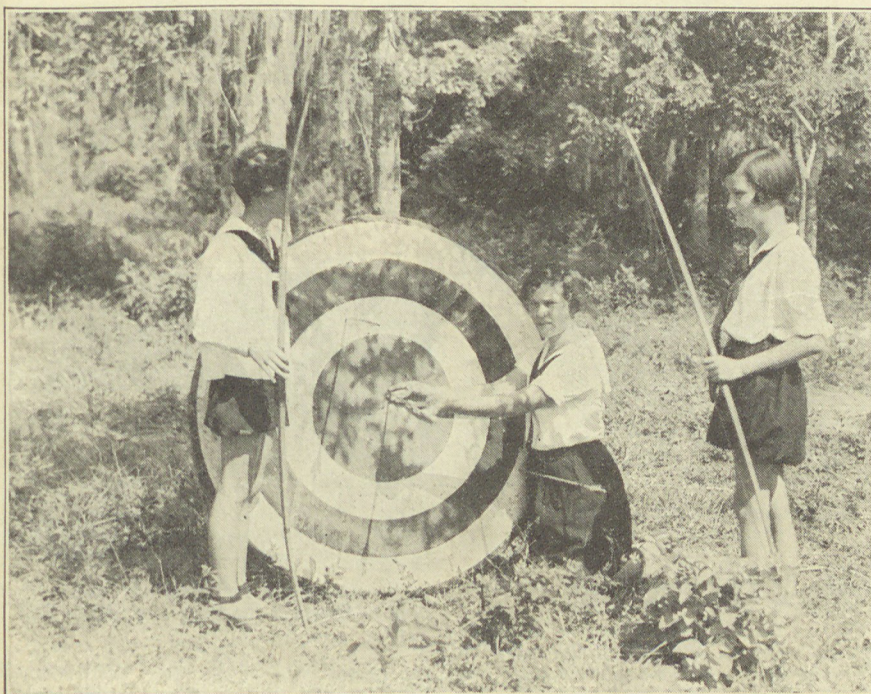
Fishing with due regard to law is one of the sports encouraged. Archery, hiking, camping with expert instruction in packing, cooking and firemaking are featured in this and all Scout camps. The

girls at Camp Mary White are especially fortunate in having a forest ranger to instruct them both in fire making and fire prevention. Conservation in every sense is a Scout axiom. Camp bed-making with adaptation to local conditions is taught and demonstrated. For instance, in the mountain regions a bough bed may be practical. But at Camp Tejas, near Houston, where four poisonous kinds of snakes are found, the girls sleeping outdoors are told to swing their blankets hammock-fashion to the large live oaks.

Miss Kathryn Francis, director of the Houston Girl Scouts and hostess to the officials at the regional meeting, is proud of the accomplishments of her girls. There is a scout house in town and a group of rustic cabins which comprise Camp Tejas, on Clear Lake. Here the girls have the advantages of bird study, archery and camp lore, as well as swimming, fishing, canoeing and the rest that is usually confined to sea-scouting.

The connection between the Girl Scouts and Women—Out of Doors is easily seen. These girls are alive to the privileges and pleasures that are theirs, only in the out of doors. They acquire a skill in gleaning the benefits from camping and outdoor sports, sharpened by the knowledge that their "playgrounds" must be protected.

Mothers of the girls are being converted to the importance and necessity of preserving the woods, clear lakes and streams. With one voice they declare that, through scouting, their girls have found an outlet for the vivid, restless spirit of youth. The results may be seen in girls everywhere, clean and healthy in minds and bodies, all good sports in the sense that makes for good citizenship.



Two girls of the large Girl Scout archery team at Camp Tejas. Instructor removing arrow in correct manner.



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"The Smooth Way to Rough It."

You Need this Book



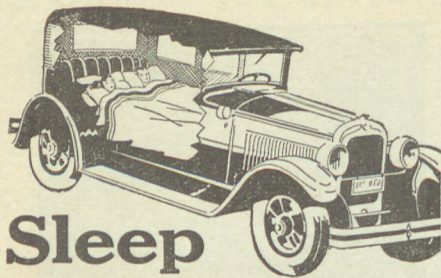
The Coleman Motor Campers Manual. 64 pages of helpful information about motor camping. Priced at 25 cents and worth it. Sent on receipt of 10 cents and name of your dealer. Use this coupon.

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80 page book—Free

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MABEL GREY GEHRING of Lakewood, Ohio, who writes under the name Lleban Yerg sends us a delicate word-picture of a hunt for a hidden lake where water lilies grew.

Miss Gehring believes that no joy of the out of doors exceeds the appreciation of the beauty found there. Miss Gehring's description of the lake-hunt follows.

"This happened in Canada, in the Muskoka region. We had been told by an 'old timer' of a small, hidden lake, beyond which, on a hillside, the blueberries were growing in amazing abundance. To reach it, he said, meant a good long paddle up our own stretch of water—Lake Joseph—and then a portage of several hundred yards. But he added that it would be worth it, and that we would agree that it had been, when we returned to camp with fruit-laden baskets.

"So we set out enthusiastically. We found the place to land, carried our canoes over a wooded slope, and launched them again on a shimmering bit of blue. Then, for the first time, it occurred to us that we had been given no specific directions as to where exactly the Eldorado was located. However, the lake was not so large, we decided, but that we could explore and discover for ourselves. To our surprise, though, we found that this was just what we could not do, for the tangle of greenery, interlaced root and branch, all around the shore line discouraged our landing. Except where we had entered, there did not seem to be a single spot where a boat could nose in and touch solid earth.

"But how beautiful it was, mysteriously quiet and far removed from the bustle of

a miniature bay. As we drew nearer we saw numberless little green frogs, their eyes brilliant as jewels, squatting drowsily on the great lustrous leaves.

"I remembered reading somewhere that natives in some parts of Egypt ate the root of the water lily and that there are millions of people who reverence the flower, or rather its Eastern cousin, the lotus.

"We picked a few of the buds so that in our baskets where the fruit should have been, were the long slippery stems coiled this way and that, the tight green buds and the curious leaves reddish and hairy underneath.

"Accepting them in place of the blueberries we had not found we again transported our canoes overland like any hardy group of pioneers. Back in camp that evening the lily buds were placed in a shallow basin of water.

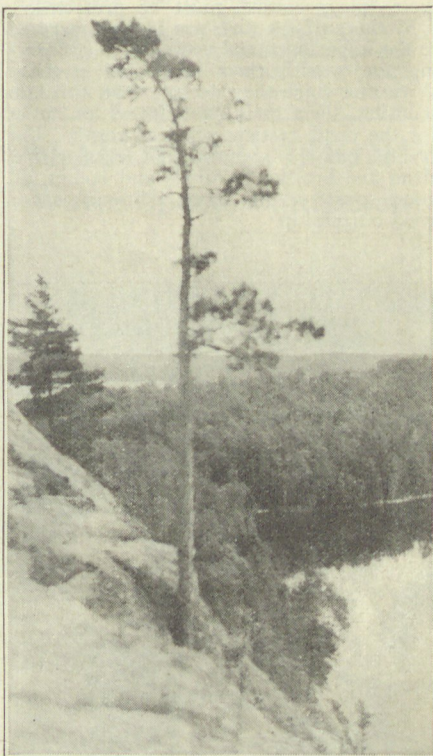
"When we looked at them again some twelve hours later a wonderful thing had happened. Where those tight green knobs had been there were lovely flowers, ranging in size all the way from three to seven inches across. Their exquisite white petals were set in rows, one inside the other in symmetrical fashion, and the heart of each was a golden glow as of sunshine and intricately worked like lace."

"I READ about the far places and long to see them, but every week-end my husband and I go out of doors, if it is no more than for a drive and a meal around a fire," writes Mrs. Garnet B. McDonald of Decatur, Illinois.

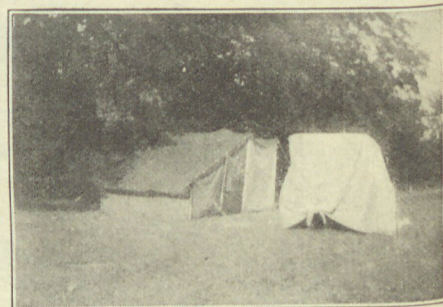
Mrs. McDonald's outdoor experiences are particularly interesting because she admits early mistakes in camp equipment and tells with pride of recent acquisitions for comfort and pleasure.

Field glasses and a kodak are her preferred weapons for hunting. "My husband and I enjoy the same hobbies, camping and hiking. We have never gone on the long trips, but we plan to some day. We fish but our catches are not distinguished. But after all, the outdoors means getting away, making camp a little better every time, discovering new plants and trees and things that you find only in the quiet of the woods.

"We have had some comical experiences too," writes Mrs. McDonald, "for instance, shut in our tent once with the rain and wind beating against the frail canvas and the car stuck in the mud. But we did not get very wet and when we were home again we planned how to prevent discomfort in a rainy camp. Our most important discovery was that a roll of tarpaper roofing is wonderful laid under



Hidden Lake at right, glimpse of Lake Joseph at left.



"We cover up our car, close our sleazy front door to keep out the bugs and all is well."

the canvas floor of the tent. With a small ditch around this to carry off the water, we are high and dry."

The McDonalds enjoy the luxury of

(Continued on page 75)

"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I...er, er...a...don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er...that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble dear?"
"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit?"
"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates

were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

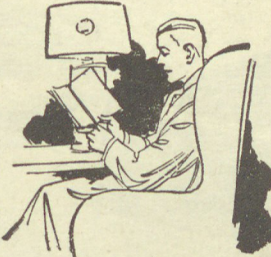
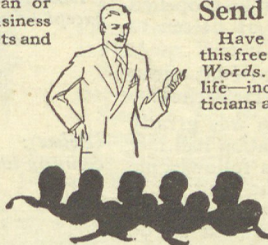
* * *

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natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited By
Paul Burress



Outboard Motors Kayaking the Ocean

PLESS SCHMIDT endeavored to prove that his unsinkable "kayak" would be a satisfactory lifeboat for aircraft on trans-ocean flights. Pless recently made an extended nine day trip in his tiny craft from Faroe Islands to Bergen, Norway. The trip ended in disaster because he encountered an eight ton whale near the Norwegian coast. For three days and nights he drifted helplessly in heavy seas until rescued by a fishing boat.

The object of the trip was partially accomplished, for the mariner proved that an airman, after a crash at sea, might reach safety in this boat. The craft carries three persons and inside there is room for folding rubber boats which it could tow, and thus thirty-two persons could be accommodated in an emergency.

THE boat was equipped with two sea horse outboard motors. It is unsinkable and during a storm can be closed airtight. Set into the deck is a hexagonal lookout turret that affords a view in all directions when the boat is closed. It can be steered from the inside. In heavy seas the pilot lies down inside the boat full length and shuts the cupola.

Undaunted, Mr. Schmidt intends to cross the Atlantic next year in a similar boat of smaller design.

The canoe can be paddled at a speed of six kilometers an hour and can be propelled by sail or motor at a speed of fifteen to eighteen kilometers an hour.

Mr. Schmidt's own account of his ocean trip is intensely interesting. He writes:

"My start from Thorshavn was greatly celebrated. The whole population had met up at the port and many boats followed me on the road and dipped the flag as I disappeared. I got into difficulty immediately with the heavy seas around Faroe Islands. I had only one sea horse motor with me and sailed sixty-six hours with motor and sail. I was then over half the way in spite of head winds and currents.

"THE trip would have been pulled through if the whale had not got in the way on the fifth day. We collided when I was only six miles off the Norwegian coast and could see the mountains outlined against the sky. I had just reckoned that I could reach the coast within twenty-four hours.

"As I dried my cloth I took out the aluminum boards and threw these overboard. This was indeed careless of me because I had already noticed some greedy whales. One of these I reckon was about eight tons. This whale jumped up through the water and swallowed the aluminum boards I had thrown overboard and took to the water beside the canoe.

"I threw myself forward to avoid being hit by the heavy body which appeared to be going to strike the canoe. As I threw

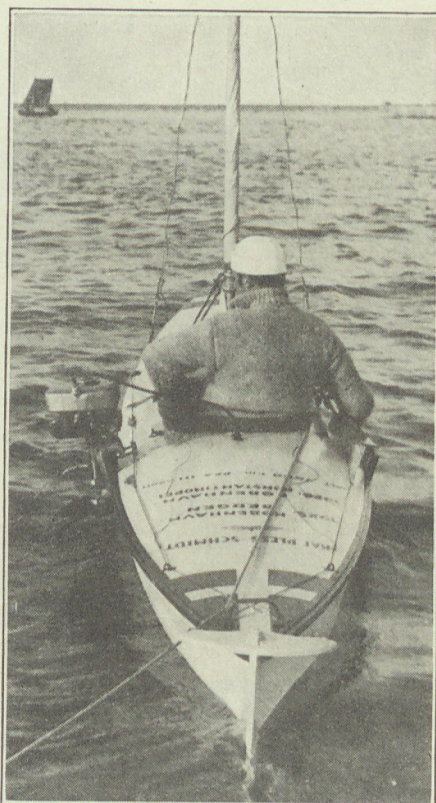
myself forward my head hit and smashed the glass skylight. I was stunned by the blow, but was acutely conscious of the terrible stink from the slime of the whale. The whale was apparently cut by the plates in its throat and continued to jump out of the water. On one of these plunges it took my outboard motor with it and smashed the rail.

"As soon as I could pull myself together I rowed away from the dangerous spot and viewed the damage. I tried to lighten the canoe with the pump and threw overboard the anchor and some cloth.

"I tried to cover the rest of the journey with the sails but the strong headwinds and heavy seas made it impossible. I tried to row but the shock I had received, together with the fact that my clothing was soaking wet, had weakened me so much that I had to give up rowing.

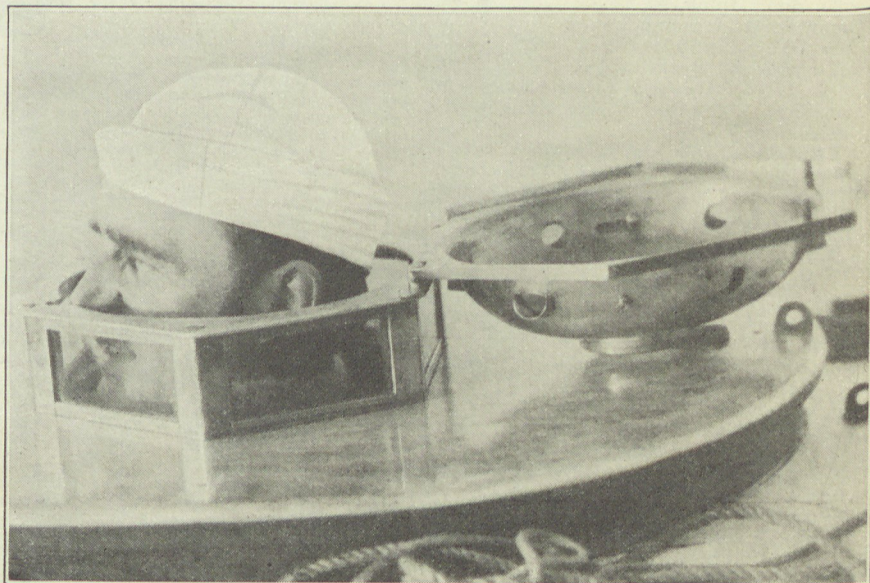
"For three days and nights I floated helplessly in this condition. The weather had turned very bad and the sea went clear over the canoe. After taking down the sails, I took off my oilskin coat in order to lie down under the skylight. In the same moment a heavy sea pulled the coat from me. Although I crossed the place for hours I was unable to recover the coat. Completely tired out I lay down under the skylight while the heavy seas thundered away over my head. I fell asleep but the sleep gave me no benefit. I dreamed of the whale and when I awoke, I lay in the ice cold water and everything in my little world was wet and soaked. For the next few days I felt as if the water would dissolve me.

"The seas continued to run heavy but nevertheless I tried to put up my sails and steer by the sun as my compass had been smashed. Several times I became sleepy and no doubt steered in a circle. As often as I could I rowed in order to regain some warmth.



(Above): A practical appearing arrangement except when encountering he-whales in mid-ocean such as Pless experienced.

(Below): Pless Schmidt demonstrates the conning tower or cupola of his kayak canoe.



"After six days and nights I started to watch for a ship, but saw none. On the seventh day I sent up at night time two red and two white flares in the hope that a ship would see my distress signal. On the eighth day the wind turned west and I rowed towards the east as I concluded the current was running north. The ninth day started with heavier seas than usual.

"During the afternoon I fell asleep after I had pulled the sleeping canvas over my head. I dreamed that I heard noises and awoke with a start. I looked out through the skylight and saw some red and gray spots move up and down. Then it seemed a great hammer struck the canoe on the starboard side. On the right there was a foaming sea and I thought that the whale was on the left. I opened the skylight carefully and saw some bearded faces peering at me just as surprised as I was. In a moment I realized that the faces belonged to the seamen of the fishing ship 'Slogan' from Aalesund.

"I opened the skylight full and while the canoe was at the top of a heavy wave, I raised my arms and a dozen strong arms pulled me on board the fishing vessel. I could not stand on my legs but hung between the sailors like a rag. One of them standing near the scullery brought me a jar of boiling hot coffee and a bottle of port wine. I was carried into the cabin, washed in nearly boiling water, and wrapped in blankets right up to my nose. The sailors recovered the canoe and made it fast on the deck."

Wilkinson Wins 133-Mile Albany-to-N. Y. Race

THE third running of the 133 mile race down the Hudson river to New York in which nearly one hundred veteran and amateur outboard pilots cashed in on their experience and luck was won by J. E. Wilkinson, of Boston, who twice before participated in this national event and this time clipped eleven minutes from the previous record, capturing the \$500 Haynes-Gritin cash prize. Among the other class D professional drivers, the second place went to Jacob Dunnell, who won last year. W. J. Snadecki was third.

The first three boats in all classes to finish the course were Wilkinson's *Flash*, Frank James' *Spareribs* and *Witchcraft* piloted by H. H. Johnson. All averaged forty miles an hour, breaking the record made by Dunnell last year which was three hours, thirty-six minutes and forty seconds.

Frank James, class C amateur from Toronto, Canada, took the third major award of the race, the Motor Yacht Club of France Trophy, awarded to the first amateur to finish. James finished four minutes after Wilkinson and ahead of all other amateurs and professionals. W. C. Shanz was second and Fred Jacoby, Jr., was third in the class C amateurs.

Among the amateur class D pilots, David Hundermark, of Paterson, N. J., took first place; C. P. Stevens, of Albany, second and R. H. Snadecki, third.

H. H. Johnson won first prize among the professional class C drivers. E. J. Reid took second and W. B. Tuck, third. Only amateurs finished in class B and of these Ted Roberts won first place, Harold M. Ballard second, and Harry R. Daw, third.

Only one class F motor finished and that was driven by H. W. Breese, of Syracuse, who was fourteenth to finish.

The race was not without its thrills

Electric-Starting SEA-HORSES

... Faster Than Any Before

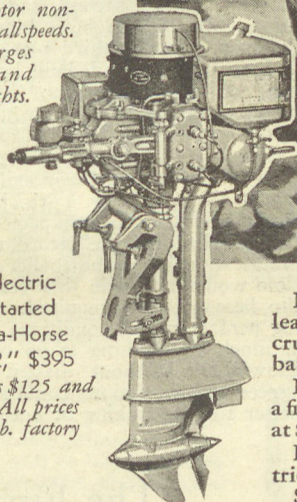
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All Controls at Finger Tips

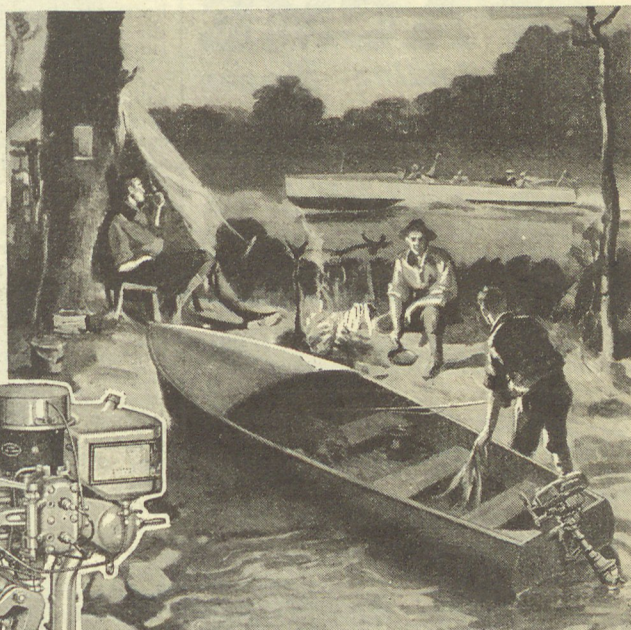
Pull a button and the motor starts electrically. Starter makes motor non-stalling at all speeds. Also charges battery and supplies lights.



Electric Started Sea-Horse

"32," \$395

Others \$125 and up. All prices f. o. b. factory



Now from the shores of dancing waterways, leafy branches beckon you to life at its best. To cruising at motor car speed! To racing, fishing, bathing, and exploring!

Not if you had a million dollars could you have a finer vacation than a Johnson Sea-Horse provides at \$125 up. Partial payments make it easy to own.

Powerful Sea-Horses "16," "24," "32," are electric-starting—made quiet by Underwater Exhaust. Smaller Sea-Horses "4" and "12" introduce alternate firing cylinders. Virtually vibrationless, and making hand starting 50% easier.

Johnson Sea-Horses are easy to carry on camping trips, fit almost any boat. Yet for highest performance, try with a Johnson boat to match.

These trim, rakish Johnson hulls come in smart colors. They introduce Sealite construction, seamless, watertight. They weigh 50% less in water-service than wood boats, are 35% stronger. And guaranteed to outlast them.

Johnson Aquaflyers start, steer and control like a motor car, from the driver's seat. Roomier than inboards because Sea-Horses are outboard in stern hatch.

Get Color Catalog by Return Mail: See the new Johnson Sea-Horses and Matched Units, all fully pictured and described. Send your address at once.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Sales and service stations in all parts of the country.

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Sea-Horses Win More Race Classics
ALBANY TO NEW YORK MARATHON RACE, April 26th, won by Sea-Horse "32," establishing new record time of 3 hours, 25 minutes, 3 seconds. Sea-Horse "24" second. SIR THOMAS LIPTON \$25,000 TROPHY, at Palm Beach, Fla., March 22-23. 1, 2 and 3rd place won by Sea-Horse "32." COL. E. H. R. GREEN TROPHY at Miami, Fla., March 27, 1, 2 and 3rd place won by Sea-Horse "32."

JOHNSON Matched UNITS

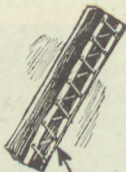
SEA-HORSES & BOATS



EVERY craft can't stand an outboard motor. But this "Old Town" can! She's an outboard boat by build! Extra-strong stern that won't "give" under the motor's weight. Heavy, non-leak canvas covering never needs soaking or caulking. Swift, light and easily handled.

Free catalog shows all types. Big, fast, family boats; dinghies; rowboats; speedy step-planes, and canoes. Old Town Canoe Co., 137 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"



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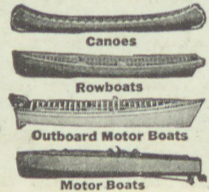
Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service. Great with outboard motors. In government use here and abroad. Boat builders since 1890. Many models. Satisfaction or money back. Write today for latest literature and New Low Prices.

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BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices



The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce
TWO BIG FACTORIES

Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you. **Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail** Please state kind of boat in which you are interested.

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Klepper Folding Kayak

The 17 ft. Klepper Kayak Boat weighs only 55 lbs., packed for carrying. World-famous for safety, speed, convenience, on lake, stream, or ocean. Stays leak-proof, retains trim lines for years. Use...

and disappointments. J. T. Milliken who came from St. Louis, led the race from Poughkeepsie to within one mile of the finish where his motor stopped. One hundred and thirty-two miles of success and stopped within hailing distance of his goal. A tough break for a good sport. Wilkinson passed him, proceeding on to the Colonial Yacht Club, a short distance away where he received the congratulations of the crowd at the finish line.

C. P. Stevens, of Albany, who finished second in the amateur class D had his tough luck at the start. Stevens was getting away to a good start when the wash of a big runabout swamped him. He paddled to shore, bailed out his boat and again started after one half hour delay, with nearly one hundred boats ahead of him. He had overtaken all but twenty-eight boats at Poughkeepsie and was sixth at the finish, being a trifle over a half hour behind the winner.

Jack Prosser won in the outboard runabout class and carried away the Yachting Magazine Trophy. Frank Wigglesworth came in second about fifteen minutes later and Joe Van Blerck, motor designer, and veteran driver came in third. Prosser drove a Dee Wite boat with a Gray motor; Wigglesworth a Dodge boat with a Lycoming motor and Van Blerck drove a motor of his own design in a Sea Sled hull.

Wilkinson drove a class D Johnson motor on a Ludington speed hull. Following Wilkinson, the next three pilots to cross the line were all driving class C motors. James, second, had a Johnson C on a hull that he built himself. H. H. Johnson, winning third place, had a class C Evinrude on a hull built by Clous Johnson, while J. Reid, who finished fourth, drove an Evinrude C on a hull of unidentified construction.

The lowering of the record for the 133 mile run between Albany and the Colonial Yacht Club in New York, by more than eleven minutes was unexpected. Last year Durnell lowered the record more than 51 minutes but it was not believed that better time would be made this year because of the heavier hulls required. The prevailing perfect racing conditions probably had as much as anything to do with the good showings. Without dissent the drivers agreed that conditions could not have been better for the making of outboard records.

Outboard Notes

REPORTS from the Northwest Outboard Motor Association keep emphasizing the rosy outlook which is ahead for all outboard racers of that district. A number of regattas have been planned for the coming season and many of the foremost outboard drivers of the country have been invited to take part in the races. Unprecedented enthusiasm is being shown in Spokane, and the Inland Empire Motor Boat Club of that city will have a very active season. The first race of the season staged by the club was held on May 10th, sponsored by the Spokane press.

The day of the hardy mariner is not dead. Despite the fact that their equipment consists of nothing much more than a sixteen-foot boat and an outboard motor, Mr. and Mrs. Les Morrison of New York have set forth on a 6,400 mile trip from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., via the Panama canal. The daring couple almost came to grief before they were out of harbor at Portland, Me., as a steering cable broke and their tiny boat was dashed against a pier and stove in. Not daunted, Morrison had the boat repaired and set forth again. The object of the trip, the Morrisons state, is to gain the satisfaction of doing something which has never been done before. They estimate that the trip will take about four months' time as they will do most of their traveling by daylight and in short jumps. The longest hops to be undertaken will be from Key West, Fla., to Havana, from Cuba to Central America and from Mexico to Lower California. If their trip is successful the attendant publicity will do much to stimulate greater interest in cruising boats.

Plans for a large regatta to be held at Loon Lake near Spokane on July 19-20 have been announced by K. L. McGlenn, Commodore of the Inland Empire Outboard Motorboat Club. Officials of the club have received assurance that several speed boats will be sent from the Coast for the event. If enough will arrange to attend the regatta, a special train may be chartered.

The newly organized Tri-City Outboard Race Circuit of Ohio will open the 1930

The First Crop of 1930 Records

Last September, the National Outboard Racing Commission agreed to start with new records for 1930 on account of weight limitations to be imposed on racing boats. The 1929 records were to be published as such until faster times were established by boats racing under the 1930 rules. The following records have recently been established with boats of heavier weight than those used last year. The records listed below do not equal racing records established last year.

Name of

Boat

season with a series of weekly races. Scioto Outboard Club and the Central Ohio Outboard Club will represent Columbus; Miami Valley Boat Club in the interest of Dayton and the Queen City and the Ohio River Launch Clubs represent Cincinnati. These races will be held at different sites each week and at the end of the season trophies will be awarded. According to the present plans, there will be fifteen weeks of competition.

At a meeting of the Salt Lake Motor Boat Club, election of officers was held and Andy Olson made the new Commodore, T. M. Brown, Vice Commodore; Emil Johnson, Rear Commodore, and Stanley Evans, Secretary. There was a great deal of interest manifested by the members at their first meeting. Plans were drawn for a number of regattas this season and it was reported that they had hopes of building a new boat house at Saltair.

Mr. George O. Hoehn, Executive Secretary of the National Outboard Motor Association, has been appointed a member of the Regatta Committee of the New Jersey Gold Cup Association for the year 1930. The twenty-eighth Gold Cup Regatta will be held on the Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N. J., on August 16-17.

The Ronkonkoma Outboard Club of Ronkonkoma Lake, L. I., will stage a regatta each Sunday during the summer. Chester Conn is Secretary of the Club.

Herbst Joins Mullins

MR. JULIUS HERBST, well known boat designer and builder has joined the organization of the Mullins Manufacturing Corporation. To his new work he is bringing more than fifteen years experience in design, manufacture and sale of boats and a wide acquaintance as one of the best known racers of inboard and outboard boats in the United States. The Mullins Corporation feel that Mr. Herbst will materially strengthen their Boat Division, especially in the designing and manufacturing end of the business.

Mr. A. T. Buffinton, whose affiliation with the Mullins Corporation was recently announced, has been made Field Manager of the North Eastern District.

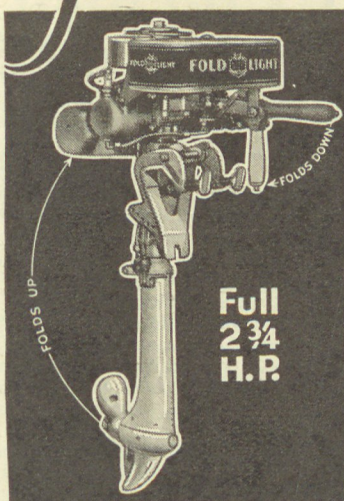
To Our Readers

THIS outboard motor and small boat department is conducted for the sportsman owner of small boats who desires to get the most out of his expenditures for water sport. Outside of aeronautics, outboarding has developed faster in the fields of utility, racing and pursuit of outdoor sports than any other medium for recreation. This means that the editor of this department must constantly be on the alert for hot news in order to make the copy interesting to all. You may greatly assist to this end by submitting short, descriptive suggestions of a technical nature that you think will assist our readers in deriving greater sport from their rowboat, sailboat, outboard boat or canoe whether utilized for speed, cruising, fishing or hunting. Due credit will be given the contributors of all copy used.

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Reviewed By

Thomas Ambrose

Outdoor

Assistant Reviewer
Ralph Cheyney

Literature

OUTWITTING TROUT WITH A FLY, *Letters of a Western Angler*, by Bertram D. Lackey—Leather, stamped in gold, 5"x-7¾"—Score of photographs, 6 full-page color plates, 8 full-page sketches—135 pages—Privately published by Bertram D. Lackey, Los Angeles, 1929—\$3.00.

AS fortunate as he is, no doubt, fictitious is the Bob to whom Bertram D. Lackey has written the letters which compose his valuable book on outsmarting trout! For it must be a memorable experience to go astream with this captain in the army of anglers. We found it a good second-best to go fishing with him through these pages though our conscience gave a few twinges at his 150-in-the-shade opinion of those who before they use a fork on trout take a spoon to them and of those who feed them meat instead of basely betraying their confidence with a mere untasty bit of silk and poultry feather. If you do cast your eye through this book, you will catch a full creel of fish (but not fishy) facts.

A fly dictionary of 600 trout fly patterns giving name, coloring, actual material, etc., six pages showing more than 140 leading trout flies in full color, six pages showing how to make knots fishermen should know and numerous photographs showing how to cast fit the book even better for the pocket of your fishing coat. His plea for fish authorities to do more toward fostering the Brown Trout seems to us convincing. The book is so full of helpful hints that we feel at a loss to select samples.

Next to one book a novice trout angler, East or West, can hardly find a better book. The one book to which it should be next? A fly—"book"!

R. C.

MY FRIEND THE BLACK BASS WITH STRATEGY, MECHANICS, AND FAIR PLAY, by Harry B. Hawes, U. S. Senator, Congressman, Major U. S. Reserves—Frontispiece. Decorated cloth and dust jacket—12 mo. 288 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 1930. \$2.00.

"MY Friend" is a pleasant and for the angler a profitable book to read, but difficult for the reviewer who may wish to follow the author "through the whole subject, the theoretical, the practical, the experimental—from catching to cooking."

In the Introduction, written from the "Houn' Dawg" Club on the Current River, one of Missouri's famous "small-mouth" streams, the author states that he has selected the bass from among all fish, because it is found in more different localities and is known to a larger number of the American public than is any other variety.

The opening chapter is devoted to the natural history and characteristics of the bass, both large and small-mouth, and authorities are quoted for scientific nomenclature, which for ordinary usage may be reduced to Mike Dol for the small and

Mike Sal for the big-mouth. Even the designations "large" and "small" are sometimes lost, as in the case of the Fair Angler boasting of her party's catch of bass, being asked if they were large or small-mouth, replied, "Oh, just medium."

In the chapter on Strategy and Craftsmanship are many valuable practical hints, such as a bit of red flannel on your hook to make the bass fight, when he refuses to bite.

Advice is given as to selection of rods, reels, lines, and the lures, "bugs" and flies innumerable that go to make up the bass fisherman's outfit. The author always carries a full stock for both bait and fly fishing, but instances a friend and successful angler who uses a fly of a single pattern attached to a spinner wherever he may fish, but he doesn't name the fly. The Senator uses six patterns: Parmachene Belle; Colonel Fuller; Scarlet Ibis; Lord Baltimore; Seth Green; and Jock Scott with spinner attached for the fly rod and for the bait rod with spinner and weighted hook, and asserts that every bass fisherman of his acquaintance uses a spinner. Nevertheless, there are "purists" among fly fishermen for bass as well as for trout. The latter affect the "dry fly," the former the fly without a spinner. A famous angler of Elgin, now with God, being asked if his fine catch of bass from the Fox was taken with a spinner, replied, "No, fair with the fly." I might instance others who successfully fish the fly without a spinner, but hesitate to become autobiographical.

Some of us would not be inclined to accept without question the author's statement that "he who essays both methods (bait and fly-casting) and divides his time between the two never becomes an expert in either." Viscount Grey has cautioned us against the use of "always" and "never" as inappropriate to any statement about angling. There are very many members of Chicago casting clubs who are "letter perfect" with the fly and the bait rod, both at targets and upon the stream.

Some also think that in bait-casting the reel is far more important than the rod.

On page 263 the recommendation is made to bait trot lines with "worms, minnows, frogs, or liver." In Illinois baiting trot lines with live bait to attract game fishes is prohibited by law.

There is frequent reference to the "plug," but a good sportsman like the Senator would hardly advocate the use of plugs with multiple triangles. Again it is tantalizing to be told of driving away black flies and mosquitoes with a spray, named only as a "patent preparation."

In the chapter on Conservation is a very interesting account of the fight in Congress for the Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge Act and of those most active in securing its passage—Will Dilg, George E. Scott, Judge Dickinson, and others. Senator Hawes sponsored this Bill in the Senate, as well as other national legislation for the protection of black bass and other game fishes, for which all principled sportsmen owe him a debt of gratitude.

T. A.

LAND OF HOMES, by Frank J. Taylor with 15 striking block prints by Virginia deS. Litchfield, illustrated end papers and autographs of "covered wagon babies"—6¼"x9½", cloth, gold stamped—354 pages—Powell Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California—1929—\$5.00.

THIS big book radiant with the beauty and charm of the empire of California cannot fail to please those people whom Inez Haynes Irwin has dubbed, "Californians." Indeed it should win many new recruits to their ranks so seductive are its pen-pictures of California's social, educational and religious institutions, her architecture, homes, gardens, landscaping, clubs, festivals, even Indians and artists. Philadelphia has been called "the city of homes"; California may be called "the state of homes." Outdoor recreation is well provided for by California, as all will note who read this worthy addition to the series, "California," a preceding volume of which, "Outdoor Heritage," has always been reviewed in these columns. Remembering good old Tom Mooney, we perceive that California has much to learn; reading this book, that it has much to teach.

R. C.

THE AMERICAN RHYTHM, *Studies and Reproductions of Amerindian Songs*, by Mary Austin—Cloth, 5¼"x7¾"—174 pages—Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.—1930—\$2.50.

THE sage who asserted that he wouldn't give a whoop in Hades who made the laws of a people if he could make their songs knew his primitive peoples. When Mary Austin, who is California's best publicity woman and, we suspect, the inspiration of the Indian enthusiast in Carl Van Vechten's "Spider-Boy," contributed her immensely valuable and stimulating work in translating faithfully and fondly Indian songs, formulas and lays, she not only broke ground for other poets, but also gave us a new understanding of the only 100%, unhyphenated Americans.

The book now under consideration is a new and enlarged edition of these translations of Indian songs and recitations in all their simple and sensuous beauty with the author's famous preface on the American rhythm (the tempo to which our life runs) and a new introduction covering recent developments in the still virgin field of research in primitive American outdoor literature.

THE RACQUET GAME, by Allison Danzig, with an Introduction by Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr.—Illustrated with 32 photographs, mostly of famous players (unfortunately NOT shown in action)—283 pages—Cloth—The Macmillan Co., New York—1930—\$4.00.

ALL about the racquet racket! Court tennis, racquets, squash racquets and squash tennis enthusiasts may relish this book. They should. But considering that there are only 60-odd court tennis courts in the whole wide world, this reviewer refuses to get steamed up over this game. Squash tennis and squash racquets, of course, now number their devotees by the thousand. To them the rules of these games, specifications for a court, lists of champions, etc., in the appendix will be especially welcome.

R. C.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY



Dog Editor Outdoor America

Some Hints to Young Field Trial Judges

WITH the interest increasing and the numbers growing of amateur field trials, as well as the outstanding thrill of the big circuit affairs being most everywhere in evidence, the man interested in bird dog competitions can not very well tell when he is going to be called to judge some event. There are many capable judges of dogs who have never presided at field trials. Yet the man who loves the game must not refuse to act when called upon; in fact, he must be regulated by the decision that if it is his duty he must not shirk it. No one who is competent ought to dodge the occasions, for field trial judges are a necessity without which the field trial sport can not exist and this is as pertinent, too, in the contests among beagle, fox and coon hound lovers.

The outdoor public most loves a field trial judge who judges the dogs on their present action, and not on their past history. And the public particularly appreciates a judge who has no tendency to judge specifically for the pleasure of certain owners and handlers.

THE amateur handler who consents to judge must know bird dog values and though this knowledge takes time and experience to acquire it shows prominently in every act. What spoils a judge in actual responsibility to dogs, their masters and competing handlers is being too autocratic. When a man reaches this stage, his personal liking for himself reaching the point that he wants to be recognized as the whole thing prejudices his judging, for his mind is too much on himself, and through watching for an opportunity to sit on a dog's handler lots of the dog's work escapes him.

Another type of judge who is as equally at fault as is the autocratic judge is the indifferent one, who follows the line of least resistance and gives the real matter of judgment entirely into the hands of his associate, or sometimes he goes so far in the matter as to let the comments of spectators influence him.

If you want to be square with competitors you must continually say to yourself that you are to judge the dogs' performing at the time of their running rather than on any of their past achievements, no matter how great they are. A dog that has often won is oftentimes looked upon by a young judge as something sacred, and the faults he commits are frequently condoned merely because of his past performances.

A field trial dog, like a race horse, does not show the same every time started. New grounds and condition and other obvious matters turn up to bring this about. Furthermore, a vast number of field trial dogs are in and outers. One day they are great in their going, then the next perhaps they show mighty poorly in their work. You have to act upon what they are showing before you, and not upon anything they have done in another event or upon what you have read in the press about them.

NOTHING in the world has taken so much out of young, sincere field trial enthusiasts as the carrying on of dogs on past reputations. Some judges can not forget former occasions and still carry a champion or former winner into a second series in preference to a dog that has run a really brilliant heat, on the theory that he will surely make good because he has done so numerous times before.

This latter trait is known as carrying a dog along. Judges often conscientiously err in this. They can not keep out of their mind the dog's past, and often the press is equally guilty when they fail to record a newcomer's greatness in a stake, and past history causes them to condone the poor showing of their favorite instead of commenting favorably on the outstanding competitor, whether he has done such before or not. As with the judge carrying a dog along so has the press erred and sent many away from the field trial game. This has not been actuated by dishonesty but by overenthusiasm for an individual.

I remember witnessing how the press one time erred badly in their devotion to a dog. The error was the enthusiasm I mentioned above and not any intent to violate the sanctity of unprejudiced judgment. I mention this because young judges are inclined to be sensitive about the press, to take it more seriously than they ought.

It is judgment often displayed by men only superficially acquainted with bird dog values. The incident was quite laughable to the writer and others, though the press was serious about it. A certain rogue of a pointer that had quite a reputation for stealing points came up nicely into a bevy point but was, as often happens, entirely incapable of keeping the birds from running. He had actually pointed to footscent instead of hitting the breeze and, as is usually the case, the birds ran on him.

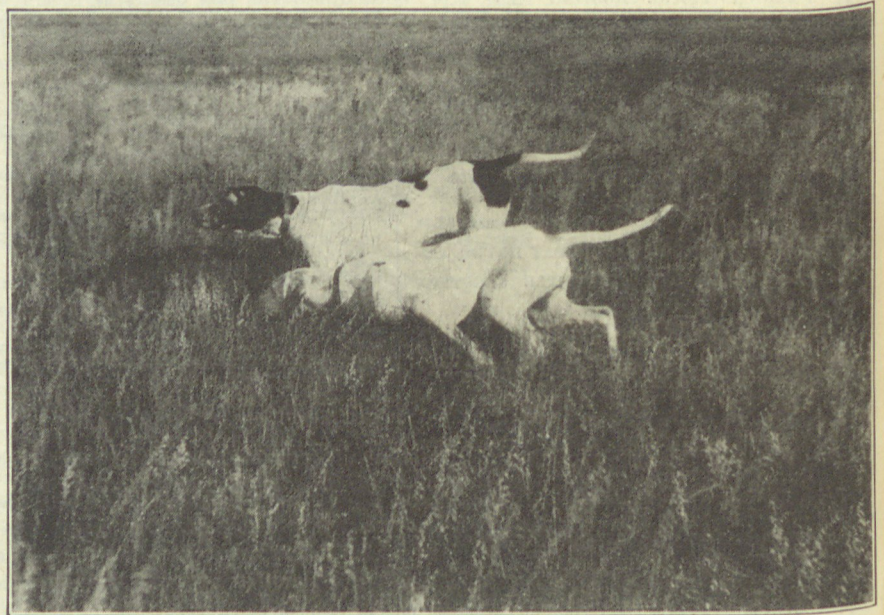
A class dog, such as he was reputed to

be, would have smashed into those birds, but the dog mentioned resorted to the most ordinary footscenting and finally, though quickly, he did it with the most inexcusable roading and trailing. It was hound work he did, not bird dog work. The press differed vehemently with one of the most competent judges of field trial and shooting dogs, when he declared it was an inexcusably sloppy performance.

The inclination of some judges to be awed by the press ought never to exist, nor ought it sway his personal judgment in any manner whatever. The press at times hints at how dogs should be judged and at how beginners ought to conduct themselves and a trial. This is well meaning most times to help the event to proceed properly and smoothly. But the judgment of the press ought never to trouble the mind of the young field trial judge, however limited his experience in the saddle, if he has had any experience in handling bird dogs. The judge ought to say to himself that the press has no decisive voice in the trial whatever; it is there to report and not comment or offer excuses for this day's work because formerly a dog did remarkably well.

THE fear some young judges have of the criticism of the press has no reason for being. Universally it praises the judges. The press is as likely to err as yourself. Usually its knowledge of dogs is only superficial, no matter how many years it has served in the saddle. Unless it has trained professionally for the public for at least ten years, it will never know the vitals of real bird work.

Judges ought to share the hard grueling of their work in every way. Each ought to do as much riding as the other and honestly report what has been witnessed without any personal elaboration. Lack of sincerity when judges have to pass



The great pointers Manrico and Pal on a splendid point. Owned by James Foster, Fort Worth, Texas.



Young Springer Spaniel retrieving a sage hen. Owner R. J. Reasoner, Casper, Wyo.

on dogs separately because both performers have chosen separate parts of the course is bound to produce trouble or at least bring about justified adverse criticism.

On the word of another judge you will often carry a dog into a second series and when you do, wonder on account of the animal's poor showing what entitled him to it.

The reverse may happen, too. The writer once while judging made a ride during almost all of one heat following a certain dog, while the other judge had to do the same with another dog. At the request of my associate I consented to carry the dog under his judgment into second series. The dog actually in every way justified the act. He placed him first. But the gallery and the press never quit remarking that while the dog showed everything needed to win in the second series and was entitled to first place, there was nothing in his first series work to justify his being carried over. Had I not heard all of this I would certainly have regarded his first time down as a good performance, though not having seen him as the class event of the stake.

While judging field trials has practically no place in this country, where the quality of points counts more than num-

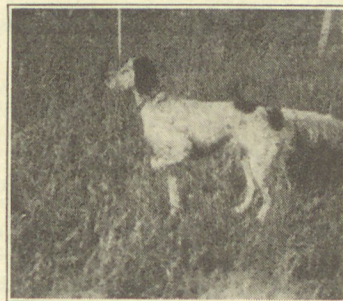


A promising youngster owned by Frederick Whitsel, McAlester, Okla.

bers, and other things, too, it is a good thing for any field trial judge to make notes. If he does not his memory is going to play him strange tricks, particularly when there is a big number of entries to consider. I always think of this when a none too distant field trial comes to mind. Arriving late on the grounds just as the

trials were starting and not being provided with a list of the drawings, I left the matter of memos to the other judge, who constantly jotted down my notes but finally made a slip by not referring to his list of braces drawn when he agreed with me to call back into the second series a setter which impressed me well. There were two dogs with like affixes, one Bob and one Don, and the judge glibly called out the following day Blank Bob, without referring to his list. Strangely, these two dogs were marked very much alike and a man unacquainted with them could not have distinguished between them, except through notes he had kept.

Blank Bob, when put down with a brace-mate in the second series, showed simply no reason for being there. After the trials had been run I discovered that Blank Don



Miss Mohawk Ghost pointing pheasant. Owner Ury Dahling, Waubay, S. D.

ought to have been the one chosen to run in the second series. The memory of my associate judge failed to serve him properly.

While caustic comments were not afterward uttered, to this day I can not help feeling that I was a party to a dog losing a chance to win first in a prominent, all-age field trial; at least, a chance for a try at it which he had earned in his surpassing performance in the first series.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

Enclose self addressed stamped
envelope for reply

Kidney Trouble

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer dog, three years old. The dog is in good flesh, seems to feel fine, eats heartily but is weak in the hind quarters and does not seem able to control hips or hind quarters as he should; he is allowed to run for a short time each day, trouble can be noticed most when kidneys act, he is unable to balance himself on one leg, neither can he stand on his hind feet with the front feet against the fence without spacing back feet rather wide.

Dog is fed plenty of fresh whole milk, commercially prepared dog food twice daily and raw beef once daily.

THAD WOLFORD,
Linton, Ind.

Dear Mr. Wolford:

Kidney trouble is the cause, and if not too far gone give a teaspoonful of sanmetto twice a day. Feed as you have been doing. Give one drop of fluid extract Black Cohosh twice a day. Increase a drop each day until you reach twenty drops. Then reduce one drop a day for twenty days.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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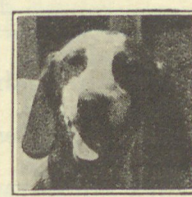
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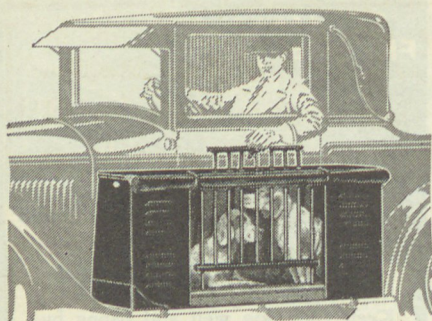
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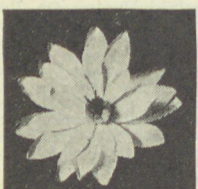
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GROUSE AND WOODCOCK DOGS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Can quail dogs be developed into good grouse and woodcock dogs? Most of my shooting is done for woodcock.

MILTON ROEBER,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Roeber:

Quail dogs, well experienced on quails, make the best of grouse and woodcock dogs, though they have not been trained on them. The low, close, ranging type which are known in the South as plug shooting dogs, very ably fill the bill for your purposes. They will readily adapt themselves to woodcock and grouse.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A TRUE BLINKER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Last season I purchased a pointer of large size in the East. He has one bad fault; he backs off from his birds when he comes to point when I am near him. I also believe that while he is ranging far from me he does not try to find birds, as he never seems then to locate them or any, but just keeps on running and ranging. How can I cure him?

MURRAY TOWLES,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Towles:

Your dog is a true blinker. Doubtless this habit was acquired by poor handling in his early days. His first trainer tried to force him to point before he was ready, and was very severe with him if he accidentally or on purpose flushed a bird. Blinking is one of the hardest faults to cure. All necessary advice pertaining to effecting a cure cannot be written in a letter, but in an early issue of Outdoor America I will publish an article on the subject.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SMALL BUT CHAMPIONS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Could you give me the names of some of the early field trial celebrities that were small dogs? Some have said that fifteen years ago no such small dogs were seen at the trials as appear at present.

A. E. BRUCE,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Bruce:

For a number of years back there have been just as many setters and pointers of note that were of small size as now. The setter Count Whitestown was by no means a giant. The setter Peach Blossom was a very small dog. The pointer bitch Baby Ale was another extremely small animal.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MANGE PREVENTATIVES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I keep on an average of fifteen foxhounds and beagles all year round. Every summer they have mange in some form or other despite what precautions I take. How can I prevent return of the trouble this summer?

E. E. BREESE,
Effingham, Ill.

Dear Mr. Breese:

Scald quarters with a boiling hot solution of any of the coal tar disinfectants. Do this once a month. Destroy, of course, all old bedding. Dip each animal once a week in the old fashioned lime and sulphur dip.

OZARK RIPLEY.

FRIGHT'S DISEASE OR RUNNING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer that acts queer every time I take him out for a run. As soon as he becomes hot while running he suddenly stops, looks all around him, apparently as though in fear, and suddenly starts running, barking sharply all the time, until when about two or three hundred yards from me he drops to the ground in a severe fit, frothing at the mouth. Is this dog showing any indication of rabies? Is he dangerous to myself or the community? Is there any chance of a cure?

ED. RYAN,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mr. Ryan:

Your dog has fright's disease, or what is generally known as running fits. He has no symptoms of rabies. This is caused from the presence of hook worms, and sometimes from round, tape or other worm infestations. It may be caused by poor feeding. Have feces examined by veterinary for worms. After he has determined which kind, remove them. Place the dog on a two-third meat diet for at least thirty days. Some cases are obstinate and require a considerable time to effect a cure.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WILL PRODUCE PURE BRED PUPS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Lewellyn bitch 100% pure. Last time she came in season accidentally she was served by a cur. I destroyed all the litter. She is due very shortly, and it is my intention to breed her to one of the highest class field trial Lewellyns. Will the mating during her first heat with the cur have any effects on the coming litter with a pure bred animal, if I breed her?

A. L. MORRIS,
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Mr. Morris:

Breeding your bitch to a high class pure bred Lewellyn the next time she comes in season will bring nothing but pure bred pups. The first mishap will have no influence whatever on the second litter, unless you have the misfortune once more to let her get served by a cur. Watch your bitch when due in season. At first signs keep her up, and see that she is placed in quarters that are proof against such misalliances as the first one.

OZARK RIPLEY.

GIVE HER TIME

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer just coming two years old. Last fall and during the winter she was given every opportunity to point on quails. But she would never attempt to do it. I don't want to make her force point. Has she passed the age of pointing naturally, and should I let her go, and get another one?

EDGAR MERRITT,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Mr. Merritt:

Possibly the pointer may show development of instincts that have been latent during the coming summer or fall. If she has every other desirable qualification I would not let her go until you give her plenty of further chances on game.

OZARK RIPLEY.

NAVEL RUPTURE

Dear Mr. Ripley:

I have a female fox hound, nearly six months old, with a navel rupture about the size of a hickory nut. What can be done for it?

C. R. FETTER,
Everett, Pa.

Dear Mr. Fetter:

The navel rupture of which you speak is not worth troubling about. Unless it interferes with the dog's comfort there is no need thinking about an operation. Most qualified veterinarians can remove it. Also a daily application of resinol rubbed in it lightly sometimes helps reduce one of the size on your dog.

OZARK RIPLEY.

BLOODHOUNDS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Can you give me the name of some reliable company who deals in bloodhounds?

T. C. BOWIE,
Jefferson, N. C.

Dear Mr. Bowie:

A very reliable breeder of high class bloodhounds is Perry Phipps, Chattanooga, Tenn. He has been breeding the best working types for years.

OZARK RIPLEY.

CAR SICKNESS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a beagle hound that gets sick at his stomach every time I take him out in my car even for a few miles. He is five months old and I am worried for training time will soon be here. He seems to be all right a half hour or so after he gets out of the car, but of course he has thrown up all his food.

LEO HALL,
Linden, Mich.

Dear Mr. Hall:

Do not feed your dog during the day any time before taking him out in the car. Begin by taking him out only a few minutes and then increase gradually. This is not certain to cure him. Some dogs never get over car sickness. Some get over it for a year or so, and then it comes back to them. An empty stomach is the best preventative.

OZARK RIPLEY.

Ask Ozark
He Knows

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 64)

separate tent rooms for sleeping and cooking. There is also a neat cover provided for the car.

"Cold weather camping is our especial hobby," Mrs. McDonald says. "We nearly froze the first time, but now we take plenty of blankets. We prefer a double camped made of steel. On this we spread a wind-proof blanket, then the homemade cotton pad which is covered with a heavy blanket robe. Our blankets and a poncho for extreme cold or rain, complete our cold-weather bedding.

"We own a half acre near Lake Decatur. We bought a pup tent and I made a floor in it of khaki-jean cloth and a full front of sleazy, unbleached muslin to keep the bugs out. We cut the long wild grass when it is dry and through the summer spread blankets over this sweet hay for beds."

Mrs. McDonald uses nesting cooking equipment and gives tempting details of outdoor meals in the woods.

Mrs. McDonald feels that she and her husband owe their health and zest for living to their regular trips to woods and camp. "My husband's work keeps him indoors and when the week's work is done we allow nothing to keep us from leaving home at dawn with lunch packed or food for cooking. Just seeing the out of doors wake up and sort of stretch itself and look around to see who has come, is an experience we would not miss."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Outdoor America published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for July 1, 1930.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chas. P. Catlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the OUTDOOR AMERICA, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Isaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Editor, Marguerite Ives, 541-555 W. Randolph, Managing Editor, None, Business Manager, Chas. P. Catlin.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Isaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago; Dr. George Edgar Vincent, Pres., Greenwich, Conn.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Glenn Griswold, Treas., 12 E. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; M. K. Reckord, General Manager, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CHAS. P. CATLIN,

Business Manager,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1929,

G. W. LOCKHART,

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[SEAL]

(My commission expires Feb. 17, 1934.)

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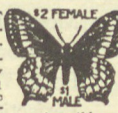
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Advertising Department

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YEW BOWS, \$7.00 up. Yew billets, \$2.50 up. Catalogue. Olympic Archery Shop, Port Angeles, Wash. (3-7)

ARCHERY Raw Materials. Geo. Brommers, Box 1164, San Pedro, California. (3-8)

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BANTAMS, Pheasants, Peafowls. Catalog 2c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-7)

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NEW imported binoculars. Eight mile range, only \$7.50. Free trial. Literature. M. G. Tarres, 4732-B, Griseom, Philadelphia. (3-9)

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Decoys—Continued

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Dogs—Continued

Spaniels—Continued

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RUNNING Fits in dogs relieved in three doses. Large size, \$1.00. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (6-10)

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PAUL OTTO, Loneke, Ark., trainer of pointers, setters and retrievers. (3-7)

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NEVERFAIL Catfish Bait recipes easily prepared, 50c. List of Fish Lures and secrets of great value on all fishing trips, \$1.00. William Miller, 424 Loren, Springfield, Mo. (3-9)

LIVE Helgramite for black bass \$4.50 per hundred; \$2.25 per fifty; \$1.25 per twenty-five. Postpaid. Geo. O. Strong, Willimantic, Conn. (3-9)

LIVE Helgramites, \$4.00 per hundred; \$2.25 per fifty, postpaid. Peron Snyder, Middleburg, Pa. (3-9)

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FROGS: Fish bait, 20c doz., large amounts. W. W. Riley, New Richmond, Wis.



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HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle Flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for \$1. Heinzelmänn Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-7)

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SUMMER Resort Owners. Live mud minnows. I have plenty to supply your need. Write for prices. Louis Busa, R. 3, Box 45, Stevens Point, Wis. (3-7)

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SMOKE and be convinced. Smoke Big Ben five cent smokers. Better than average. Fifty in tin. Mailed on receipt of \$2.50. The Schriver Sales, 125 Elm Ave., Elmhurst, Ill. (3-9)

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Fur Farming

Foxes

SILVER Foxes, low prices, year ranching free. Increase guaranteed; easy terms, facts free. DeValon Fox Farms, Golden, Colorado. (3-7)

Mink

BOOKING orders for August delivery 1930 young mink, fine dark color, from registered stock at \$40.00 per pair, \$65.00 per trio. Two pair Silver Badgers, caught wild year ago, \$30.00 per pair. One pair pen born, very tame, \$50.00. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-9)

MINK—pen raised. Very profitable, dark color, Super-Alaskan strain. Feeding chart free and booklet on fur animals. Herculean Fur Farms, Forest Lake, Minn. (7x30)

FOR Sale: Beautiful Quebec and Northern Maine mink. Illustrated book "Mink Farming," \$1.00. Choice blue foxes. Medomak Fur Farm, Waldeboro, Maine. (3-8)

MINK—QUEBEC Northern. Those wishing cheap mink need not inquire. "Norminque Ranch," Cowansville, Quebec, Canada. Cable address: Norminque. (3-8)

MINK. Finest quality of Eastern mink, stock that brings the highest price on the New York Fur Auction. Greenland Fur Farm, Greenland, N. H. (3-9)

MINK, 1930 Kittens, ranch raised, choice stock. Write for price and information. Wind River Minkery, Burris, Wyo. (3-9)

MINK low price. Satisfaction or your money back. Union Fur Farm & Associates, Wadena, Minnesota. (3-8)

MINK: Raise fine, dark mink, domesticated. 10 years. Indian Bay Minkery, R. 5, Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Bred Females, \$100.00. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

Fur Farming—Continued

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

FITCH, prolific, fitch. Now taking orders for 1930 kits, August delivery, \$200 per pair, \$20 with order, balance C. O. D. Black Mink Fur Farm, Inc., 211 Truax Bldg., Superior, Wis. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Minnesota and Alaska Mink, Raccoon, Split-cap Skunk, Beaver, Red, Silver and Cross Fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minnesota. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-8)

WRITE for free literature on Reliance quality Muskrats, Raccoon, Silver Badger, Black Opossum, etc. Reliance Fur Farms, Box 2345A, Denver, Colorado. (6-7)

SILVER Badger, Mink, Marten, Coon, Fox, Chinchilla—Silver Fox Rabbits. Brogden Fur Farms, Rush Lake, Wis. (3-7)

BOOKING orders for Mink, Raccoons, Skunk. June to Sept. delivery. Evergreen Fur Farm, Eden Valley, Minn. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Fine registered Karakul fur sheep. Hendricks Fur Farms, Route No. 1, Flint, Mich. (3-7)

DARK Northern Raccoon, Mink and Muskrats for sale. Princeton Fur Farms, Princeton, Minn. (3-8)

Muskrats

MUSKRATS—Pen born and Pen raised. Greenland Fur Farm, Greenland, N. H. (3-9)

Rabbits

OLD established breeders of high-grade rabbits, New Zealand Whites and Reds, Silver Black Fox, Chinchillas. Send for literature. You will like our stock and our reasonable prices. Hawkeye Fur Farm, Dept. 60, 921 North 34th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (3-7)

SILVER Black Fox Rabbits, can make you money. Buy the book "Leisure Hours," it tells all about them. Postpaid one dollar. Rendliw Fur Farms, Superior, Wis. (3-7)

RAISE high-grade Chinchilla Rabbits for us. We supply the stock and give you a Buy Back Contract. Write for full information. McKeon Fur Farm, Pipestone, Minn. (3-7)

CASTOR Rex, the rabbit with beaver fur—Juniors, \$25.00 each, pedigreed. From best imported stock obtainable. Paradise Sables, Livingston, Mont. (3-9)

QUALITY Chinchillas of all ages at right prices, also booking orders for fall delivery of high grade mink. Write for prices. Owen Ostroot, Windom, Minn. (3-9)

SILVER Fox Rabbits. Prizewinning strain. Bernice Geltch, Brandon, Wisconsin. (3-9)

Game, Birds and Animals

DEER, Antelope, Elk, Buffalo, Game Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

GAME Birds, Ornamental Birds, Cage Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

RARE Pheasants, Beautiful Birds, All Varieties, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

PRAIRIE Chicken, Chukor Partridge, Grouse, Quail. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

BOB Whites, Mountain, Blue, Gambles Quail. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

WILD Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Swans, Pheasants. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

SILVER Foxes, Mink, Muskrats, Beaver, Otter. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-8)

PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

CAGE Birds, Paroquettes, Parrots, Macaws, Songsters. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-8)

Game, Birds and Animals —Continued

5 PAIRS beautiful Parakeets and Finches all for \$15 direct from breeder. Live delivery guaranteed anywhere in U. S. Write for price list. Bird Haven, Reseda, California. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-8)

ALL varieties Pheasants, Ducks, Quail, Silkies. Ed. Voller, Brown's Mills, New Jersey. (3-9)

Help Wanted, Instructions

WANTED Immediately, men—women, 18-55, qualify at once for permanent government positions, \$105-\$250 month; experience unnecessary, vacations with full pay; write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., today. (8x29)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, \$1.60; watchfobs, \$1.00; Moc-casins, belts, warclubs, \$5.00. Beaded handbands, headbands, necklaces, \$3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, \$2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

4,000 PERFECT Indian Arrows, 25 for \$3.00; 10 spears, \$3.00; 4 tiny bird points, \$1.00; 2 gem points, \$1.00; battle axe, \$2.50; celt, \$2.00; skinning knife, \$1.25; hammer, \$1.75. Lance, \$1.50; hoe, 75c; flaked axe, 75c. Foregoing collection complete only \$15.00. R. Heike, Pontiac, Ill. (3-9)

INDIAN Relics, Coins, Curios. Beadwork. Catalogue Free. Vernon Lemley, Osborne, Kansas. (3-8)

Miscellaneous

TRAPPERS: You play a sure losing game when you use old style traps. The makers themselves tell you those traps won't hold caught animals unless the animals can be drowned. "Gibbs" makes the only practical and adaptable traps made, that prevent "wring-offs." Double jaws, frame paws, triple clutch jaws, high grips, giants, won't any of them do it. "Gibbs" guarantees that his traps will. "Gibbs" Two Trigger Traps 60c each, \$6.50 per doz. "Gibbs" No. 0, Single Grip Traps, 2 for 25c; \$1.35 per doz. No. 1, 15c each; \$1.65 per doz. No. 1½, 30c each; \$3.00 doz. No. 2, 40c each; \$4.40 doz. No. 3, 65c each; \$7.35 doz. No. 4, 80c each; \$9.00 doz. No. 1 Live Trap, \$5.00 each; \$54.00 doz. Trap Tags, 12c doz. Transportation paid. No. 1 Trapping Capsules, 75c doz. Transportation collect. "Gibbs Traps Pay You to Use Them—You Pay to Use Others." Coil springs break less than leaf springs, too. Send for free catalogue. If your dealer doesn't have our traps, send to us for them. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. F-7, Chester, Penna. (3-9)

HUNTING Horns—Genuine Texas Steer Blow Horns. Hand Made by Experts. Beautifully toned, Polished, 12 inch horn \$2.00, 14 inch horn \$2.50, 16 inch horn \$3.00, 18 inch horn \$4.00, 20 inch horn \$5.00. Horns in rough any size \$2.50. All horns guaranteed ten days' trial. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Illinois. (4-8)

TOBACCO Habit overcome or no pay. 500.000 used Superba to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Chewing, Pipe, Snuff. Treatment sent on trial. Costs \$2.00 if successful. Superba Co., L88, Baltimore, Md. (1x30)

TRAILER couplings for attaching trailer to auto or truck. Improved Ball and Socket type. Quick, silent and safe. Catalogue free. Corwin Coupler Co., Wellsville, New York. (3-9)

STEER Horns for sale, six feet spread. Polished and mounted. Longhorn cattle, now extinct in Texas. Rare opportunity. Lee Bertillon, Mineola, Texas. (3-9)

USED Auto-Kamp Trailer, complete, good condition, cheap. J. R. Gossett, Temple, Okla. (3-8)

Camp and fishing car for sale. Write Warren Wagner, Trotwood, Ohio. (3-8)

Miscellaneous—Continued

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-7)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 4535 Hampton Rd., La Canada, Calif. (2-7)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if you are not satisfied. T. D. Robinson, Box 68L, Elgin, Texas. (3-7)

NEW Walnut gun cabinets. Compartments for accessories. Write for folder. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-8)

Outdoor Playgrounds

FOR Sale: Sell at cost—cabin site and membership in North Woods Club. Fishing—muskie, black bass, pike. Deer hunting in season; golf course. Club lodge, well located, modern equipment. Private party, responsible. Write, Box 6, Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago.

MUSKY Point Lodge, Mercer, Wis., T. J. Collins, Prop., located in the big North woods on Lake of the Falls and Turtle River. Access to numerous other lakes and famous Turtle River Flowage. Excellent food and accommodations. Write for particulars. (3-7)

YESCHEK'S Crawling Stone Lodge—In the Flambeau Indian Reservation on the Flambeau Chain of Lakes. The largest and busiest resort in upper Wisconsin. Every variety of amusement for old and young. Mr. Wm. Yeschek, Lac du Flambeau, Wis. (3-7)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Pheasants

RINGNECK Pheasant eggs. June 1-15, ea. 25c; \$20 per 100. June 15-30, ea. 20c; \$17.50 per 100. 90% fertility guaranteed. Instructions for hatching and rearing. Pheasants for September and October delivery. Derby Game Farm, Inc., Pitts-town, New Jersey.

NOW booking orders for limited number ring-neck pheasant eggs from outside wintered stock. Special rates to Izaak Walton Chapters. Izaak Walton League, New Holstein, Wis. (3-7)

RINGNECK, Pheasant eggs from strong non-related stock, \$3.00 per dozen. Rates on 100 lots or more. Feakes Pheasantry, Grand Junction, Iowa. (3-7)

MONGOLIAN Ringneck Pheasant Eggs from non-related selected stock, \$2.50 per dozen. Glenn Norman, Nevada, Mo. (3-8)

PHEASANT Eggs; nine varieties. Send for price-list. Hollyhock Pheasantry, New Bremen, Ohio. (3-7)

FOR Sale, Ringneck Pheasant Eggs at twenty dollars a hundred. J. W. Wright, Bloomsburg, Pa. (3-9)

ENGLISH Ringneck Pheasant Eggs, Spring delivery. Harold Pugh, Pataskala, Ohio. (3-7)

FOR Sale: A few pens Ringneck Pheasants, six to a pen. J. W. Wright, Bloomsburg, Pa. (3-9)

RINGNECK and silver eggs. Spring delivery. Saratoga Pheasantry, Saratoga, Pa. (3-9)

RINGNECK Pheasant Eggs for sale. Leon Madlem, Lititz, Pa.

**Photography—Cameras—
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MAKE money in Photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography, Dept. 1299, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-11)

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CIRCULARS, Stationery, Cuts made from photograph. Free Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

**Real Estate and Lake Shore
Property**

BEAUTIFUL Bridgman Dunes. Different than any other Dunes in the World. East Coast Lake Michigan lovers of nature will be delighted with the great variety of trees, vines and wild flowers, also many kinds of birds. Excellent water, convenient to transportation, South Shore Bus Line and P. M. R. R. Three hours' drive from Chicago loop. Desirable home sites at reasonable prices. Excellent golf course in connection. Gentiles. A. E. Chauncey, Bridgman, Mich.

FOR Sale: Choice real estate, New England—the vacation land of America, with wonderful scenic beauties in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—suitable for any recreation purpose. Lots from 5 to 900 acres. Ponds, Lakes, Brooks, Rivers, Hills, Valleys and Mountains on these various properties. More than 50 to select from. Low prices—easy terms. Send for illustrated book. Chaffee Brothers Company, Oxford, Mass. (3-8)

FOR Sale:—520 acres of land in Oneida County, located on County Highway N. Three lakes located on land; part of property only few rods from Manson Lake. Cities of Rhinelander and Tomahawk ½ hour drive. Ideal for private estate, summer resort, or fur farms. There is a fine colony of beavers in property, also many rats. Write Wisconsin Lakes Lands, P. O. Box 195, Wausau, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Ranch in famous Jackson's Hole country on Colburn and Little Fall Creek one mile and half trout stream on premises. Considered to be one of the most desirable ranches in here on account of excellent fishing, scenic beauty and game. Elk, Moose, Deer and Bear found in mountains surrounding ranch. For information write M. R. Yokel, Wilson, Wyoming. (3-8)

FOR Sale to close an estate. Lake front acreage in Three Lakes and Eagle Chain region of Wisconsin. Suitable for clubs, summer camps, cottage sites, etc. Good fishing. Apply Underwood, Room 1957, 231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. (6-10)

FOR Sale cheap, only \$3,000, forty acres, on beautiful lake frontage, high bank, wooded, noted for pike and bass fishing. Hard surface road to lake, two miles north Highway 13, Taylor County. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-8)

FOR Sale: 240 acre farm north of Petoskey, Mich. Good cattle, fishing, hunting, boiling and other springs; creek; permanent or summer home only. Mrs. S. A. Gihl, 418 M. A. C. Ave., East Lansing, Mich. (3-8)

\$5 DOWN, \$5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, \$100.00, hunting, fishing. Hubbard, 256 Grossman Bldg., Kansas City, Kans. (3-9)

OPPORTUNITY for refined family share Wisconsin hundred acre estate with owner. New log cabin ready. Three thousand dollars. Judge James Barber, Evanston, Illinois. (3-8)

SEVENTEEN hundred dollars buys almost half mile frontage on lake in Northern Wisconsin. Fine building sites. Musky, Pike, Bass. F. S. Mortimer, Bloomington, Ill. (3-7)

DUCK hunting land—fifty five acres, one half mile river frontage on Illinois River. For sale cheap. Gaylord Boyer, Bloomington, Illinois.

**Real Estate and Lake Shore
Property—Continued**

SPORTSMAN'S paradise, 40 acres Lake Winnebago. Beautiful summer home. 100 rods frontage. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Indian Bay Minkery, R. 5, Oshkosh, Wis.

480 ACRES suitable for hunting, fishing and trapping Preserve. Both creek and river running through it. Gus Swanson, Parkdale, Manistee, Michigan. (3-9)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Details free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 530, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-8)

SELLING—Ten acres with improvements on Cass Lake, Minnesota. Golf, fishing, hunting. Leland Stanford, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. (3-7)

SIXTEEN hundred dollars buys almost half mile frontage on lake in northern Michigan. Akos Ludasy, P. O. Box 363, Cadillac, Mich.

FOR Sale: 120 acres ideal for muskrat and fur farm. Eunice Haycock, Baraboo, Wis.

FOR Sale: Lake Vermilion Islands and Shore Land. Sam. Kitto, Tower, Minn. (3-9)

120 ACRES Wisconsin land \$15.00 acre. 1929 Woodland Ave., Wichita, Kans.

Stamp Collecting

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-9)

300 DIFFERENT stamps, 20 cents; 600, 50 cents; 1,100, \$1.00; 2,000, \$3. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, New York. (5-8)

Taxidermy

INSECT to Elephant—equipped for anything, ship your trophies. Mounted game heads, fur rugs, birds, animals, fish, horns, skins, for sale. Tanning, ladies' furs. All supplies for taxidermist trade, glass eyes, tools, scalps, etc. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-9)

TAXIDERMIST, Mounting fish, game-heads, birds, animals, tanning, rugs, ladies furs made. J. L. Larson, Iola, Wis. (6-7)

BEARSKIN rugs, reasonable. Strange's Taxidermy, Clarkston, Washington. (3-8)

GLASS Eyes. Catalog free. Lowest prices. G. Schoepfer, 16 West 36th, N. Y. (3-9)

Tobacco

BETTER Tobacco! Golden yellow smoking, five pounds \$1.00. Rich red chewing, five pounds \$1.50. Clark's River Plantation, 43, Hazel, Kentucky. (4-8)

Wanted

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 75. (7-7)

WANTED—Pair of peafowl or eggs. Give prices. L. A. Varty, Apple River, Ill. (3-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespun. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

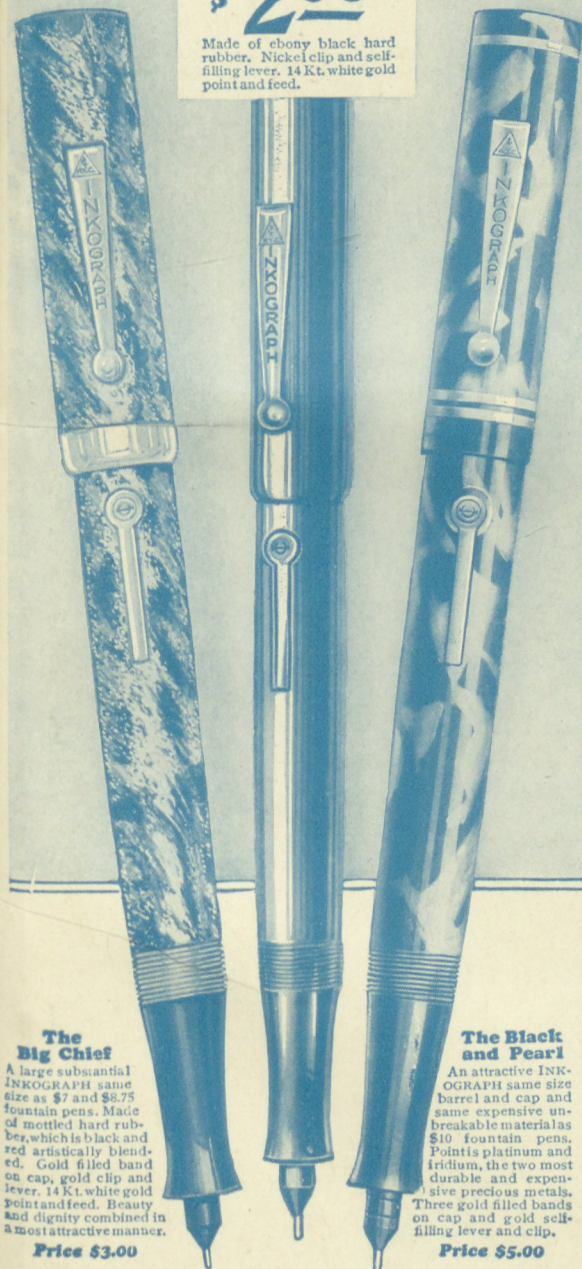
SKOOT Coats. Not a hunting coat, but a genuine skoot coat from specifications studied of skoot shooting. Your name will bring full information. Price \$5.50 & \$10.50. G. R. C. Garment Co., Box 216, Olean, N. Y. (3-8)

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A large substantial INKOGRAH same size as \$7 and \$8.75 fountain pens. Made of mottled hard rubber, which is black and red artistically blended. Gold filled band on cap, gold clip and lever. 14 Kt. white gold point and feed. Beauty and dignity combined in a most attractive manner.

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Illustrations Actual Size

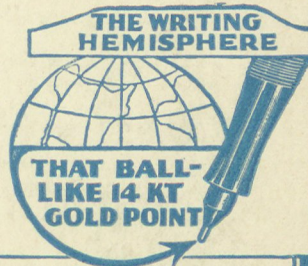
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PENCIL POINTED FOUNTAIN PEN

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A New Idea a distinctly different self-filling fountain pen that writes with ink like a pencil. It does any kind of writing—instantly—on any kind of paper, *even wrapping paper.* Better. Smoother. Without a miss, skip or blur. Has the advantage of a pen and the ease of a pencil.



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It works like a charm—with a light, smooth easy glide that actually improves your handwriting. Makes 1 to 4 clear carbon copies and your originals in ink. Ideal for salesman's orders, private correspondence, office, sales, billing or other records. *Draws lines to a ruler.* Not a smudge or blot. The

hard smooth ball-like point cannot spread, bend or break. *Let anyone use it.* They cannot injure or distort it. Patent automatic feed prevents point from clogging. *And it never leaks.* Beautifully made of finest materials. Has safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip. It is the equal of pens selling at a much higher price, and it's **FREE** to try for 10 days. No obligations. Simply send the coupon along.

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Your Inkograph is a delightful surprise. The touch is velvety, the flow smooth and its performance altogether satisfactory.—*Sidney Adams, Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention.—*H. L. Orley, Albano, Va.*

Am a bank teller. Can pick up Inkograph any time in any position it writes immediately all words and numbers the same. Try and do it with any other pen. Can honestly say I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write with.—*C. R. Morely, Allentown, Pa.*

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I am determined to use no other pen in my work. If they only knew the comfort of writing with this pen, every author in the world would, I am sure, get one. "Cheerio."—*Count Louis Hamon, London, England.*

Eight years or more ago, I purchased an Inkograph, which has been in almost constant use during that time. This is rather remarkable, inasmuch as I had many fountain pens from cheap to expensive, but none compares with the Inkograph which is as good and ready to serve as when I purchased it.—*Harrie Baxter, Great Neck, L. I.*

Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags.—*E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.*

I must write and express my appreciation to thank you for giving the public the opportunity to use so wonderful a writing instrument. In my own work, inventing, I must jot down my thoughts and ideas very quick and I find my Inkograph my first aid, which never fails.—*B. L. Henry (Lady Edison), New York.*

Have improved 50% in my hand writing since using your Inkograph.—*J. R. Reed, Louisville, Ky.*

You can see the point in it for insurance men—for you can spread this news but not that point.—*George E. Miller, West Philadelphia, Pa.*

In my opinion there isn't a better pen on the market regardless of price.—*D. J. Bergeron, Lafayette, La.*

We intend to use the Inkograph generally in the office. It makes a splendid carbon on 20 lb. paper.—*Bernard Glickler Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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